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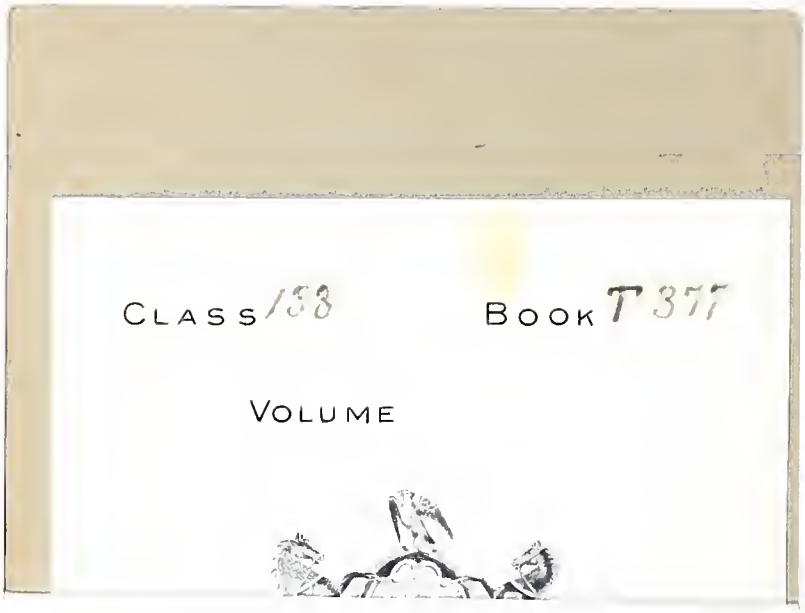

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THE MYSTERY AND LORE OF APPARITIONS

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ZORASTRO, *a Romance*

"THE BOWMEN OF MONS"

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Frontispiece

THE MYSTERY AND LORE OF APPARITIONS

With Some Account of Ghosts, Spectres, Phantoms and Boggarts in Early Times

By
C. J. S. THOMPSON

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CHAPTER I

APPARITIONS, GHOSTS, SPECTRES AND PHANTOMS DEFINED —DR. JOHNSON'S VIEWS ON GHOSTS—SUPERSTITION AND GHOST-LORE

BELIEF in apparitions is nearly as old as the world itself, or at least can be traced as far back as the earliest period of which we have record.

Apparitions or the appearance of spirits of the dead to the living, have been credited in all ages and by almost every people, while even among barbarous tribes the belief in a communication between man and the departed exists.

Before attempting to investigate the probable causes of the phenomena, it will be well to consider first the meanings attached to the words applied to the disembodied spirit.

An apparition has been recently defined as the supernatural appearance of an invisible being; a seeming to the eyes and mind; an immaterial appearance as of a real being or an unreal object of thought; a phantasm of the brain.

A ghost, according to the New English Dictionary, is the spirit or immaterial part of man as distinct from the body, and spoken of as appearing in visible form or otherwise manifest to the living. The word is obviously

derived from the German *geist* or Saxon *gaste* or *gest*, and the term ' guest ' is still used to denominate an apparition in the north of England.

Lydgate in 1430 alludes to the " Crye of Goostes in cavernes and kaves ", and Chaucer remarks : " This night my fadre's gost hath in my sleep so sore tormented me."

The term spectre is usually applied to an apparition of especially terrifying aspect ; an unreal object of thought; a phantasm of the brain, such as an image produced by reflection, while a phantom is described as a mental illusion, or something that appears to the sight or other sense but has no material substance, as an image that appears in a dream.

Having thus made clear the meanings of the words commonly applied to all kinds of mysterious appearances and apparently unaccountable sights and sounds, we may frankly state that we shall not attempt to explain the causes of all such phenomena.

In making an historical inquiry into ghost-lore from early times to the present, it is first necessary to recount and examine some of the old stories, traditions and legends which have come down to us from the past.

It will be observed how many of them originated and how they were frequently repeated in varied form throughout the ages. It will be shown that in ancient times belief in apparitions and spirits formed part of the mythology or religion of the early civilisations.

During the Middle Ages, records are few, beyond those attributed to magical rites, but in the later centuries we find that among all races and countries there were

traditions of extraordinary phenomena and these formed the basis of many of the ghost stories.

It would appear that everywhere people were subject to the same delusions and suffered from similar hallucinations. The credulous accepted these strange traditions, while others disbelieved and ridiculed them, for trickery and fraud were practised from an early period. In more recent times the appearance of apparitions and ghosts have been vouched for by many otherwise sane, credible and even scientifically trained witnesses.

The late Sir Ray Lancaster once asked: "Why are these stories told? The answer to the question is: because they have always responded to some innate longing in human nature to pierce the veil which hides the future after death.

Stories of apparitions and ghosts have thus appealed to mankind at all times and in all countries, and will doubtless continue to do so until man's craving to know something of the unseen world is satisfied.

"Talking of ghosts," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell one day, "it is wonderful that five thousand years have now elapsed since the creation of the World, and still it is undecided whether or not there has ever been an instance of the spirit of any person appearing after death. All argument is against it."

The subject appears to have been a favourite topic of conversation with Boswell, for he observes later: "This objection is made against the truth of ghosts appearing, that if they are in a state of happiness, it would be a punishment to them to return to this world." To this the doctor replied: "Why, sir, as the happiness or

misery of embodied spirits does not depend upon place, but is intellectual, we cannot say that they are less happy or less miserable by appearing upon earth."

From their subsequent conversations it is evident that Dr. Johnson did not believe that departed spirits revisited this world. Crabbe called the belief in ghosts, " the last lingering fiction of the brain ".

It is natural that human memory should recall and bring back to the eye of the imagination in perfect similitude, even the very form and features of a person with whom we have long been conversant, or which have been imprinted on our minds with indelible strength by some striking circumstances touching our relation in life.

The husband does not forget the face and form of his wife ; the son does not easily forget the aspect of a father or mother, and for reasons opposite but equally powerful, the countenance of a murdered person is engraved on the recollection of his slayer. Thus we may assume that the supposed apparition of the dead, the most ordinary spectral phenomenon which is believed to occur among the living, whether the cause of delusion exists in an excited imagination or a disordered organic system, commonly exhibits itself in this way.

" There are many ghost stories," concluded Sir Walter Scott after his investigations on the subject, " that cannot be said to be impostures and we cannot doubt the veracity of their narrators, therefore necessarily not all such tales are false. But there is no *real phantom* and the solution of these mysteries is due to a lively dream, a waking reverie, the excitation of a powerful imagin-

ation or the misrepresentation of a diseased organ of sight."

Superstition, which plays so prominent a part in ghost-lore, is irrespective of class and appears to be a permanent element in human nature. Neither civilisation or education has entirely eradicated it, and while human nature remains the same, probably never will.

"The practice of superstition," said Gibbon, "is so congenial to the multitude, that if they are forcibly awakened they regret the loss of their pleasing vision. Their love of the marvellous and the supernatural, their curiosity with regard to future events and their strong propensity to extend their hopes and fears beyond the limits of the visible world, are irresistible."

It has been stated that belief or disbelief in ghosts does not depend on culture, enlightenment or pure reason but in personal character. Accidental circumstances, an increase or decrease of knowledge and education, an access of religion or irreligion, a fashion in intellectual temperament, may bring these experiences more into notice one moment more than another. They are said to recur at uncertain intervals and are always essentially the same.

From all parts of the world, tales of mysterious happenings and unaccountable appearances still come, such as the story from Japan of the vampire cat of Nabeshima, which is said to be again active, and pursuing its ghastly operations and bewitching the wives of the descendants of the old two-sworded fighting Samuri, whose bravery is so renowned in the far East.

From the Midlands comes the account of a bed-ridden

youth who saw a cloud, much to his horror, approaching his bed, and as it advanced it assumed the dim form of a woman, whose head was so bent towards the floor that her face could not be seen. The apparition put a hand on his shoulder and told him to rise from his bed and he would be well. On striking a light the vision disappeared.

Still more recently the tenant of an old house in a busy part of Nuneaton declared, that the spirit of one long dead had entered one of the rooms and laid a cold hand on the shoulders of a person sitting there.

There can be no doubt that people do see ghosts, but, as we shall endeavour to show later, most of these illusions or hallucinations and all the phenomena in which they are constituent elements, except those due to physical pathology, may be experimentally produced in mild forms in fairly normal states.

CHAPTER II

GHOSTS OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS AGO—BABYLONIAN AND EGYPTIAN GHOST-LORE—THE OLDEST GHOST STORY KNOWN—HOW AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN COMMUNICATED WITH HIS DEAD WIFE—THE GHOSTS OF SOLDIERS

THAT ghosts are of respectable antiquity may be judged from the fact, that legends of apparitions are recorded in cuneiform on clay tablets that date back to a period of at least four thousand years. The earliest accounts show that the belief in the apparitions of disembodied spirits and ghosts was common among the ancient people of Babylonia.

The mystery of disease and death and other events of common occurrence in daily life, no doubt gave rise to speculations about the unseen world at a very early period.

The ancient Semitic people of Babylonia adopted the beliefs of the primitive Sumerians who dwelt in the valleys of the Euphrates, and among them it was commonly believed that apparitions of the dead visited the earth.

They had the idea that three classes of disembodied spirits came back to trouble the living. The simplest and most common of these was the disembodied spirit or the soul of the dead. Second, there was the super-

natural being, a phantom or demon of terrible shape. Third, there was a kind of demon, part ghostly and part human, which was the off-spring of intermarriage between human beings and the spirit world. The latter formed the basis of an occult belief that lingered for ages afterwards.

The Assyrians, like other nations, believed that the soul could return to earth, and to these ghosts they ascribed many of their bodily ills and misfortunes. They could either make their presence observed in the shape of an apparition as it was in the flesh, or by making an unseen attack on some person so that he was stricken with disease.

The reason for the restlessness of the disembodied spirit was said to be due to two causes : the first being, if its descendants failed to feed it by offering its due rites, libations and sacrifices ; and second, for leaving unburied its corporeal shape.

The Assyrian word used for this kind of ghost was *Ekimmu.*

It is described in a text which begins :

" The gods which seize (upon man)
Have come forth from the grave ;
The evil-wind-ghosts
Have come forth from the grave ;
To demand payment of rites and the pouring of libations."

A ghost story over four thousand years old and probably the earliest known, is told in the ' Epic of

Gilgamish', the Babylonian hero. Gilgamish appeals to the god Nergal to restore his friend Ea-bani to him, and his prayer is answered, "for the god opens the earth and an apparition of Ea-bani rises up like the wind," and takes the form of a transparent spectre in human shape with which Gilgamish converses.

The apparition thus describes his experiences and what he has seen in the underworld:

"The man whose corpse lieth in the desert—
Thou and I have often seen such an one—
His spirit resteth not in the earth;
The man whose spirit hath none to care for it—
Thou and I have often seen such an one."

We have the same idea embodied in the story of Saul and the ghost of Samuel who answers out of the earth and replies to the questions which Saul wishes answered.

The Assyrians believed in several other kinds of ghosts of evil repute, such as *Utukku*, a spectre that either lurked in the desert and lay in wait for man, or had its home in the mountains or graveyards. Serious ills were said to afflict the person on whom he merely cast his eye. Another was *Alû*, a ghost that lay hidden in dark corners and caverns in the rocks or lurked in ruins and deserted buildings. *Alû* was a terrifying apparition and was said to be sometimes without a mouth, limbs or ears. It lay in wait in dark places for the unwary, ready to spring out on the wayfarer and "to envelope him as with a garment". It was wont to appear in the bedchamber at

night and steal sleep from weary mortals by standing over their beds and threatening to pounce upon them should they dare to close their eyes.

Alû is thus alluded to in an Assyrian hymn to the sun-god :

" He on whom an evil spirit hath rushed.
He whom an evil Demon hath enveloped in his bed.
He whom an evil Ghost hath cast down in the night.
He whom a great Devil hath smitten."

The *Ekimmu* or spirit of an unburied body was another kind of ghost which, according to Assyrian belief, remained prowling about the earth unable to find rest.

One of these restless spirits, according to a text, is thus adjured by a person who was apparently uncertain what kind of ghost he was addressing.

" Whether thou art a ghost unburied,
Or a ghost that none careth for,
Or a ghost that none make offerings to it,
Or a ghost that hath none to pour libations to it,
Or a ghost that hath no posterity."

The Assyrians believed that omens could be deduced from the appearance of the *Ekimmu* in the house. As a rule it was held to be an evil omen, whether it was merely a silent apparition, or whether it gibbered or uttered some words and awaited a response. In any case it foretold the destruction of the house, but if it spoke or made sounds, the owner of the house would die.

Here we have the origin of the tradition associated with the banshie and other similar ghostly visitants who were said to give warning of death or disaster.

In addition to the wandering ghosts that came back to haunt mankind, there were the spirits of those who had come to unnatural ends or who had died violent deaths, these too were unable to rest and returned to trouble the dwellers on earth.

The spirits of women who died in childbirth were believed to return in some form to seek their children. This idea is common among primitive people to-day, and in Banks Island, Melanesia, the ghost of a woman who has thus died cannot depart if her child lives, and the people of Pelew Islands say that, when a woman dies giving birth to a child, her spirit comes and cries: "Give me the child."

This belief was also general in Oriental countries and was known in some parts of India, the Malays and in Arabia.

The purpose of the head-hunters of New Guinea is said to be to propitiate the ghosts, who are held responsible for the shortcomings of weather and food supply.

It is curious how the association of ghosts with ruined buildings and deserts has persisted throughout the ages.

It is said by some, that the haunting of ruins by apparitions, which appears to have been a universal superstition in ancient times, was due to the belief that a ghost preferred a house to haunt if it could obtain one, and that it selected a deserted or ruined habitation because there were no longer amulets or charms used to keep it out.

There is a Syriac story which dates from the ninth century that supports this theory. It states that " while a certain man was passing one night along a road by the side of a fire-temple of the Magians which had been a ruin for a long time, devils sprang out upon him in the form of black ravens, and they entered into him and convulsed him ".

Another survival of a belief which can be traced back four thousand years is, that conditions of extreme terror cause the hair to stand on end. This is confirmed in an Assyrian text which dates from about 2000 B.C. concerning a man who had seen an apparition :

" He—the hair of whose body an evil
Fiend hath set on end."

There is a reference also to this sensation in the book of Job* which reads : " Then a spirit passed before my face ; the hair of my flesh stood up."

The terror inspired by ghosts is further expressed in the following extract from an Assyrian text :

" With thy hand touch him not,
Turn not round against him,
Lift not thine eye against him,
Look not behind thee,
Gibber not against him,
Into the house enter thou not."

* (Chap. IV, Ver. 15)

Terror caused by an apparition was believed to be assuaged by the repetition of certain prayers.

The man who was sick was often said to have been "touched by the hand of a ghost", or if a person was attacked, the "hand of the ghost" might be removed by anointing the body with certain substances.

The Assyrians firmly believed that they saw ghosts that walked at night and came to the bedside and uttered words of warning. Thus another text reads:

"When a ghost appeareth in the house of a man, there will be destruction of that house;
When a ghost speaketh and hearkeneth (for an answer) destruction of that house, the man will die and (there will be) lamentation.
When a ghost standeth over the bed, overthrow of the bed and house.
O thou that dwelleth in ruins, get thee to thy ruins."

Exorcism appears to have been practised from the earliest times among people who have believed in ghosts and was as common in the East as in the West.

"Laying the ghost" became a recognised custom, and the Assyrians appointed certain ceremonies for this purpose in which the following offerings and spells were employed:

"Seven small loaves of roast corn,
The hoof of a dark-coloured ox, flour of roast corn and a little leaven."

This was to be followed by a libation and a spell. Then the flour and leaven were to be kneaded into a paste in the horn of another ox and a libation poured into a hole in the ground.

After further ceremonies, the leavened dough was to be placed in the hoof of the first ox, and another libation poured out with an incantation to *Samas*.

These ceremonies were warranted to lay " a brother's ghost or that of a twin or one unnamed, or the ghost of one unburied ".

One of the spells employed was as follows :

" O Sun god, the dead who have risen and appeared,
whether the ghost of my father, or of my mother,
or the ghost of my brother,
Or of my sister ; let them accept this (the libation)
and leave me free."

There was an ancient tradition among the Arabs that if a man was murdered, his *afrit* or spectre would rise from the ground where his blood had been shed, unless it could be restrained by driving a new nail, which had never been previously used, into the spot where the murder was committed. It was called " nailing down the ghost ". This custom, which has survived from a period of great antiquity, appears to have originated from the idea, in another form, of " laying the ghost ".

These early records clearly show, how many of our traditions concerning apparitions have come down from a period of great antiquity, and that human nature was influenced then in much the same way as it is to-day.

The idea of the wandering of the disembodied spirit, the spectres of those who were murdered, the haunting of ruined buildings, all have their parallel in the ghost stories of later times. Even the "hand of the ghost" is reflected in the experience of a believer that was related a short time ago. "I had gone to bed at midnight," says the narrator, "and was just going to sleep when both doors of the room opened and shut with a bang. Then a figure bent over my bed, placed a *cold hand* on my forehead. I immediately sat up and the figure vanished. The second night I left my candle burning. At midnight the doors again opened and shut and the candle went out. The same figure bent over my bed and the *cold hand* was again placed on my brow. I put up my hand to clutch it but it was gone."

As in other religions of the ancient world, that of the early Egyptians was full of all kinds of demons and spirits, who prowled about in the air ready to do harm to human beings. They were believed to frequent the desert, the borders of marshes or cemeteries, and their power was greatest at night.

According to Budge, the peculiar ideas which the Egyptians held about the composition of man, greatly favoured the belief in apparitions and ghosts. They considered that a man consisted of a physical body, a shadow, a double, a soul, a heart, a spirit called *Khu*, a power, a name and a spiritual body.

When the body died the shadow departed from it and could only be brought back to it by the performance of a mystical ceremony. The soul was, from one aspect, a material thing and like the *Ka* or double was believed

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to partake of the funeral offerings brought to the tomb.

The Egyptian ghost or *Khu* was a wandering, unhappy and outcast spirit, who could afflict human beings with disease and find its way into the interior of the body of the living and cause many ills. Such ghosts appeared suddenly to terrify the people, especially at certain hours of the night, and haunted the neighbourhood of burial grounds. In order to devour living substances, they threw themselves into the bodies of beasts, thus exciting them to frenzy and causing them to die.

The *Khuu* of suicides, executed criminals, the unburied dead and ship-wrecked sailors, were believed to be particularly miserable and the source of much torment.

"They troubled the living during sleep and caused death by enchantment or fevers, but they also assisted lovers to exact vengeance and helped those who wished to attract or recall unfaithful mistresses. They were supposed to be specially active at certain times of the year when they would come in droves."

Maspero* records the case of an Egyptian scribe who complained to his wife Onkhari, who had been dead for three years, of the troubles she had brought upon him since her death.

Why the unfortunate man should have been worried by his spouse after laying her in her tomb for so long a period, is not stated. In order that his complaint should reach her, he first inscribed it on papyrus, then went to her tomb and read it there, and finally tied the papyrus to a statuette or figure of his wife that stood therein.

* *Etudes Egyptiennes.* (Toure 1 fasic. 2)

He complains that he has been disturbed since her decease and inquires what he has done to deserve such treatment :

" What wrong have I been guilty of," he asks, " that I should be in this state of trouble ? What have I done that thou shouldst help to assail me ? No crime has been wrought against thee. From the hour of my marriage till this day, what have I wrought against thee that I need conceal ? "

He vows that when they meet at the tribunal of Osiris, he will have right on his side. "This letter to the dead is deposited in the tomb of the dead."

There is a further record of a conversation that a priest of Amen called Khonsu-em-heb held with the double or spirit of some person whom he had disturbed, and the spirit of the dead told some details of his life to the living man.

It is apparent from these accounts, that the Egyptians thought they could communicate with the spirits of the departed.

Many of the tribes in the Sudan still believe that the spirits of those slain in battle, dwell on the field where they fell, or where their bodies are buried.

It is stated that the soldiers of the 10th battalion of Kitchener's Army fully believed that the grave of Major Sidney, who was shot while charging at the head of his regiment at Abu Hamed on August 7th, 1897, was regularly watched every night by the ghosts of the native soldiers who were killed in the battle. " They mount guard over their dead commander's tomb and challenge with every military detail all passers-by. None of the

blacks will approach the grave after dusk, and anyone doing so is believed to be promptly halted by a phantom sentry, and even the words (in Arabic) 'Guard, turn out' are often plainly heard repeated at some distance off across the desert."

CHAPTER III

THE CLASSIC GHOSTS OF GREECE AND ROME—THE GREEK CONCEPTIONS OF APPARITIONS—ULYSSES AND THE SHADES —THE STORY OF EUTHYMUS—DEATH FORETOLD IN DREAMS—WARNINGS AND APPARITIONS—THE APPARITION OF CYNTHIA

THE ideas of the early Greek conceptions of apparitions may be gathered from the Odyssey, which according to Dr. Buckley and other authorities was probably written about 660 to 630 B.C.

It will be remembered how Ulysses sailed from the dwelling of Circe and at sunset came to the boundary of the ocean where the Cimmerians dwelt in cloud and darkness and perpetual night. Here he went ashore and proceeded to a spot described by Circe, where he dug a trench, poured in certain libations and sacrified a sheep, after which he called upon the dead to appear and then drew his sword and awaited events.

This method of magical invocation is similar to that described by Lucian in the description of his journey with Mithrobarzanes the magician, in which he states, before calling up the spirit " we dug a pit and slaughtered a sheep and sprinkled the blood all about the pit".

Immediately the shades assembled around the trench where Ulysses stood, each thirsting for the sacrificial

blood from which he repels them by his sword's point till Tiresias has appeared and drunk his fill.

Achilles asks how he has dared to descend to Hades where the shades of men dwell.

The whole act here is one of evocation only, although Lucian combines the Homeric rites of evocation with an actual descent.

The appearance of the ghosts is thus described in the poem :

" Thus solemn rites and holy vows we paid
To all the phantom nations of the dead.
There died the sheep ; a purple torrent flow'd,
And all the caverns smoked with streaming blood,
When lo ! appear'd along the dusky coasts,
Thin airy shoals of visionary ghosts ;
Fair pensive youths, and soft enamour'd maids
And wither'd elders, pale and wrinkled shades ;
Ghastly with wounds, the forms of warriors slain
Stalked with majestic port, a martial train.
These and a thousand more swarm'd o'er the ground,
And all the dire Assembly shriek'd around
Astonished at the sight, aghast I stood
And a cold fear ran shivering through my blood."

Ulysses thus speaks to the shade of Elpenor :

" O say what angry power Elpenor led
To glide in shades and wander with the dead ?

The ghost replies :

" To hell my doom I owe,
Demons accursed, dire ministers of woe !
My feet through wine unfaithful to their weight,
Betrayed me tumbling from a towery height ;
Staggering I reel'd and as I reel'd I fell,
Lux'd the neck-joint—my soul descends to hell."

Ulysses then answers the ghost :

" These rites, O mournful shade
Due to thy ghost, shall to thy ghost be paid.
Still as I spoke, the phantom seem'd to moan,
Tear followed tear and groan succeeded groan ! "

Then follows the shade of Anticlea, who stands unconscious before Ulysses her son, till she drinks of the blood used in the magical ceremony and then her recollection of her earthly life returns :

" Why is she silent, while her son is nigh ?
The latent cause, O sacred seer, reveal !
Nor this (replies the seer) will I conceal.
Know, to the spectres that thy beverage taste,
The scenes of life recur, and actions past ;
They, seal'd with truth return the sure reply ;
The rest, repell'd, a train oblivious fly !
The phantom prophet ceased, and sunk from sight
To the black palace of eternal night.

" Still in the dark abodes of death I stood,
When near Anticlea moved, and drank the blood,

Straight all the mother in her soul awakes,
And owning her Ulysses, thus she speaks ;
' Comest thou, my son, alive to realms beneath,
The dolesome realms of darkness and of death '."

It is noteworthy that in the conception of the future life as described, " all is cold and dark ; hunger and thirst and discontent prevail."

Ulysses sees Tityus tormented by vultures, Tantalus standing in the lake and Sisyphus upheaving his stone.

" A mournful vision ! the Sisyphian shade ;
With many a weary step and many a groan
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone."

And as he still gazes:

" Now, without number, ghost by ghost arose,
All wailing with unutterable woes."

Then he observes the giants :

" The huge Orion of portentous size
Swift through the gloom, a giant hunter flies.
There Tityus, large and long in fetters bound
O'er spreads nine acres of infernal ground.
Two ravenous vultures, furious for their food,
Scream o'er the fiend and riot in his blood.
There Tantalus along the Stygian bounds
Pours out deep groans (with groans all hell resounds)
E'en in the circling floods refreshment craves,

And pines with thirst amidst a sea of waves ;
When to the water he his lips applies,
Back from his lip the treacherous water flies."

The terrifying figure of Hercules now appears :

" A towering spectre of gigantic mould,
A shadowy form ! for high in heaven's abodes
Himself resides, a god among the gods,
There in the bright assemblies of the skies.
He nectar quaffs and Hebe crowns his joys.
Here hovering ghosts, like fowl, his shade surround
And clang their pinions with terrific sound.

" The mighty ghost advanced with awful look
And turning his grim visage, sternly spoke;
' O exercised in grief ! by arts refined,
O taught to bear the wrongs of base mankind !
Such, such was I, still toss'd from care to care,
While in your world I drew the vital air ! ' "

Ulysses still,

" Curious to view the kings of ancient days,
The mighty dead that live in endless praise,
Resolved I stand and haply had survey'd
The god-like Theseus and Pirithous' shade ;
But swarms of spectres rose from deepest hell,
With bloodless visage and with hideous yell,
They scream, they shriek, and groans and dismal
sounds

Stun my scared ears, and pierce hell's utmost bounds."

Terrified by the ghosts, Ulysses now speeds his flight :

" No more my heart the dismal din sustains,
And my cold blood hangs shivering in my veins,
Lest Gorgon, rising from the infernal lakes,
With horrors arm'd and curls of hissing snakes,
Should fix me stiffen'd at the monstrous sight,
A strong image in eternal night !
Straight from the direful coast to purer air
I speed my flight and to my mates repair."

An evil spirit was often conceived as a ghost by the ancient Greeks, as instanced in the story of Euthymus, the boxer, who fought with a 'hero' enshrined at Temesa.

According to the story, every year the ghost required the fairest maiden in Temesa to be dedicated to him as his wife, and the townsfolk yielded to his demand to save themselves from his wrath. On hearing this, Euthymus put on his armour and when the ghost appeared, withstood his assault and vanquished him. The ghost was driven from the land, plunged into the sea and was never seen again.

Pausanias, who tells the story, states that he had seen a picture of the event and remarks that, " the ghost was of a horrid black colour and his whole appearance was most dreadful and he wore a wolfskin ".

Virgil tells us that the ancient Greeks believed that

ULYSSES AND THE GHOSTS

From a drawing by Flaxman

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Charon was not permitted to ferry over the ghosts of unburied persons, but they wandered up and down the banks of the Styx for a hundred years, after which they were permitted to cross.

The records of antiquity are full of stories of prophetic dreams foretelling death and disaster.

Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras and other Greek philosophers, all express their belief in the prophetic character of dreams.

The death of Socrates is said to have been foretold to him in a dream by a lady in white, who quoted to him the " 363rd line in the ninth book of Homer ". Eudemius had a dream that revealed to him the death of Alexander, and Cæsar's violent end is said to have been thus foretold to his wife Calphurnia.

Valerius Maximas records the death of Caius Gracchus immediately after it was communicated to his mother in a dream, and according to Dion Cassius, Caracalla was thus foretold his own assassination. Concerning warning apparitions, the poet Cassius Severus, a short time before he was killed by order of Augustus, was visited in the night by " a human form of gigantic size, his skin black, his beard squalid and his hair dishevelled."

The Emperor Julian is said to have once observed a spectre clad in rags, yet bearing in his hand a horn of plenty which was covered with a linen cloth, that walked mournfully past the hangings of his tent.

Propertius thus relates the story of Cynthia, his mistress, whose apparition appeared before him after her death, wearing a beryl ring on her finger which he had given her :

"Manes exist, when we in death expire,
And the pale shades escape the funeral fire;
For Cynthia's form beside my curtains stood,
Lately interr'd near Aniens murm'ring flood.
Thoughts of her funeral would not let me close
These eyes, nor seek the realms of still repose;
Around her shoulders wav'd her flowing hair,
As living Cynthia's tresses soft and fair;
Beauteous her eyes as those once stirred my breast,
Her snowy bosom bare and sing'd her breast.
Her beryl ring retained the fiery rays,
Spread the pale flame and shot the funeral blaze;
As late stretch'd out the bloodless spectre stood
And her dead lips were wet with Lethe's flood.
She breath'd her soul, sent forth her voice aloud,
And chaff'd her hands, as in some angry mood."

CHAPTER IV

GHOSTS OF THE EAST—HINDU, CHINESE AND JAPANESE GHOST STORIES—"THE HONOURABLE AND HOMELESS GHOSTS"—GHOSTS WITHOUT LEGS—THE HAUNTED HOUSE OF YOTSUYA—GHOSTS OF ANIMALS

THE widespread belief in ghosts and spirits in the far East dates from a remote period and is part of a cult of demonology. In India, all kinds of sickness and disease is attributed to evil spirits, who are supposed to fly about in the air ready to pounce upon any unprotected victim. The whole subject is a complex one and has never been thoroughly investigated.

Roughly these spirits may be divided into two classes, those of human origin and the non-human variety.

The former are known as Baūta, and are said to be the souls of those who have died untimely deaths, or who have been deformed and led abnormal and wicked lives.

They are represented with small, thick bodies of a red colour, with pigtails round their heads, horrible faces, the teeth of lions in their mouths and their bodies covered with ornaments. They are said to speak in a kind of gibberish in a nasal tone and to move abroad at night. The ghosts of people who have been murdered are believed to wander the earth seeking for revenge, and are greatly feared, especially those of dead bandits,

The spirit of a murdered Brahman is represented as a headless trunk with eyes looking from the breast. The spirits of unhappy widows, widowers and the childless are also supposed to be always wandering and to haunt the living.

Among many tribes there is a periodical or occasional expulsion of these spirits of evil, the ceremonies for which being often carried out at the close of the harvest season.

China is full of ghosts, and apparitions occupy an even greater place in their superstitious lore.

Dennys tells us, there is scarcely a popular play, in which a ghost does not play a conspicuous part, and the spirits of the dead which were probably the first to be called ghosts, occupy a prominent part in their customs and traditions.

It is characteristic of Chinese ghosts that they are first seen in shapeless form, first the head, then the feet and finally the body, appearing and disappearing in quick succession. Their faces are said to have no chins.

Chinese ghosts, unlike the traditionary apparitions in countries of the west, always appear in the costumes they were accustomed to wear in their life on earth and never in white clothing. The lights which, according to stories of the west, usually burn blue when a ghost is about to appear, in China are said to turn green.

As a rule, apparitions are said to appear only to intimate friends, relations or enemies of the deceased.

The ghosts most frequently described are those of people who have died violent deaths and are believed to return to earth to urge the living to avenge them.

The apparitions of suicides are said to haunt the places where the fatal deed was committed and such ghosts are supposed to be accompanied by a kind of celestial police, who are responsible for their return to Hades.

Hades is supposed to be the place of residence of all departed spirits, from which they are permitted to sally forth at times to revisit the earth.

The Chinese have a curious ceremony called "Appeasing the burning mouths", which they celebrate on the 17th of the 7th moon. On that date they lay out plates filled with cakes and bearing invitations to the "Honourable Homeless Ghosts", or those whose relations are too poor to provide for them.

The Chinese almanacks describe sixty "Shin of Offence" or evil ghosts, one of which is abroad on each day of the cycle of sixty. If anyone goes out in a particular direction and afterwards is attacked with a headache, or returns in a feverish condition, he is supposed to have met his "shin".

Those troubled by the visits of ghosts may prevent their appearance by pasting certain paper talismans on the walls of the room, and pictures of warriors placed on the doors are also believed to be very effective for this purpose.

The ghosts of certain animals are believed to walk the earth and of these, monkeys, green oxen and black fowl are particularly mentioned in the native legends. Dragons also have ghostly representations, while the fox is said to have power to assume human shape in the form of a young woman or man, and plays the part of the wolf in European lore.

According to a Japanese writer, ghosts and ghost stories in Japan are too numerous to admit of tabulation or classification.

There are certain traditional forms however, which they are supposed to assume, and they are mostly described as being the apparitions of women clad in white flowing robes and dishevelled hair, which hangs loosely over their shoulders. Japanese ghosts are generally represented without legs, their absence being concealed by the long robes, although at times they are seen wearing the usual habiliments of life. According to some stories, the apparition bears some resemblance to the living original, but this is not invariable.

The ghosts of persons who have led a wicked life, bear on themselves the marks of the punishments they are enduring in the invisible world. Sometimes they appear with one eye and at others with three eyes, with a long tongue protruding beyond their lips or with a long flexible neck of serpentine form.

As a rule, these ghosts are not malevolent but can at times exercise perverse and wicked ingenuity.

The usual time of their appearance is at twilight or at the dead of night, when everything is black and indistinct. Their favourite haunts are lonely or solitary places, houses that have been recently visited by death and those that have been long deserted. They are also said to frequent temples, shrines and graveyards and are to be seen among the shadows of willow trees.

They have been rarely known to appear to more than one person at a time but, says Inouye, "they are especially likely to be seen by persons who are out of

health or those feeble in body and mind, deficient in knowledge and impressionable."

Another type of Japanese ghost is illustrated in the story of the " Haunted House of Yotsuya ".

In that town there was a house for which the landlord could find no tenant, for all who had lived in it were constantly disturbed by a noisy ghost that gave them no rest.

In desperation, the landlord at last decided that he would face the intruder himself and " lay it " if possible.

He kept watch, and at the usual time of its visit, the ghost duly appeared in the form of a man with only one leg. He told the landlord that he had been a soldier and had lost his leg in battle, and declared that the limb lay buried under the house.

The landlord thereupon got a spade and began to dig where the ghost indicated.

Presently there arose from the hole a misty shape, a fleecy cloud, in appearance like a man's leg, which drifted off and joined itself to the body of the ghost. The ghost then politely thanked the landlord and said he was now satisfied. After he had disappeared, he never haunted that house again.

As might be expected of a race of warriors, many of the ghosts of Japan are said to carry a spiritual sword. The spiritual world is believed to lie close to the material, and the ghost of a parent or relative is said to feel keen interest in the welfare of his family on earth.

The Japanese also believe that ghosts come as a warning of approaching death, as suggested in the following story.

The wife of a carrier living with her husband and her young son near a mineral spring, fell into the river, as she was returning home from the spring after dark on a moonless night, and was drowned.

The husband and son waited anxiously for her to come, but finally concluded that owing to the darkness she had decided to stay the night somewhere and would return in the morning, so they retired to rest.

As the boy lay dozing on his bed, he was suddenly awakened by something tugging at his hand. Seeing nothing, he went to sleep, but the tug at his hand came again and the touch was like that of his mother's hand. Then he called his father, and getting a light, found that the place upon which the strange fingers had closed on his hand was covered with blood.

The next morning, the mother's dead body was discovered among the rocks on the river-bed, and the palm of her hand was all torn and bleeding. In her fall, she had evidently made a wild grasp at some stone or tree and so had injured it.

It will be observed from this brief survey that the ghosts of Japan are much the same as those seen in similar conditions in western lands.

All animals are said to be endowed with spiritual counterparts and the ghosts of foxes, badgers, bears and other animals may thus appear after death and even enter the bodies of men.

As in China, the fox in particular plays a prominent part in innumerable stories and legends and is believed to have the power of bewitching men and women and of entering their bodies.

CHAPTER V

GHOSTS IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES—THE STORY OF EVODIUS—THE STORY RELATED BY ERASMUS

SOME of the early Christian fathers firmly believed in apparitions and among them was Evodius, bishop of Upsal in Africa, who was a friend of St. Augustine. He argued, that if the soul on quitting the body does not retain a certain subtle body with which it appears and by means of which it is transported from one spot to another, and if the angels have not a certain kind of body, how can they be counted ?

"I remember well," he says, "that Profuturus, Privatus and Servitius, whom I had known in the monastery here, appeared to me and talked to me after their decease and what they told me happened."

He believed that the soul was not absolutely bodiless and consulted St. Augustine on the subject, but the latter expressed the opinion, that the soul after death could not be clothed with any material substantial form.

Evodius, however, averred that several persons after their decease had been seen going and coming to their houses as before, both by day and by night, and that in church, where the dead were buried, they often heard a noise in the night as of persons praying aloud. St. Augustine acknowledged that there was a great distinc-

tion to be made between true and false visions and related the following story :

A great friend of mine named Gennadius, a physician well-known in Carthage for his skill and his kindness to the poor, doubted whether there was another life. One day he saw in a dream a young man, who said to him : ' Follow me.' He followed him in spirit and found himself in a city, where on his right hand he heard a most beautiful melody. He did not remember what he heard on his left.

Again, another time, he saw the same young man, who said to him :

" Do you know me ? "

" Very well," he replied.

" And whence comes it that you know me ? "

He related to him what he had shown him in the city.

" Was it in a dream or awake that you saw all this ? " asked the young man.

" In a dream," said Gennadius.

" Where is your body now ? " was the next question.

" In my bed," answered Gennadius.

" Do you know that now you see nothing with the eyes of your body ? "

" I know it," replied the physician.

" Well then," asked the young man, " with what eyes do you behold me ? In the same way that you see and hear me now that your eyes are shut and your senses asleep ; thus after your death, you will live, you will see, you will hear, but with eyes of the spirit ; so doubt not now that there is another life after the present one."

Erasmus, in one of his ' Epistles ' to a certain Bishop,

relates an amusing story of " a certaine person, with whom a neece of his did dwell, being a rich woman and well monied and withall very covetous.

" He counterfeiting himself to be a ghost and a spirit, didd often use to come in the night time unto the chamber of his sayde neece, and being covered with a white sheet, did faine himself to be a soul departed. He would use also to utter some dougtful and ambiguous wordes and would make certaine rumblings and noyses in the ayre, hoping that she would have sent for some exorcist to come unto her. But as she had the courage more than a woman, so did she advise herselfe accordingly, and caused a certaine friend of hers to come secretly into her chamber that should entertain the spirite.

" And having made him drink well (because he should stand lesse in feare of the spirite) and arming him with a good great cudgell that he might therewith all serve himself in steede of exorcisms, shee caused him to be hidden in a corner by her bedside, till such time as the supposed spirite should make his repayre thither.

" At his accustomed hour he failed not to come and to make his wonted stirres and noyses, bellowing and crying, sadde and sorrowful sorte.

" Upon the hearing of these stirres, the good drunkard that was to play the conjurere, began to rouze himself. The spirite seeing him draw towards him endeavoured with more strange voyces and gestures as well as he could, to repulse and terrifie him.

" But this gallant (who by reason of his wine that had warmed his brain was the more hardy) beganne to rush up on monsieur, the spirite saying unto him : ' Sir, if

you be the Divell, I am his damme.' And there withall he curried him so lustily with sound blows of his cudgell that the spirite cryed out for pardon, and said he was Maister John.

" At this, his neece leapt out of her bed and stayed her friend from dealing with him any further."

Martin Luther, who is said to have seen apparitions, was probably affected by some organic disease. In the spirit of the times, he contemplated his zealous labours in his work of reform as opposed to the works of the devil, and was particularly inclined to attribute the illusions under which he laboured to the machinations of evil spirits. He relates an incident which happened to him when at prayer one day, when contemplating how Christ hung on the cross, " there appeared suddenly on the wall a bright shining vision, and therein appeared also a glorious form of our Saviour Christ, with his five wounds, steadfastly looking upon him as if it had been Christ himself corporally. Now, at the first sight, he thought it had been some good revelation, yet presently recollecting himself and apprehending some jugglery of the devil (for Christ, as Luther says, appeareth unto us in his word and in a meaner and more humble form) therefore said he, I spake to the vision in this manner : ' Away, thou unfounded devil. I know no other Christ than he who was crucified and who in his word is pictured and preached to me.' Whereupon the image vanished which was the very devil himself."

Now it is evident in this incident, Luther had been fixedly gazing at the crucifix on the wall, and in his ecstasy, by optical illusion, he believed that he saw the real figure of the Saviour.

CHAPTER VI

GHOST MYSTERIES OF OLD CASTLES—THE APPARITION AT THE CHÂTEAU GAILLON—THE GHOSTS OF THE CHÂTEAU OF BLANDY—THE STRANGE APPARITION AT THE CASTLE OF WEIXELSTEIN—THE APPARITION OF THE APOTHECARY AT CROSSEN

MYSTERIOUS and grim are many of the old stories that cluster round some of the ancient castles and châteaux of France and Germany, and terrible tales are told of the dark and bloody deeds that have taken place within their hoary walls.

In the sixteenth century, when superstition was rampant among the peasantry, traditions of apparitions and ghostly visitations were handed down from generation to generation and told at the fireside by parents to their children, who listened with awe to these fantastic stories.

The howlings of the tempest, the shrill cry of the night-birds, the whining of dogs, the creaking of the weather-cocks on the turrets of the old buildings, the strange shapes of the clouds in the moonlight and the curious wreaths of the mists which arose at night from the moats, all gave rise to many of these alluring tales.

A curious tradition of this description has long been

associated with the Château of Gaillon, which stood on the left bank of the Seine, a few miles from Rouen.

From the time of Louis XII it was declared by the local inhabitants, that strange lights had been seen gliding along the galleries in the left wing of the building after dark, and when a gardener named Guillaume, who went to pass the night in one of the rooms where the apparition had been seen, bodily disappeared, a serious turn was given to the story.

The lodge-keeper and his son determined to investigate the mystery of the missing man and with that object one night entered the building. They had scarcely proceeded a few steps across one of the rooms when suddenly a melancholic shriek pierced the stillness, which seemed to come from underground.

" Who's there ? " cried the lodge-keeper, Robert.

" See there, in the shade," whispered his son, pointing out of the window.

The lodge-keeper looked and saw an apparition in white gliding along the garden wall, and then suddenly sink into the ground. The two men in terror seemed rooted to the spot, then again glancing into the garden, clearly saw the figure of a man, his back towards them, walking at a rapid pace away from the château, who eventually disappeared from their view into a belt of trees. The men rushed from the building, but the figure had totally vanished, and stricken with fear they returned to the lodge. The agitated lodge-keeper passed a disturbed night and in the morning said to his wife : " We must bid farewell to the château. Terrible things are happening there, and I believe I saw Guill-

aume the gardener pass beyond yonder group of poplars last night."

"You were not mistaken," said his son. "He had a peculiar walk and I also saw him at the moment you did."

Nothing further happened and the lodge-keeper's story of the apparition as it got spread abroad, was magnified into weird tales of ghosts and assemblages of infernal spirits who danced on the roof in the light of the moon. There were also tales of deformed dwarfs who had been seen riding through the air on broom-sticks, sounding buck's horns that were suspended from baldricks flashing with the flames of hell.

Things were at this pass, when one day, a young Flemish nobleman named Edulph arrived in Rouen, in the course of his travels on the grand tour.

Hearing of the extraordinary events that were said to be happening at Gaillon, he resolved to stay for a while and try to get to the bottom of these mysteries.

Having obtained permission to spend a night in the château, he set out accompanied by his squire one winter's night for Gaillon. It was very cold and dark when they arrived there, but the lodge-keeper had made up a roaring fire in the vast fireplace of the room in the left wing which they had arranged to occupy.

After doing full justice to a supper they had brought with them, Edulph placed his sword on a chair and his pistols under his pillow, and after expressly ordering his squire to arouse him if he heard the slightest noise, threw himself on the bed. The squire taking a candle, then went and lay down on the other side of the room close

to the door. The candle threw fitful gleams on the tapestries and walls and they resolved to remain awake, but after struggling against sleep until midnight, they both at length fell into deep slumber.

Suddenly they were aroused by the noise of creaking bolts and clanking chains. Sitting upright, they gazed awe-stricken for a moment at the flickering flame on the hearth shooting up into one last vivid gleam, and by its lurid light they descried two hideous figures standing in a dark recess in the wall.

One of them had a head like a skull with a brilliant diadem round his bony forehead, and grasped a sword in his hand, while the other took the form of a woman, as pallid as death, with haggard eyes and long hair flowing in disorder over her neck and shoulders. Surrounded by a kind of cloudy haze, they slowly advanced towards Edulph's bed. His squire had rushed to the door and found it locked, but Edulph, springing up, seized his sword and confronted the apparitions. As he did so, the female spectre disappeared behind the tapestry, while the other remained on guard.

Edulph at once attacked it and was soon engaged in a fierce combat with his ghostly adversary. To his amazement, as often as his point touched the chest of the spectre, it sprang back as if it had struck enchanted armour.

At length he made a desperate blow at his opponent's head. A cry followed, as with a deep groan the figure sank to the floor.

"Demon or spectre, surrender. By hell, surrender!" cried Edulph, as he sprang forward.

" Mercy, noble sire, spare my life," came a feeble reply. " Hear me and you shall know all that has taken place here. I am no phantom but a victim of unfortunate circumstances," continued the supposed ghost as he removed his deathlike mask.

Edulph helped him to the bed and after he had somewhat recovered, under promise of secrecy, he told his story.

He said that he had formerly filled the office of chaplain at the château, and had fallen in love with a lady and when the family he served had vacated the building, he being a priest, decided to remain there in hiding. The lady had then joined him and they had since lived in the lower rooms of the left wing. The gardener, Guillaume, who was in their secret, had regularly brought them food and between them, they had kept up the mysterious sounds and lights. They dressed up in fantastic costumes they had found in the château to frighten away visitors and remain undisturbed in their place of hiding. After he left the château the next morning, Edulph kept his word, and so the mystery of the ghosts remained unsolved to the peasants in the neighbourhood, who used to relate the story of the missing gardener and the strange lights seen in the building, long after the priest and his lady had left the district.

The ghosts of Gaillon were however, outrivalled by those of Blandy, for says the chronicler : " We shall be alarmed by the frequent apparitions of the Château of Blandy ; we shall read with a thrill of horror of the mysterious noises which are heard on every winter night, in the dark turrets of the old château ".

This historic building, which is situated about ten

miles from Melun in the fertile plains of Brieand, in times gone by was the scene of some terrible tragedies. It was the home of the famous Dunois, who was grand chamberlain to King Charles VII, but owing to his State duties which called him to Paris, he was rarely resident in the château for any length of time.

During his prolonged absences from Blandy, a steward called Gavi was left in charge to manage his affairs and collect the revenues. This man who was a petty tyrant was hated by the peasantry and regarded as the terror of the country-side.

He was accustomed to roam about the estate accompanied by a great dog with a spiked-collar, for his protection.

It was noticed after a time that his favourite walk often led him into the depths of a wood near the château, and it became whispered among the peasants that Gavi had made a pact with the devil. He was often seen sitting at the foot of an aged oak tree that had once been struck by lightning, which was locally known as the " accursed tree ".

There was a local tradition that at the foot of the old oak, one of the former barons of Blandy had been killed by his brother and after the crime, the spirit of the murdered man was seen at certain times to wander about the spot. The villagers also declared that at night, groans could be heard proceeding from the interior of the trunk, and after dark everyone was afraid to approach it.

At length one day during the absence of his master, Gavi absconded and no one knew where he had gone. The Count on being informed was much enraged and at

once returned to the château, where he found that the dishonest steward had also taken with him many jewels of great value.

Some years passed and the " accursed tree " still kept its evil reputation. A shepherd had sworn that on the day on which Gavi was supposed to have disappeared, strange sounds and groans were heard near the old oak, and other mysterious tales were spread abroad.

On these stories coming to the ears of the Count, he determined that he would have the tree felled and thus lay the ghost, once and for all. But he found a difficulty in carrying out his decision, for he could not persuade any of the peasants to lift an axe to a tree in which a demon had taken up his abode and which shone with phosphorescence at night.

At length, however, he got an old cross-bowman who had accompanied him to the wars, to consent to fell it. He was a powerful man, and with his axe soon severed the enormous roots and penetrated the great trunk, which was found to be hollow from top to bottom. As it fell with a crash, in the cavity near the ground was seen a skeleton, at the sight of which those who were watching fled, but the old soldier undismayed proceeded to dislodge it, and underneath the crumbling bones, came upon a box of cedar-wood bearing the arms of the Count.

On carrying this to his master, Dunois at once recognised it and inside found the missing jewels and gold that had been stolen by the steward.

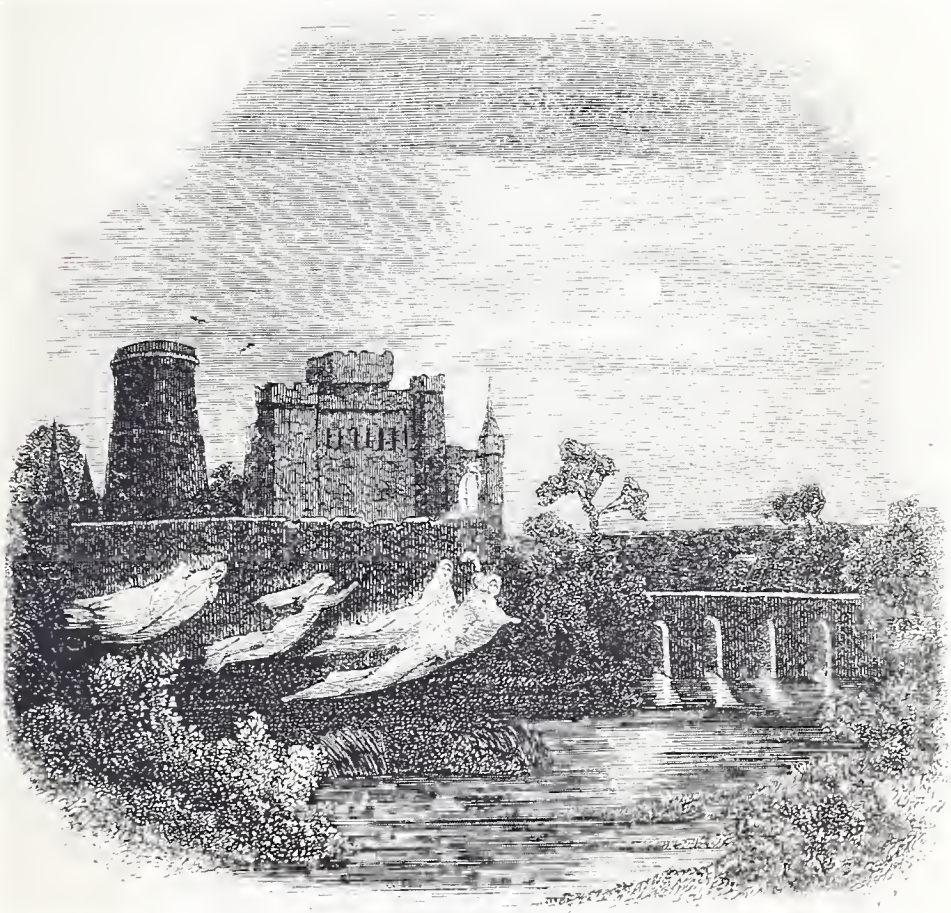
There appeared to be little doubt that the groans which the shepherd had heard proceeding from the tree were

those of Gavi, who on hiding his booty in the hollow trunk of the old tree which had such an evil reputation, had slipped and sank to the bottom of the cavity, from which it was impossible for him to escape. Here he perished in just retribution, and his bones were left to tell the tale.

Several other stories of apparitions are associated with Blandy, and it was averred by many who lived within its walls, that for many years at midnight of the day of All Saints a band of phantoms were to be seen floating in the air, which circled several times round the walls and at length settled down upon a round tower near the entrance. On that night, too, the sound of clanking chains, together with piercing shrieks and cries, could be heard arising from the depths of a secret subterranean passage which no one had the courage to explore.

The most notable of the apparitions of Blandy, however, was that of the Count Dunois himself, which after his death, on a certain date at midnight every year, was to be seen standing at the gate of the old château, armed from head to foot, accompanied by his squires and an escort, all clad in armour. It was declared that on these occasions, the blasts of the war clarions were heard, together with the clash of weapons and the tumult of a moving army.

Another old story of an apparition, which has several points of interest, is associated with the ancient Castle of Weixelstein. It is related in a rare book printed in Laibach in 1689, entitled: "A veritable and singular account of an apparition and the saving of a soul in Castle Weixelstein in Krain".



THE APPARITIONS AT THE CASTLE OF BLANDY

From an old print

Facing page 60

The narrative was translated by Captain R. F. Burton when he was acting as Consul at Trieste.

The Castle was an ancient stone building which stood four square, with towers at its angles, and the scene of the apparition was a low room with barred windows and a single-arched ceiling, which was entered from the kitchen, the door of which was on the right of the main gate.

The apparition first appeared to the servants on January 15th, 1684, and it is noteworthy that a medium was chosen in the person of a maid called Ankha. To this girl the ghost, on appearing, was very communicative, and said it had come to demand thirty masses to be said at the altar of St. Anthony in the church of Jagnenz.

Ankha asked the apparition : " Wherefore dost thou suffer ? " to which the apparition replied : " For that I unrighteously used sixty gulden. So I, a poor widow body, must endure the penalty."

" But who shall pay for these masses ? " inquired Ankha.

" The noble Master of this Castle," rejoined the ghost. The story continues : " Late on the 21st of January the ghost reappeared and made a terrible noise with a chair in the presence of the Lord of the Castle, Sigmund Wilhelm Freihen, Baron von Zetschekher and two ecclesiastics.

" The candles being put out the priests began to exorcise the apparition beginning with the formula : " All ye good spirits praise the Lord ".

To which the ghost replied : " I also."

It would not however answer any questions put by the

priests but called for Ankha. The girl came and after holding some converse with the apparition asked: "O, my good spirit, tell me thy family name?"

"My name is Gallenbergerinn," quoth the ghost.

Ankha then asked the apparition to give a sign of salvation when all the thirty masses should have been said. This it promised to do and then disappeared.

The apparition came again on January 22nd, and when asked by Ankha to disclose her Christian name said it was 'Mary Elizabeth'.

Meanwhile, the masses were ordered to be said.

On the night of the 23rd, the Lord of the Castle with three priests, after five more masses had been said, went to lodge with George André in a house not far from the church.

"When the lights were put out, Ankha was summoned and placed seated on a chest between two of the priests, then after three raps being heard, the apparition came and pulled the hair of one of the reverends. He stood up from the chest where he was sitting, whereupon the ghost struck Ankha a violent blow on the ear which could be heard all over the dwelling place.

"Lights were brought and showed the print of a left hand burnt on the coif on the right side of the wench's head. She was not hurt but the coif remained heated for some time.

"On the 25th of January, when all the required masses had been said at the altar of St. Anthony of Jagnenz, the Lord of Weixelstein and the priests who had been engaged in the ceremony, returned to pass the night in the Castle.

"While they were supping, the maid carrying the children's food was crossing the hall to the place where they ate, when the ghost suddenly appeared and seized her arm. She started back and saw behind her the form of a woman robed in white.

"As the family was retiring to rest and the lights were put out, the ghost again entered and striking a loud rap on the table, cried out: 'Ankha! Now I am saved and I am going to heaven!'

"The wench who was there rejoined: 'O, blessed soul, pray to Heaven for me, for the Noble Master, the Noble Mistress and all the Noble family and for all those who helped thee to attain eternal salvation.'

"Whereto," concludes the story, "the Apparition replied: 'Amen, amen, amen.'"

Reginald Scot, that shrewd old writer, in his "Discovery of Witchcraft" in 1584, pertinently asks: "Where are the soules that swarmed in time past? where are the spirits? who heareth their noises? who seeth their visions?" He opined that many had migrated to Italy, where masses were cheaper than in England.

There are few stories recorded in ghost-lore in which the apparition of a dead person has returned to earth and resumed the avocation he followed when alive, but such a case excited a public disputation in the Academy of Leipzig in 1659.

According to the story, in the spring of that year at Crossen in Silesia, during the reign of Princess Elizabeth Charlotte, an apothecary's assistant called Christopher Monig, a native of Serbest in Ankalt, was taken ill and

died suddenly and was buried. To the amazement of the townsfolk, however, a few days afterwards he, or at least what appeared to be the man himself, walked into the shop where he had formerly worked, and sat down or walked about as usual. He took bottles, pots and boxes from the shelves in the shop and set them again in other places, sometimes trying and examining their contents. He weighed them in the scales, pounded drugs in a mortar and served the people who came in with orders and prescriptions. The money he received in payment for the same he laid on the counter.

His master, the apothecary, happened to be laid up ill at the time, and the customers, who described him as looking very ghostly, were afraid to say anything to him.

After a while, he took a cloak that hung in the shop, put it on and walked abroad, but took no notice of anyone he met in the streets. He entered the houses of some of the citizens he had known, but never uttered a word until he met a maid-servant near the churchyard. He stopped her and told her to go home and dig in a lower chamber of her master's house, where he said she would find an estimable treasure. The girl, amazed at the sight of him, swooned away and fell. Whereupon he lifted her up, but in so doing left a mark upon her that was long visible afterwards.

In consequence of the fright she received, she was taken ill, but managed to tell her master what Monig had said to her, and he proceeded to dig up the place indicated in the cellar, but found nothing but an old pot with a hæmatite or bloodstone in it.

The affair caused such a sensation when it got abroad in the town that the Princess ordered the man's body to be exhumed, " which being done, it was found in a state of putrefaction and was re-interred ".

The authorities recommended the apothecary to remove everything belonging to Monig, his linen, clothes, and books from his house ; " after which," says the chronicler, " the apparition was not seen again."

" After the case was taken up and discussed by the Academy at Leipzig it was decided that the appearance of the apparition had been perfectly established."

CHAPTER VII

APPARITIONS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY—THE APPARITION AT WARBLINGTON—THE DEVIL AND THE MILLER OF FOXLEY—THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS AT WOODSTOCK

IF the ghost stories of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had all been recorded and collected, they would have filled hundreds of volumes, for nearly every castle, hall and country house had its traditions of apparitions and uncanny happenings.

There were few ruined buildings, churchyards and country lanes in the British Isles that had not some story of ghostly visitants, who in diaphanous yet visible forms had stricken terror into the hearts of those who had come across them.

If they did not make themselves audible by moans and groans, they rattled chains or made weird noises, and were even said to reveal secret places where treasures were concealed and sometimes to bring crimes to light.

From a mass of these stories we have selected a few of the more interesting, some of which have not been previously published, with the object of showing the widespread belief in apparitions or ghosts three hundred years ago.

The first story is related by a Mr. Caswell, a learned

mathematician, in a letter he wrote to the Rev. Richard Bentley on December 15th, 1695, the account having been communicated to him by the Rev. Thomas Wilkins.

"At Warblington near Havant, in Hampshire," he states, "there dwelt in the Parsonage-house one Thomas Perce, a tenant, together with his wife and child, a man-servant called Thomas, and a maid. About the beginning of August, anno 1695, on a Monday, about nine or ten at night, all being gone to bed except the maid with the child, the maid being in the kitchen and having raked up the fire, took a candle in one hand and the child in the other arm. Turning about, she saw one in a black gown walking through the room and thence out of the door into the orchard. Upon this, the maid hastening up-stairs, having recovered but two steps, cried out, on which the master and mistress ran down, found the candle in her hand, she grasping the child about its neck with the other arm. She told them the reason of her crying out; she would not that night tarry in the house but removed to another belonging to one Henry Salter, a farmer, where she cried out all the night from the terror she was in.

"On the morrow, *i.e.*, Tuesday, the tenant's wife came to me, lodging in Havant, to desire my advice and have consult with some friends about it. I told her I thought it was a flam and that they had a mind to abuse Mr. Brereton, the rector whose house it was.

"She desired me to come up. I told her I would come up and sit up or lie there as she pleased; for then as to all stories of ghosts and apparitions I was an infidel.

" I went thither and sate up the Tuesday night with the tenant and his man-servant.

" About twelve or one o'clock, I searched all the rooms in the house to see if anyone were hid there to impose upon me. At last, we came into a lumber room, there I smiling told the tenant that was with me, that I would call for the apparition, if there was any, and oblige him to come. The tenant seemed afraid, but I told him I would defend him from harm and then I repeated, jestingly :

" BARBARA CELARENT DARII."

" On this the tenant's countenance changed so that he was ready to drop down with fear ; then I told him I perceived he was afraid and would prevent its coming and repeated " Baralipton ". Then he recovered his spirits pretty well, and we left the room and went down into the kitchen and sat up the remaining part of the night.

" Thursday night, the tenant and I lay together in one room and the man in another room and he saw something walk along in a black gown and place itself against a window and there stood for some time and then walk off.

" Friday morning, the man relating this, I asked him why he did not call me and told him I thought it was a trick or flam.

" He told me the reason he did not call me was that he was not able to speak or move.

" Friday and Saturday nights we lay as before and had no disturbance. Sunday night, I lay by myself in one room (not that where the man saw the apparition) and

the tenant and his man in one bed in another room, and between twelve and two, the man heard something walk in their room at the bed's foot and whistling very well.

" At last it came to the bed's side, drew the curtain and looked on them ; after some time it moved off. Then the man called to me and desired me to come, for there was something in the room that went about whistling. I asked him if he had any light or could strike one ? He told me no. Then I leapt out of bed and not staying to put on my clothes, went out of my room and along a gallery to the door, which I found locked and bolted. I desired him to unlock the door. Then he got out of bed and opened the door which was near and went immediately to bed again.

" I went in three or four steps and it being a moonshine night, I saw the apparition move from the bedside and clap up against the wall that divided their room from mine.

" I went and stood directly against it, within my arm's length of it, and asked it in the name of God, what it was that made it come disturbing us ?

" I stood some time expecting an answer and receiving none and thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room to frighten me, *I put out my arm to feel it and my hand seemingly went through the body of it and felt no manner of substance till it came to the wall. Then I drew back my hand and still it was in the same place.*

" Till now I had not the least fear, and even now had very little. Then I adjured it to tell me what it was. When I said these words, it, keeping its back to the wall, moved gently along towards the door. I followed it,

and it, going out of the door, turned its back toward me. It went a little way along the gallery, I followed it a little into the gallery and then it disappeared, where there was no corner for it to turn, and before it came to the end of the gallery where was the stairs.

" Then I found myself very cold from my feet as high as my middle, though I was not in no great fear.

" I went into the bed betwixt the tenant and his man and they complained of my being exceedingly cold.

" The tenant's man leaned over his master in the bed and saw me stretch out my hand towards the apparition and heard me speak the words. The tenant also heard the words.

" The apparition seemed to have a morning gown of darkish colour, no hat or cap, short black hair, a thin meagre visage of a pale swarthy colour, seemed to be about forty-five to fifty years of age, the eyes half-shut, the arms hanging down, the hands visible beneath the sleeve, of a middle stature.

" I related the description to Mr. John Lardner, rector of Havant, and to Major Battin of Langstone, in Havant parish. They both said the description agreed very well to Mr. P., a former rector of the place who had been dead above twenty years.

" Upon this, the tenant and his wife left the house, which has remained void since.

" The Monday after last Michaelmas day, a man of Chodson in Warwickshire, having been at Havant fair, passed by the aforesaid Parsonage-house about nine or ten at night and saw a light in most of the rooms of the house, his pathway being close by it. He wondering at

the light, looked into the kitchen window and first saw only a light but turning himself to go away, he saw the appearance of a man in a long gown and he made haste away.

"The apparition followed him over a piece of glebe land of several acres to a lane, which he crossed and over a little meadow, then over another lane and some pales, which belong to farmer Salter, my landlord, near a barn in which were the farmer's men and some others. This man went into the barn and told them how he was frighted and followed from the Parsonage-house by an apparition, which they might see standing against the pales if they went out.

"They went out and saw it scratch against the pales and make a hideous noise. It stood there some time and then disappeared. Their description agreed with what I saw.

"The Rev. Thomas Wilkins, B.A., who was curate of Warblington, corroborates the story and, writing from Oxford in December, 1695, says: 'This last account I had from the man himself, whom it followed, and also from the farmer's men. Mr. Brereton the rector had let the Parsonage-house, and after the story got abroad, it stood empty, though he offered to let it for ten pounds a year. Mr. P., the former incumbent, whom the apparition resembled, was a man of very ill report, and is supposed to have murdered several of his illegitimate children. Those who knew this P. say he had exactly such a gown and that he used to whistle."

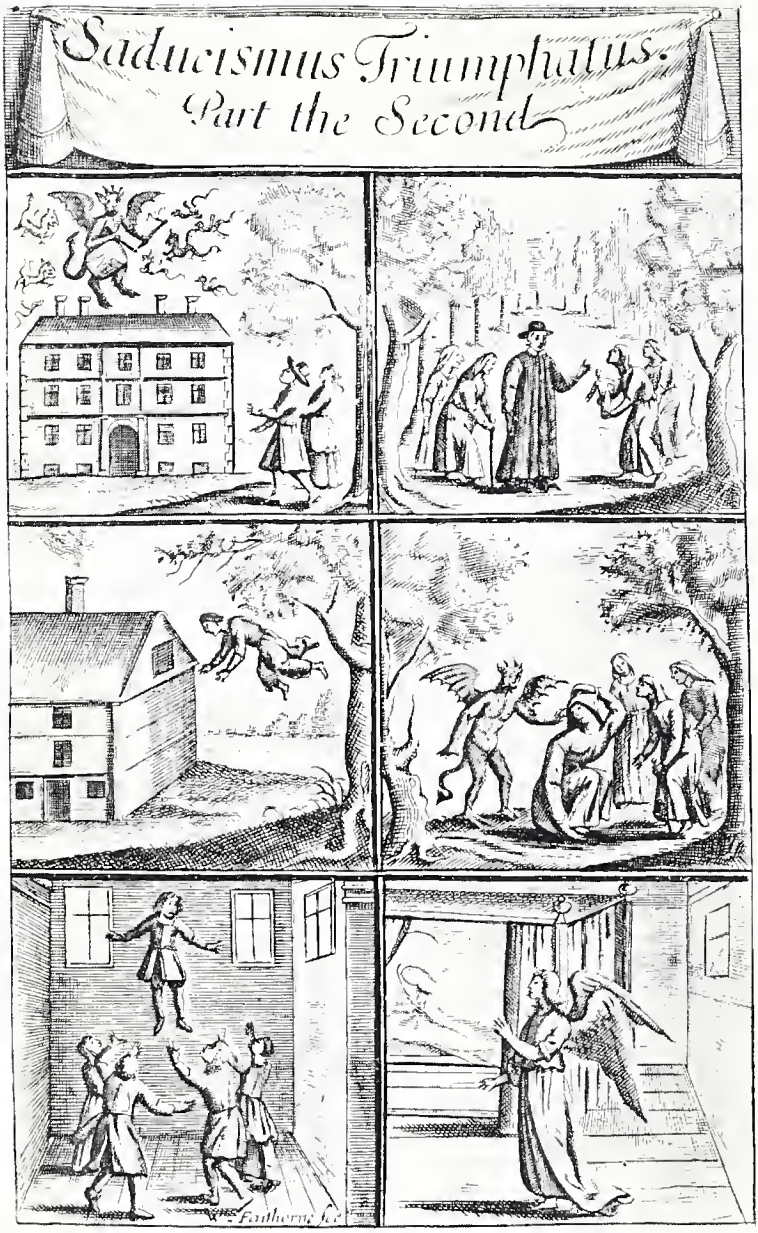
The probable solution of the ghost mystery is, that the apparition was P., the former incumbent himself, who

was not dead but who had fled and disappeared many years previously owing to serious charges brought against him. He knew the Parsonage-house well and wished to frighten the tenant away. That he probably occupied the house after the tenant had left, accounts for the lights and for the figure seen by the man of Chodson when going home from Havant fair. The hideous noise by which he scared the country yokels and his subsequent disappearance supports this suggestion. It is noteworthy that when the curate went towards the apparition in order to touch it, he did not press his whole body against it, but put out his hand which may have simply touched a loose part of the gown and so came against the wall. That it was a corporeal presence is evidenced from the statement that it walked out of the door and along the passage with its face forward. It is evident from the statement by Mr. Wilkins, that he uttered one of the formulæ used by necromancers for calling up spirits and knew something about the practice of magic.

The ruins of Warblington Castle are said to be haunted by the ghost of Margaret, Countess of Salisbury, who was executed in the time of Henry VIII. Garbed as a nun she is believed to glide along the lanes near her old home.

The story of another ghost in a black gown is told in a letter among the Ashmolean manuscripts now in the Bodleian library, but in this case, it was an apparition of the devil himself who appeared to the miller of Foxley.

On February 21st, 1602, it is stated that when "the miller of Foxley was going from his watermill to his



APPARITIONS

Title page from "Saducismus Triumphatus" by J. Glanvill.
XVII Century

Facing page 73

windmill during a tempest, he saw as it were a man in a black gown going before him. When he called to him desiring him to stay till he might speak to him, he was turned into a black dog. Coming back from the mill, the miller again saw the man in black and when he spoke to him he turned into a black boar and then vanished away."

This metamorphosis, which was believed to be a peculiarity of the devil, occurs in many of the legends of the Middle Ages.

The story of how a ' ghost ' succeeded in scaring away intruders is well illustrated in the account of the strange happenings at the Palace of Woodstock.

In 1649, the Long Parliament decided to dispark the ancient palace which had formerly been a Royal residence, and appointed a Commission to carry this out.

The Commissioners arrived at the palace with their servants on October 13th 1649, determined to obliterate the memory of all that was connected with the Monarchy, but judging from the diary of each day's happenings they must have had a lively time.

According to the record, " they took up their lodgings in the King's own rooms, the bedchamber, and withdrawing room, the former whereof they also made their kitchen and the Council-hall their brew-house.

" On October 14th, there came as they thought into the bedchamber where two Commissioners lay, the shape of a dog, which going under the beds as it were, gnawed at the bed-cords.

" On October 17th, something removed all the wood of the King's oak (the ancient tree in the park which

they had caused to be digged up by the roots) out of the dining-room, and hurled the chairs and stools up and down that room. From thence it came into two chambers and hoisted up their bed's feet so much higher than their heads, then let them fall with such force, that their bodies rebounded from the bed a good distance; then shook the bedsteads so violently that their bodies were sore with it.

"On October 19th, trenchers were thrown up and down the room.

"On October 20th, the curtains of the bed in the drawing-room were drawn to and fro and the bedstead so shaken that eight pewter dishes and three dozen trenchers were thrown about the chamber.

"On October 23rd, all the clothes plucked off them and the bricks fell out of the chimney.

"October 29th. This night there was a very great noise as if great pieces of ordnance had been shot off, which threw the Commissioners into great horror. One snatched a sword and would have killed one of his brethren coming out of his bed in his shirt whom he took for the spirit. At its departure it took all the glass of the windows away with it.

"On November 2nd, something came into the drawing-room like a bear which only walked about for a quarter of an hour and at length made a great noise about the table. It also threw glass and stones and the bones of horses.

"That night, they planted candles all about the rooms and made fires up to the rantle-trees of the chimneys, but all were put out.

"Upon the servants in a truckle-bed, who lay all the time sweating with fear, a tubful of stinking ditch water was thrown down. Notwithstanding all this, one of them had the boldness to ask:

"'In the name of God, what it was, what it would have, and what they had done?' To which no answer was given, but it ceased for a while.

"At length it came again and as all said, brought seven devils worse than itself.

"One of them lighted candles again and set between two chambers in the doorway, on which another fixing his eyes, saw the similitude of a hoof striking the candle and stick into the middle of the chamber. Upon this, the same person was so bold as to draw his sword, but he had scarce got it out, but there was another invisible hand had hold of it too and tugged with him for it and prevailing, struck him so violently that he was stunned with the blow.

"The Commissioners said prayers and sang psalms, notwithstanding all which the thundering noises still continued in other rooms.

"On November 3rd, they removed their lodging over the gate and next day being Sunday went to Ewelm.

"Returning on Monday the devil left them not unvisited, nor on Tuesday, the last day, when they left."

Mr. Hawes says: "The Commission for selling the King's lands were frighted by strange apparitions and that the four surveyors who were sent to measure the park and lodged themselves with some companions in the manor, were pelted out of their chambers by stones thrown in at the windows, that their candles were

continually put out as fast as they lighted them, and that one with his sword drawn to defend a candle, was with his own scabbard in the meantime well cudgelled and so for the blow or for fear he fell sick, and the others were forced to remove some of them to Sir William Fleetwood's house and the rest to some other places."

The Commissioners were scared to death and thinking that all the fiends of hell had been let loose upon them, suddenly left the palace without completing their mission.

The disturbances ceased after the Commissioners had taken their departure, and although a strict inquiry was made, nothing could be found to account for these strange happenings, until after the Restoration, when it transpired that the 'ghost' was one of their own party.

This individual who was originally a fervent Royalist, had been engaged by the Commissioners to act as clerk, and was known as Giles Sharp. His real name however was Joseph Collins, and he was well-known in Oxford as "funny Joe". He was well acquainted with the secret passages and concealed floors of the old palace, and his local knowledge favoured his pranks in which he was assisted by some of the servants.

Trusted by the Commissioners, it was he who saw and described the terrible apparitions and extraordinary sights by means of which he succeeded in terrorising the whole party, and driving them from the palace without carrying out their plans.

CHAPTER VIII

A 'LITERARY GHOST'—THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. PORDAGE AND THE 'GREAT DRAGON'—THE APPARITION SEEN BY MISS LEE—THE APPARITION AND MYSTERIOUS DEATH OF ROBERT PERCEVAL

WE occasionally hear of 'literary ghosts' in these prosaic days, but they are usually of a more substantial character than one who proved of considerable service to the learned Captain Henry Bell, who lived in the time of James I. He has left us the following story of the strange manner in which he was assisted by an apparition that urged him to translate some of the works of Martin Luther.

"Being employed beyond the seas on State Affairs, divers years, together both by King James and also by the late King Charles of Germany," he tells us, "I did hear and understand in all places, great Bewailing and Lamentation made by reason of destroying and burning of above four score thousand of Martin Luther's books entitled, 'His last Divine Discourses', upon which Divine Work or Discourses the Reformation begun in Germany was wonderfully promoted and spread in other countries. But afterwards it so fell out, that the Pope then living viz. Gregory XIII, understanding what great Hurt and Prejudice he and his religion had already

received by reason of the said Luther's Discourses, did fiercely stir up and instigate the Emperor then in being viz. Rodolphus III, to make an edict throughout the whole Empire, that all the aforesaid Printed books should be burned and also that it should be death for any person to have or keep a copy thereof, but to burn the same, which edict was speedily put in execution insomuch that not one of all the said Printed books could be found out or heard of.

" Yet it pleased God in anno 1626, a German gentleman named Casparus van Sparr with whom I was familiarly known and acquainted, having occasion to build upon an old foundation of a house wherein his grandfather had dwelt, and digging deep under the said old foundation, one of the original Printed books was there happily found lying in a deep obscure hole, being wrapped in strong linnen cloth which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without, whereby the said book was preserved fair and without blemish.

" Fearing to keep it and also calling to mind that I had the High-Dutch tongue very perfect, did send the said original book over hither into England unto me and earnestly moved me in a letter to translate the said book into English.

" About six weeks after I had received the book, it fell out, that being in bed with my wife, one night between 12 and 1 o'clock, she being asleep but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an Ancient man standing at my bedside, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard hanging down to his girdle and tied, who taking me by the right ear, spake these words fol-

lowing unto me: 'Sirrah, will not you take time to translate that book which is sent unto you out of Germany? I will provide for you both Place and Time to do it.' And then he vanished out of my sight. Whereupon being much affrighted, I fell into an extreme sweat, insomuch that my wife awaking and finding me all over wet, she asked me what I ailed? I told her what I had seen and heard; but I never did heed visions nor dreams.

"About a fortnight afterwards on a Sunday, I went to Whitehall to hear the sermon, after which I returned to my lodging which was then in King Street at Westminster, and sitting down to dinner with my wife, two messengers were sent from the Council Board with a warrant to carry me to the keeper of the Gatehouse at Westminster, there to be safely kept until further orders from the Lords of the Council, which was done without any showing, any at all, whereupon I was committed and I was kept there Ten whole years a close prisoner, where I spent five years thereof about translating the said book. Insomuch I found the words of the old man in the apparition came very true, when he said unto me: 'I will provide you with help, time and place to translate it.'

"After I had finished the translation, Dr. Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, sent to me in the Prison by Dr. Bray his chaplain, Ten pounds and desired to peruse the Book. He afterwards sent me by Dr. Bray, Forty Pounds. There was a Committee of the House of Commons formed for the printing of this translation which was in 1652."

This interesting story of a ' waking dream ' is recorded by Aubrey who adds a note that " the true cause of the Captain's committal was because he was urgent with the Lord Treasurer for his arrears which amounted to a great sum he was not willing to pay and to be free from the Captain's clamour, clapt him up in Prison."

The ' ancient man ' in the form of an apparition who took the Captain by the ear, was probably his conception of one of the Reformers which was fixed in his mind and on whom his thoughts had long been dwelling.

The depressing and melancholic tendency of the rigid Puritans after the Civil War, no doubt gave rise to many stories of ghosts and apparitions in various parts of the country. During their occupancy of some of the old, family seats, formerly the centre of hospitality and good cheer, their intolerance to the discarded retainers gave rise to many tales calculated to give them a wholesome horror of their surroundings.

The clergy in particular seem to have been selected for charges of dealing with witchcraft and the devil.

A case of this kind was preferred against Dr. Pordage the rector of a country living in Berkshire, in 1649. The unfortunate clergyman was charged with seeing demoniacal visions and frequent apparitions in his house, one of which consisted of the " representation of a coach-and-six on a brick chimney, in which the carriage and horses continued in constant motion for many weeks ".

It was also declared that " a great dragon had been seen in his chamber with a tail of eight yards long, having four great teeth which did spit fire at him. Further, that his own angel stood by him in his own shape and

fashion ; the same shape, with bands and cuffs, and that he supported him in a combat with the dragon ".

Of course such things could not be tolerated in a quiet country village, and it was obvious to the fanatics living in the district that the clergyman was in league with the evil one, or else, they argued, how could such terrible apparitions be accounted for ?

Dr. Pordage was therefore hailed before a special Board of Commissioners which sat at Reading to investigate the charges which had been brought against him.

There is a long report of this inquiry still extant, from which the following has been extracted.

The principal witness against the doctor was Margaret Pender, who declared that she was taken ill on a Friday and had visions presented to her on the wall. She clearly saw the apparition of a friend of hers in London. She sent for Dr. Pordage who came to her on Saturday and prayed in a strange language. She heard a great noise of drums and trumpets. She asked the doctor what it meant and he answered it was an alarm to the spiritual war. She admitted that oftentimes she had seen flashes of light in her chamber in London, she had also heard a voice and was convinced that these visions were of the devil.

The next witness was Susanna Grip of Reading, who deposed that the doctor had told her that a great many spirits hovered about his window and kept up a noise. He said that a dragon did come in that had a long tail, great eyes and fangs and did spit fire at him.

The doctor, on being questioned by the Commissioners concerning this dragon, said, " that he had seen very

many dreadful apparitions in his house and that a dragon had come but he had seen none for four years. His angel did appear and turned the dragon into a man".

Whether from fear, or some other cause, the doctor then confessed that:

"In August, 1649, there appeared in my bedroom about the middle of the night, a spirit in the shape of Everard with his wearing apparel, bands and cuffs and hat, who after the sudden drawing of the bedcurtain, seemed to walk through the chamber and so disappeared."

The next apparition he admitted was very terrible and came in the shape of a great dragon, which seemed to take up most of the room. "It had great teeth and open jaws from which he ejected fire against me. It almost shook the breath out of my body, making me fall to the ground."

In the face of these admissions by the accused, the Commissioners eventually decided to deprive the rector of his living.

Among the romantic stories of apparitions in the time of the Stuarts, is one concerning the young daughter of Sir Charles Lee, which was recorded by the Bishop of Gloucester in 1662.

Sir Charles had one daughter by his first wife who died in her confinement. After her death, the child was brought up and educated by her aunt, Lady Everard, and eventually became engaged to Sir William Perkins, but their marriage was prevented in a strange manner by an apparition. According to the Bishop's story: "One Thursday night, she thinking that she saw a light

in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came and she asked her why she had left a candle burning in her room ? The maid replied that 'she had left none and there was none'.

"She then said it must be the fire, but the maid assuring her it was out, she left the room and Miss Lee composed herself to sleep.

"About two of the clock, she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who spoke to her and told her she was her mother, that she was happy, and that by twelve of the clock that day she would be with her. Miss Lee then knocked again for her maid and called for her clothes.

"When she was dressed, she went into her closet and came not out again till nine in the morning, and then brought with her a letter sealed and addressed to her father. She took it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, and told her what had happened in the night and desired that as soon as she was dead the letter might be sent to him.

"The Lady Everard, thinking that she had suddenly become demented, sent to Chelmsford for a physician, who came immediately but failed to find anything wrong with her niece.

"When he had gone, Miss Lee desired the chaplain to be called to read prayers to her and when they were ended, she took her guitar and Psalm book and sat down on a chair, and played and sang so melodiously and admirably that her music-master who was then there, greatly admired it.

" Near the stroke of twelve o'clock, she rose and sate herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breathing or two, immediately expired. She was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by the physician.

" Thus she died at Waltham in Essex, three miles from Chelmsford, and after her death, the letter was sent to Sir Charles Lee who was at his house in Warwickshire. He was so afflicted by the death of his daughter that he came not to Waltham till she was buried, but when he came, he caused her to be taken up and to be buried with her mother at Edmonton as she had desired in her letter."

Such is the interesting but strange account of the death of Miss Lee which is duly authenticated by the Bishop of Gloucester.

Another curious story of the period is one related of young Robert Perceval, the son of Sir John Perceval, Bart., who met with a violent death in London at the age of nineteen.

This youth had led a wild life in town and was notorious for his escapades and also well-known as a duellist in the time of Charles II. As a younger son he was intended for the law and with that object his father sent him to London and found him chambers in Lincoln's Inn.

One night when studying late, he went on reading until midnight, and at last heard the clock strike twelve. But it seemed to him as if the sound was quite close to his ear, which caused him to raise his head, and looking round, he was amazed to see a figure of a man in the room standing between him and the door.

He had not heard anyone enter, nor had he heard a sound.

For a moment he gazed at the figure in astonishment. It was completely muffled up in a long cloak and the face was nearly concealed in a high turned-up collar.

"Who are you? What do you want?" exclaimed Perceval, partly rising and half unsheathing his sword.

The figure neither spoke nor moved.

Thinking it was some joke being played on him by one of his boon friends, he took a step towards it. He was met with a hollow laugh but the figure still stood unmoved.

Pausing for a second, he then drew his sword and made a desperate pass at it, but the weapon met with no resistance and when he drew it back it showed no stain of blood.

In utter amazement, young Perceval gazed at the figure and plucking up courage again challenged it.

Without a sound it slowly unloosened the collar of the cloak, thus revealing the face, and Perceval, to his horror, saw an apparition of *himself*, pallid and bloody. He stood fascinated for a moment, and fell back a few steps almost paralysed. But he quickly recovered, and then to his great relief he saw the apparition turn, glide through the door and vanish.

He sat down, stunned for a while by what he had seen and trying to think what it meant. Then he undressed and went to bed, but he was so upset he found it impossible to sleep, so dressing himself again, he left the house, deciding to go and see his uncle, Sir Robert Southwell, who lived in Spring Gardens.

It was scarcely dawn when he arrived there, but gaining admission to the house, he went up to his uncle's bedroom and waking him, told him the story that had so disturbed him.

Sir Robert, knowing his nephew's habits, at first thought the story of the apparition was due to the effects of a night's debauch, but seeing the young man's condition and how seriously he took it, he calmed him by telling him to take care of himself and return home, keeping watch for anyone who might have a grudge against him.

Several days passed and the matter had almost faded from his mind, when an incident happened that recalled the ghostly visitor.

Walking from his chambers one night, from Lincoln's Inn to a certain tavern in the Strand he was wont to frequent, he imagined that he was being dogged by a man who followed him at a short distance. To make sure he was not mistaken, he went into a shop and stayed there for about ten minutes, but when he came out, he again saw his pertinacious follower close behind.

Turning sharply to him, Perceval demanded who he was and what he meant by dogging his footsteps ?

"I am not following you, I am following my own business," the man replied.

Perceval paused for a moment to look at him and then crossed the street. He was soon aware, by a heavy tread behind him, that he was still being followed.

It was close on eleven o'clock and the dark street was

almost deserted, but thinking he heard more than one pursuer, he turned his head and saw the first man had been joined by another.

Quickly deciding to find out what they were after, he stopped suddenly, and drawing his sword called on them to retire. Their reply was to make a rush at him, swords in hand.

Perceval was an excellent swordsman and knew he was more than a match for the pair, so countering the onslaught, he soon pinked one of the attackers who took to his heels and ran. The other, seeing he was likely to get the worst of it, also quickly turned and beat a rapid retreat.

Perceval, feeling a sharp pain, found he had been wounded in the leg. He was quite unable to run in pursuit of his opponents, so he limped to a tavern close by and calling for brandy drank it off, after wiping his sword and binding up his wound with a handkerchief. The landlord, hearing his story, suggested that the two men were no doubt intent on robbery.

"I don't believe it," said Perceval. "My firm conviction is that they were hired to attack me by someone who owed me a grudge.

"You mark me, landlord, if anything happens to me before the night's out, as I am convinced something will, let my friends know what I say."

The landlord tried to persuade him to stay the night at the tavern, but he declared that he was quite strong enough to return to his chambers alone, and bidding a "Good-night" he left the inn.

A few hours later, Perceval was found by the Watch,

lying dead near the 'Maypole' in the Strand, and his body was removed to the Watch-house.

A deep wound was found under his left breast and by his side lay his bloody sword, proving he had put up a stout resistance. It was also said that a hat with a bunch of ribbons on it was picked up close by, but no evidence was discovered by means of which his murderers could be identified, and the mystery of his death remained unsolved. It was suggested by some at the time, that he had been killed in a house and his body laid in the street afterwards, as no sound of fighting had been heard. Suspicion fell on several persons. "But," says the narrator, "the matter was too uncertain to admit of any free discoverie of any person for it".

A curious sequel to the story was afterwards told by a Mrs. Brown, who was probably a dependent of the Southwell family. She said that on the night of young Perceval's murder, she dreamed that a Mrs. Shearman (who appears to have been the housekeeper) came to her and asked her for a sheet. She asked: "For what purpose?" Mrs. Shearman replied: "Poor Master Robert is killed and it is to wind him in."

Early in the morning when Mrs. Shearman woke, she went to Mrs. Brown's bedroom like one bewildered and did ask her for a sheet.

"For what purpose?" asked the terrified dreamer.

"Poor Mr. Robert is murdered," was the reply. "He lies dead in the Strand Watch-house."

CHAPTER IX

GHOST-LORE OF THE TOWER OF LONDON—THE STORY OF THE STRANGE APPARITION IN THE JEWEL HOUSE—THE APPARITION OF A BEAR—THE APPARITION OF ANNE BOLEYN—THE EARL OF STRAFFORD'S GHOST

IT will not be a matter of surprise that so many stories of apparitions and ghosts should have been told concerning the Tower of London, the scene of such terrible deeds and tragedies in days gone by.

Can it be wondered that ghosts are said to haunt the Bloody Tower where the two young princes and the Duke of Clarence are believed to have been murdered, or the Council Chamber of the Lieutenant's lodgings, where Guy Fawkes was examined and perhaps tortured ?

In the Garden Tower in the XVIIth century were leads on which the prisoners were allowed to take exercise, and Pepys on visiting the Tower in 1669, alludes to what was then called "My Lord Northumberland's walk", at the end of which there was "a piece of iron upon the wall with his arms on it and holes to put a peg for every turn made upon the walk".

One of the most interesting stories of apparitions seen at the Tower is that related by Edmund Lenthal Swifte, who was Keeper of the Crown Jewels in the early part of the last century.

He states: "I was appointed keeper of the Crown Jewels in 1814, and resided in the Tower with my father till my retirement in 1852.

"One Saturday night in October, 1817, I was at supper with my wife, our little boy and my sister-in-law, in the Jewel House, which then, comparatively modernised, is said to have been the doleful prison of Anne Boleyn and also of the ten bishops.

"The room was irregularly shaped, having three doors and two windows, which last are cut nearly nine feet deep into the outer wall. Between these is a chimney piece projecting far into the room, which then was surmounted by a large oil picture.

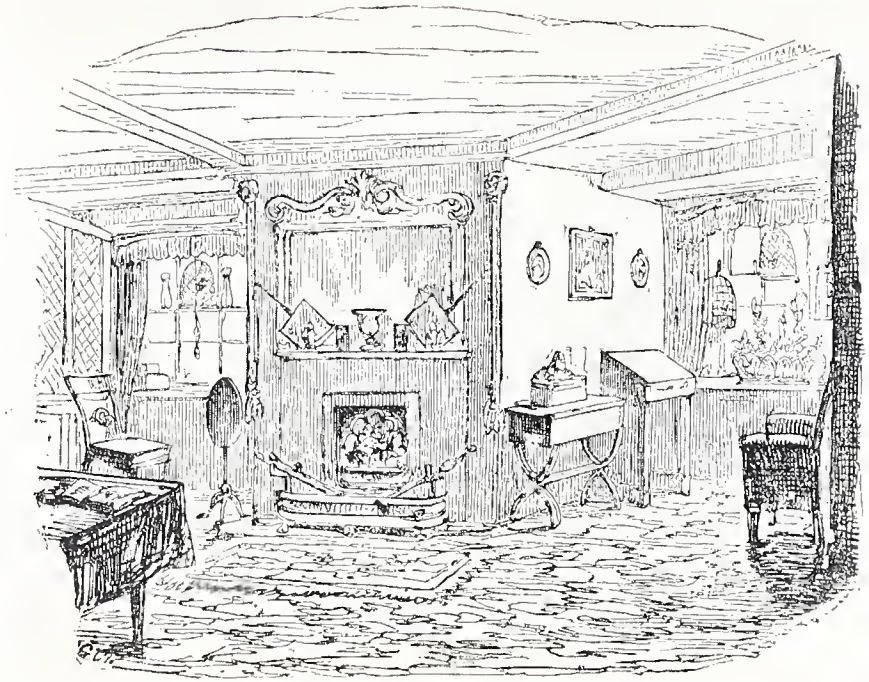
"On the evening in question, the doors were all closed and dark cloth curtains were let down over the windows, the only light in the room being that from two candles placed on the table.

"I sat at the foot of the table, with my son on my right hand, his mother fronting the chimney-piece and her sister on the opposite side.

"I had offered a glass of wine and water to my wife, when on putting it to her lips she paused and exclaimed: 'Good God! What is that?'

"I looked up and saw a cylindrical figure like a glass tube, seemingly about the thickness of my arm, hovering between the ceiling and the table. Its contents appeared to be a dense fluid, white and pale azure, like to the gathering of a summer cloud, and incessantly rolling and mingling within the cylinder.

"This lasted two minutes, when it began slowly to move before my sister-in-law; then following the oblong



THE ROOM IN THE JEWEL HOUSE AT THE TOWER OF LONDON
WHERE THE APPARITION APPEARED

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shape of the table, *before* my son and myself. Passing *behind* my wife, it paused for a moment over her right shoulder. (Observe, there was no mirror opposite to her in which she could then behold it.)

"Instantly she crouched down and with both hands covering her shoulder, she shrieked out: 'Oh Christ! It has seized me!'

"Even now while writing, I feel the fresh horror of that moment. I caught up my chair, struck at the wainscot behind her, then rushed upstairs to the other children's room and told the terrified nurse what I had seen.

"Meanwhile, the other domestics had hurried to the parlour, where their mistress recounted to them the scene, even as I was detailing it upstairs.

"The marvel, or as some will say the absurdity of all this, is enhanced by the fact, that neither my sister-in-law nor my son beheld the apparition, though to their mortal vision it was as apparent as to my wife's and mine.

"On the next morning when I related the night's horrors to our chaplain after the service in the Tower church, he asked me: 'Might not one person have his natural senses deceived? And if one, why not two?'

"I am bound to add," continues Mr. Swifte, "that shortly before this strange event, some young lady residents in the Tower had been, I know not wherefor, suspected of making phantasmagorial experiments at their windows, which be it observed, had no command whatever on any windows in my dwelling.

"An additional sentry was accordingly posted so as to

overlook any such attempt, but nothing ever transpired to account for the mystery."

Mr. Swifte seems to have had an idea lurking in his mind however, that the young lady experimenters might have been connected with the strange phenomenon seen in his room.

Another story of a ghost seen in the Tower, which is also related by Mr. Swifte as taking place during his period of office, has a more serious aspect, for it is said to have caused the death of the observer.

He tells us, that before the burning of the armouries there was a paved yard in front of the Jewel-house, from which a gloomy doorway led down a flight of steps to the Mint. For some time, strange noises are said to have been heard in this corner when the sentry had passed, but there was no report of anything having been seen.

One dark night about twelve o'clock, the sentry saw a figure like a huge bear issuing from underneath the door. It crossed the pavement and disappeared down the steps.

He thrust at it with his bayonet but it only struck the door.

He was so terror-stricken that he dropped in a fit and was carried senseless to the guard-room.

In a few hours he recovered sufficiently to tell us the tale, but he died within two or three days. His fellow-sentry declared that the man was neither asleep nor drunk, as he himself had seen him the moment before, awake and sober.

The sentries outside the Jewel-house were doubled

after this strange happening, but no further apparitions were seen.

"Of all this," concludes Mr. Swifte, "I vouch nothing more than I saw the poor man in the guard-house prostrated with terror and that in two or three days after he died from the fatal results.

"The Jewel-house guard had been doubled before that fatal night as stated, for the surer supervising of the phantasmagoric pranks which some of our fair neighbours were suspected of playing.

"I heard the poor man tell his own story, in which he said that the figure issued from underneath the Jewel Room door."

A somewhat similar story is related by Sir John Reresby in his "Memoirs". He was Governor of York Castle in the reign of James II., and states that one night, a sentry was grievously alarmed by the appearance of a huge black animal issuing upon him from underneath a door in the Castle. Although this is said to have happened nearly two hundred years before the incident in the Tower, it is curious how the stories correspond with each other.

An apparition of the unfortunate Anne Boleyn seems to have been seen in several places, but there is no more likely spot for her spirit to haunt than that near which she ended her existence.

The story is told how on one evening, when an officer was going his rounds with a sentry, he saw a light burning in the chapel.

Pointing it out to the soldier, he asked him what it meant ?

"I don't know what it means, sir, but I have often seen that and stranger things here of nights," replied the sentry, mysteriously.

The officer looked at the window again and again, and each time the light gleamed through the darkness.

Determined to ascertain the cause, he went to get a ladder, as the window was some distance from the ground, and placing it against the wall he mounted it and looked into the building.

An extraordinary scene met his eyes that filled him with wonder. Slowly down the aisle moved a stately procession of knights and ladies attired in ancient costumes, and in front walked an elegant figure of a woman whose face was averted from him, but whose form greatly resembled the portraits of Anne Boleyn with which he was familiar.

After having repeatedly paced through the chapel, while he still watched intently fascinated by the scene, the entire procession together with the light disappeared.

The ghost of the Earl of Strafford also appears to have been ubiquitous as it is not only said to have visited Charles I. at Daventry but also Archbishop Laud when in the Tower of London.

According to the former story, when the King was resting at Daventry, on the eve of the battle of Naseby, he was twice visited by the apparition of Strafford warning him not to meet the Parliamentary army then quartered at Northampton.

"Being persuaded by Prince Rupert to disregard the warnings, the King set off to march northward, but was

surprised by the Parliamentarians on the route, and a disastrous defeat followed."

APPARITION OF THE EARL OF STRAFFORD
From a woodcut on the ballad, 1641

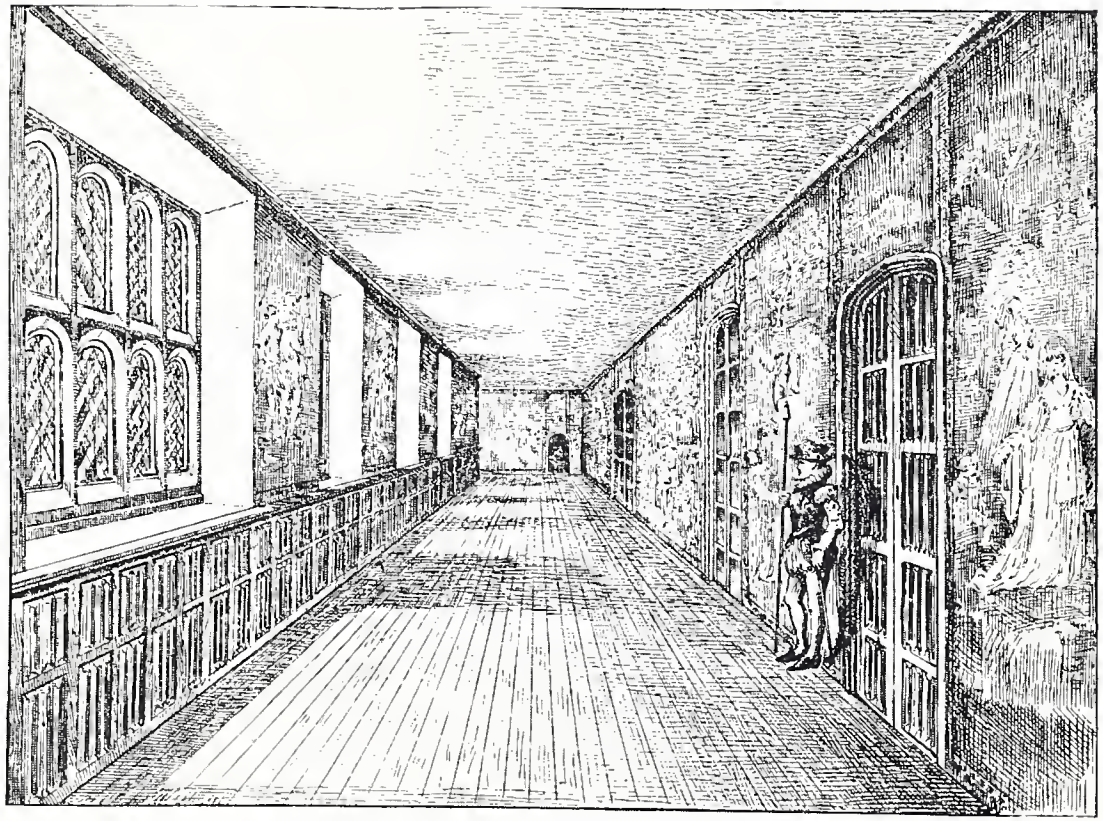
The story of the visit of Strafford's apparition to Archbishop Laud when he was imprisoned in the Tower, is told in an old ballad printed in 1641.

The apparition thus addresses him :

"Without corruption or that corrupted cave,
From out that body from the head divided
In mortal life, from death, and from the grave,
And from the Elizian by immortals guided,
To the world I come for to reprove thee ;
Cause the world reports that I doe love thee,
And Prelate, dost thou startle at a shade
That substance have I to make thee afraid ;
Art thou fearfull of thy sociat's ghost,
Voyce, a shade, or fancy at the most.
Surely, your Grace cannot so soon be daunted ;
It's not the first time we have been acquainted.
I am Wentworth, canst thou not abide me ?
Surely then I must begin to chide thee.

* * *

"On London Bridge you may behold a Head,
How much is't worse than yours, when once you'r dead
And others more, my Lord, you put in danger,
Who feared the rack, more than they did the manger ;
And thus my Lord, you see how times can alter,
You thought o'th rack, but dream'd not of ye halter,
Which to your selfe, I leave you now alone,
Unto the wall speake thus, when I am gone."



THE HAUNTED GALLERY AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE

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CHAPTER X

THE GHOSTS OF HAMPTON COURT—THE APPARITION OF JANE SEYMOUR—THE APPARITION OF QUEEN KATHRYN HOWARD—THE 'HAUNTED GALLERY'—THE GHOST OF MISTRESS PENN—A GRUESOME DISCOVERY IN FOUNTAIN COURT—THE APPARITION WITH WHITE KID GLOVES

THERE are several romantic stories of apparitions that are alleged to have been seen at the Royal Palace of Hampton Court within whose walls so many historic events took place in Tudor times.

The apparition of Jane Seymour is one of the ghostly visitants. She is said to have been seen emerging from the doorway of the Queen's old apartments clothed in white, with a lighted taper in her hand, and to wander in the Silver-stick Gallery.

The part of the Palace more closely associated with these departed spirits of a past age however, is that still known as the "Haunted Gallery", the door of which is on the right hand when descending the Queen's Grand Staircase. It is here that the apparition of Queen Kathryn Howard is said to have been seen, dressed all in white, coming towards the door of the Royal Closet of the chapel. "As she reaches it, she hurries back with disordered garments and a ghastly look of despair, uttering at the same time the most unearthly shrieks,

until she passes through the door at the end of the gallery."

Whether there is any truth in these old stories or not, it was here one day that Kathryn escaped from her own chamber, where she had been confined before being sent to the Tower, and rushed along the gallery to plead with the King, who was hearing Mass in the Royal Closet in the west gallery of the chapel.

"Henry was sitting still at his prayers as she reached the door which she was unable to open, and while wrestling with it, she was seized by the guards and forcibly carried back to her room, meanwhile uttering piercing screams which were heard far away. But Henry continued his devotions unmoved."

It is said that the apparition of the unfortunate lady still walks in the gallery and that her shrieks are not unfrequently heard above the storm on windy nights.

Mr. Law in his 'History of Hampton Court Palace' relates a story told by Mrs. Cavendish Boyle, who at one time occupied an apartment adjacent to the Haunted Gallery. She said that once in the middle of the night, she was suddenly startled out of a profound sleep by a loud and most unearthly shriek proceeding from that quarter, which was followed by a perfect stillness. She was never able to account for it.

A year or two afterwards, her friend, Lady Eastlake, who had stayed with her several times, divulged the fact that sometime before, during one of her earlier visits, she had heard a piercing shriek in the night that seemed to come from the same place, but she had thought it best to keep the experience to herself.

There is another room in the palace that has ghostly associations and is said to be the particular haunt of Mistress Sibell Penn, who was nurse and foster-mother to Edward VI.

In the autumn of 1562, she was taken ill with smallpox while Queen Elizabeth was suffering from the same disease, and died in the palace on November 6th the same year.

She was buried in Hampton Church, where a fine monument was erected to her memory, but which was afterwards removed.

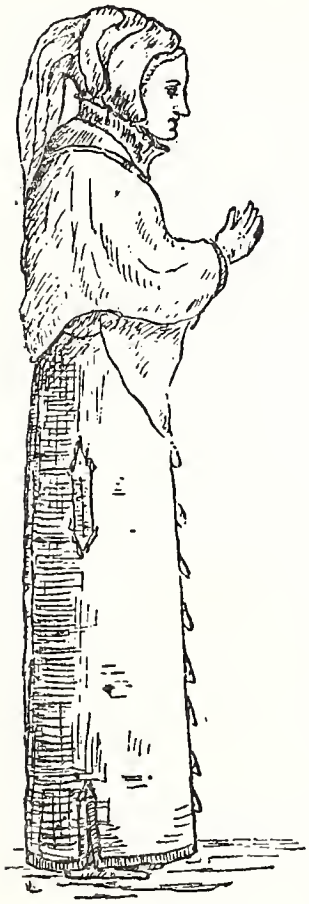
When the old church was demolished in 1829, the tomb was disturbed and her remains scattered, but the monument was preserved and removed to its present position in the staircase going to the organ loft.

In her chamber in the palace, strange noises like the whirring of a spinning wheel, weird mutterings of a sepulchral voice and the stealthy tread of invisible feet, are said to have been heard from time to time, while the apparition of Mistress Penn herself, a tall and gaunt figure garbed in a long grey robe, with a hood over her head and lanky hands outstretched before her, has been seen walking in the room.

This description of the apparition which was given by one who saw it but who is said to have been ignorant of the story, strange to state, coincides with the effigy on Mistress Penn's tomb.

After the removal of the tomb, mysterious noises as of a woman working a spinning wheel, were heard through the wall of one of the rooms in the large apartment in the southwest wing of the palace. Later, when search

was made by the Board of Works in the direction whence these strange sounds proceeded, an ancient, and till then unknown, chamber was discovered in which an antique spinning wheel and a few other articles were found, and it was noticed that the old oak boards were worn away where the treadle had struck the floor.



THE GHOST OF MISTRESS PENN

After this, no further manifestations were noticed until about 1880, when it is stated the phenomena were again renewed and have since been heard.

About 1881 the apparition of Mistress Penn is said to have appeared to a sentry in the middle of the night, who was on duty not far from her chamber. On seeing it he ran in terror to the guard-room, declaring that he had seen the ghost of a woman pass through the wall.

Another curious story was told by Lady —— who about 1868 occupied one of the suites of apartments on the west side of the Fountain Court. For several years she had mentioned to various friends that she was frequently conscious of the presence in her rooms of two invisible beings, and that she had also been greatly disturbed by mysterious sounds of rapping that emanated from various parts of her apartments.

These strange matters so preyed upon her mind, that she at length addressed a formal complaint to the Lord Chamberlain on the subject. He referred the lady to the Board of Works, but that body declined to do anything in the way of investigation, as they said they had no funds at their disposal for such a purpose.

Thus the matter rested for some years, when in November 1871, some workmen, while excavating in the cloister of the Fountain Court nearly opposite the door of the apartments occupied by Lady —— for the purpose of carrying out a new system of drainage, came upon two perfect human skeletons, about two feet below the level of the pavement. They were the remains of two full-grown men and from the positions in which they were found it was evident they had been hastily buried.

No solution has ever been forthcoming as to the identity of the skeletons, but they were said to date from the early part of the sixteenth century.

This discovery however, had the effect of quite setting to rest all doubts in the mind of Lady—— as to the cause of her mysterious invisible guests, and she appears to have been no longer troubled by their visits nor by the rappings that had so disturbed her.

The story of a mysterious apparition who was said to be wearing *white kid gloves* was related by Mrs. B—— who occupied apartments in the palace about 1867.

This lady stated, that on November 9th of that year, when retiring to her room one night between eleven and twelve o'clock, she rang for her maid, and not receiving an answer she went to the door which was still open, to listen if she was coming.

Opposite the door was a wide stair-case and up this, slowly and noiselessly came a figure, which the lamp held by Mrs. B—— showed to be that of a lady all dressed in black but wearing *white kid gloves*. A singular tremor seized her and she felt she could neither stir nor speak.

Slowly the figure approached her, reached the landing, made a step forward and then seemed to cast herself on her neck, but no sensation accompanied the movement. The light fell from her hand, she uttered a shriek that alarmed the place and fell senseless to the floor.

On recovering, she related minutely what she had seen, her memory especially retaining the image of the white kid gloves.

Then came the following curious sequel. A few days later, she received a letter from a little girl, the daughter of an old friend living in Germany, in which she announced the death of her mother. She said that her mother's latest thoughts were directed to Mrs. B——, and her sole regret was that she had not been able to embrace her before she passed away. She had died a little before midnight on November 9th.

This was the night on which Mrs. B—— had seen the apparition at her door. It subsequently transpired that her friend had made her husband promise before she died, that she should be buried in a black satin dress and *white kid gloves*, and he had complied with her request.

CHAPTER XI

LONDON GHOST-LORE—THE "SMITHFIELD GHOST"—THE GHOSTS OF HOLLAND HOUSE—THE APPARITION IN SOHO SQUARE—THE STOCKWELL MYSTERY—THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN BERKELEY SQUARE—A STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF CHARLES DICKENS—AN APPARITION IN BROOK STREET—THE HAMMERSMITH GHOST

THE ghost-lore of London is extensive and much has been written concerning apparitions that have been seen and mysterious things that have happened, in some of the old houses in our streets and squares in times gone by.

The story of the Cock Lane ghost which excited so much interest in the eighteenth century has been frequently told, and the Ghost of Golden Lane which attracted great crowds nightly, is also well known. But interest in the latter soon subsided on the discovery that it was caused by a piece of mirror that had been nailed to the wall of a partially demolished house by a former tenant.

The Smithfield ghost, however, which scared even the stalwart butchers of that neighbourhood in the seventeenth century, is probably now forgotten.

The story of this mysterious apparition is told in the 'Mercurius Democritus' in 1654, and this early news-

paper with an enterprise remarkable for the time, also published a picture of the spectre.

The ghost apparently took the shape of a lawyer called Mallet who was known in the locality, and amused himself by pulling the joints of meat off the butcher's stalls as he passed along between them. Judging from his costume as depicted, with its projecting horns or hooks, he was well equipped to carry this out.

THE SMITHFIELD GHOST
From a woodcut, 1654

The irate butchers slashed at him with cleaver and knife but their implements made no impression on the figure. He passed on leaving the meat in his track.

He is said to have appeared every Saturday night between nine and twelve among the stalls at Smithfield Barrs and the Shambles and as he glided along would "pull the meat off the butchers' tainters". "Many have adventured," states the report, "to strike at him

with cleavers and chopping knives, but cannot feel anything but aire."

He did not confine his mischievous pranks to Smithfield, but also visited " Whitechappell and Eastcheape and did even more mischief to the butchers than ever Robin Goodfellow did to Country Hides."

According to a story related by Marie Lichtenstein, there was a room in Holland House called the ' gilt room ', which was said to be visited by an apparition of the first Lord Holland.

It came forth at midnight from behind a secret door and was wont to walk slowly through the scenes of former triumphs, carrying his head in his hand. It was stated that there were three spots of blood on one side of the place from whence he issued, the marks of which could never be eradicated.

He was executed at Westminster in 1649, and is said to have gone to the scaffold in a white satin waistcoat or doublet and a cap of the same material trimmed with silver lace.

But this was not the only ghost associated with Holland House, for old Aubrey tells us of " the beautiful Lady Diana Rich who when walking in the grounds at Kensington, taking the air, before dinner about eleven o'clock, being then very well, met with her own apparition, habit and everything, as in a looking-glass. About a month afterwards she died of the small-pox ".

There was also a story that her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Thynne, " one day saw the like of herself before she died ". Aubrey adds : " I had this account from a person of honour."

A more gruesome story is related of a certain house in Soho Square, where some fine examples of early Georgian residences still remain. In one of these, in the year 1704, a gentleman, apparently of some means, took a suite of furnished apartments.

After occupying them for several weeks, he informed the landlord that he had lost his brother who lived at Hampstead. He particularly wished him to be interred in the family vault in Westminster Abbey, and in order to carry this out, he asked his permission to bring the body first to Soho Square, so that he might be able to make arrangements for the funeral from his apartments.

The landlord complied with his request, and the body of the brother prepared for interment in a coffin was duly brought from Hampstead and reverently laid in the dining-room of the house.

The funeral was to take place the following day and the surviving brother with his servant, went out early to make final arrangements. They informed the landlord before leaving the house they did not expect to be back till very late and on no account was he or his family to wait up for them.

The landlord retired to bed about midnight, but told a maid to sit up to let the gentleman and his servant in, and to boil some water should they require it.

The girl thus left was sitting alone in the kitchen, when suddenly she heard a peculiar noise and the door was slowly and quietly opened. Then to her horror, a tall spectral figure entered and sat down on a chair facing her.

She was terror-stricken for a few moments, then she

screamed loudly and rushed to a side door which communicated with a back staircase leading to the landlord's bedroom.

Scarcely had she roused him and his wife, when the apparition with a face of deathlike pallor appeared at the bedroom door, entered the room and sat down on a chair by the bedside.

This chair stood by the door of the room, so that no one could go out without passing close to the apparition, which rolled its glaring eyes and hideously distorted features in a most horrifying manner. The landlord and his wife crept under the bedclothes, too frightened to look at it, and the maid fell to the floor in a swoon.

At the same time, the whole house seemed to be in an uproar with incessant noise and clatter which served to increase their terror. At length, when the din had nearly ceased, the landlord plucking up courage, ventured to take a glimpse over the bedclothes and casting a rapid glance at the chair saw the ghost had disappeared. He sprang out of bed and shook the maid back to her senses and still trembling took his way down stairs.

When he arrived he found everything in terrible disorder. The furniture was all upset, doors thrown open and the cupboards ransacked. Running from room to room, he found that the whole house had been stripped and there was no trace of the wealthy lodger or his manservant. The coffin with the body and all the funeral appurtenances had also vanished together with his silver and plate.

It subsequently transpired that the " wealthy lodger ", who had decamped without paying for his rooms, was

an accomplice of the notorious Arthur Chambers who was hanged at Tyburn in 1706. It was he who had acted the part of the apparition by whitening his face and hands with chalk ; he had also personated the dead man and had arrived at the house in the coffin.

Helped by his gang of thieves, and while he was paralysing the landlord with fright, his confederates had stripped the house, removing the goods to a cart they had waiting at the door and then made off.

The "Stockwell Mystery" which aroused great interest and excitement in London in 1772, is now almost forgotten, but at the time, it formed a topic of discussion throughout the country.

In an old house, in what was then the rural village of Stockwell, lived an elderly lady called Mrs. Golding and Anne Robinson her maid. On Twelfth-night of that year, strange and mysterious disturbances took place. China, dishes, glass and small articles of every kind in the house, began to jump and dance about and move from their places, flying about the rooms with such force that there was a considerable smash of crockery.

While this was going on to the amazement of Mrs. Golding, the maid, Anne Robinson, seemed to be much affected by the general commotion and kept walking excitedly backwards and forwards. She could not be prevailed on to sit down for a moment, except later, when her mistress was at prayers, during which time the disturbances ceased.

The next day, Anne who had been but a short time in Mrs. Golding's service, seemed unperturbed by the mysterious happenings and calmly advised her mistress

not to be alarmed as "these things could not be helped".

Mrs. Golding, who was quite unable to account for the extraordinary disturbances, invited some neighbours to stay with her but they became so alarmed at the noise and commotion, which was again repeated, that they soon departed.

The terrorised lady then left the house and took refuge with a friend who lived close by, taking her maid with her, but to her astonishment and that of her friend, the crockery there also began the same antics until much damage had been done.

At last Mrs. Golding began to suspect the maid of having something to do with the mystery, so Anne was dismissed and with her departure all the trouble ceased.

There was much discussion at the time as to how the girl could have possibly carried out the disturbances, as no one saw her touch any of the articles that flew about in all directions, and there was no doubt about the destruction caused. It was suggested by some that she was a 'poltergeist' and had unconsciously produced the phenomena. But all theories were proved to be wrong when later she confessed in a letter to a Mr. Brayfield how she had been the author of all the trouble.

A romantic story played a part in the case, as apparently Anne wished to get rid of her mistress' presence at times, so she could receive visits from an admirer. This, together with her dexterity, accounted for all the mysterious happenings.

She explained that to carry out her purpose, she fixed

long horsehairs to some of the crockery and placed wires under others, by means of which she could throw them down without touching them. Other things she dexterously threw about when no one was looking. When alone, she would loosen the strings by which hams, sides of bacon and other things were suspended, so that they fell at her slightest touch and thus she carried out her pranks which mystified the country, with success.

For many years strange stories have been told from time to time concerning a certain house in Berkeley Square which Lord Lyttleton, writing in 1872, declared to be haunted. But according to an account written some three years later a much more extraordinary story is associated with this residence in Mayfair.

For a long period the house remained unoccupied and the narrator states, there is at least one room in it of which the " atmosphere is supernaturally fatal to body and mind ".

" One girl," he says, " heard, saw and felt such horror in it that she went mad and never sufficiently recovered her reason to tell neither of what she heard or saw.

" A gentleman who disbelieved in ghosts, dared to sleep in it and was found in the morning lying dead in the middle of the floor, after practically ringing for help in vain."

There are stories of other cases of the same kind, " all ending in death, madness or both, as the result of sleeping or trying to sleep in that fatal room. The very party walls of the house when touched are found charged with electric horror.

" The only inhabitants at that time were the care-

takers, an elderly man and woman, but even they had no access to the room.

" It was kept securely locked, the key being in the hands of a mysterious and seemingly nameless person who appeared at the house once every six months. When he came he locked the elderly couple in the basement, then ascended the stairs, unlocked the door of the room and stayed in it himself for some hours. Afterwards he took his departure in the same mysterious way."

Such is a story of the mysterious house that was published about fifty years ago.

The true version of the mystery associated with the house, however, which doubtless gave rise to several other stories, was told by Lady Dorothy Nevill in her " Reminiscences ".

She states, that " the occupier of the house, a Mr. Myers, was in a sort of way related to her. The real cause of its weird reputation was this. Mr. Myers was very eccentric, which bordered on lunacy. Many years previously he had taken a house in Berkeley Square with the intention of living there, for at the time he was engaged to be married. He got the house on advantageous terms as there was already some idea that it was haunted.

" He made every preparation to receive his bride in it and furnished it completely. But a few days before that fixed for the wedding, the lady threw him over and married another man, which affected him terribly and made his eccentricities worse.

" He did not give up the house but remained there, leaving everything in exactly the same state as when he

had heard the news which ruined his life. The furniture was left just as it had been placed and some of the carpets were unrolled.

"The whole house fell into decay. During the day Mr. Myers (whose presence in the house was not believed in by the neighbours) remained quiescent, but at night-time he would flit about, rambling from room to room, producing in his nocturnal wanderings, weird sounds which gave rise to gossip.

"The house would occasionally appear to be lit up at the dead of night.

"No one was ever seen to go out of it, though coals and provisions were delivered to a servant whose reticence baffled all inquiry.

"As a matter of fact, I believe that Mr. Myers really did not leave the house at all for about twenty years.

"In the course of time he died and left everything to her.

"An agent who inspected the house afterwards, declared, that he had never seen anything like the dreadful state of dilapidation which prevailed. People were constantly ringing up the servants in charge of it, asking if there was any possibility of obtaining permission to pass a night in the haunted room, or whether anything had lately been seen of the ghost ?

"After a time it was thoroughly renovated, and has since assumed a normal and more cheerful appearance."

Lady Dorothy Nevill says, she was convinced that the whole story of the mysterious happenings was nonsense and originated in the circumstances she described.

The house has now been demolished like many others

to make way for a block of shops and flats, so nothing is now left but tradition of the mysterious dwelling in Berkeley Square.

Several other houses in the West-end were associated with stories of apparitions, such as the upper part of a shop in Piccadilly, where a ghostly head and long arms were said to appear at times in one of the bedrooms and would attempt to strangle the person occupying it, but the rapid march of modernity has caused many of these buildings to be pulled down, and so the apparitions have vanished likewise and nothing remains but their stories.

Dreams sometimes play a part in connection with strange occurrences, and Charles Dickens used to relate the following curious experience :

" I dreamed," he says, " that I was in a large assembly and saw a lady in a bright red wrapper whom I thought I knew. Her back was towards me and I touched her.

" On her looking round, she disclosed a face that was unknown to me and on my apologising, said pleasantly : ' I am Miss N—— ' mentioning a name but not the name of any friend or acquaintance I had, although a well-known name.

" The dream was unusually vivid and I awoke.

" On the very next evening, I recognized (with a very strange feeling) coming in at the door of my room, the lady of the dream, in the same bright red wrapper. More extraordinary still, the lady was presented by the friend who accompanied her as Miss N——, the name in the dream.

" The lady came on the real commonplace visit in pursuance of an appointment, quite unexpectedly made

with the lady who introduced her, only on the night of the dream. From the latter I had no previous knowledge of her name nor of her existence."

A somewhat pathetic story of an apparition that is said to have appeared in daylight to Lady C——, the wife of a distinguished physician in her house in Brook Street, was thus told by a friend of hers many years ago.

"One morning she aroused from sleep quite early and lay in bed in her room in Brook Street. She was wide awake and it was daylight.

"The door was softly opened, but Lady C——, concluding that it was her maid, did not raise her head until she perceived a remarkable looking figure passing between her bed and the window.

"It walked up to the fireplace, when reflected in the mirror which hung above it, Lady C—— recognised the features of her step-son, Dr. John Forbes Clark, who was then abroad attached to a foreign embassy. He was wearing a long nightdress and carrying something on his arm.

"'Good heavens!' she exclaimed. 'Is that you John and in that dress?'

"The figure turned slowly round and she then became aware that the object he was carrying was a dead child, the body being swathed round and round in a large Indian scarf of remarkable workmanship which she herself had presented to the doctor's wife on the eve of her departure for abroad.

"As she gazed in wonderment at the figure, the outlines became gradually indistinct, then nearly invisible,

and finally vanished in the grey light or blending with the familiar objects in the room.

" Lady C—— lay back completely puzzled and thinking that no one would be likely to believe her story, she resolved not to mention it to anyone until the return of her husband, whose experience would decide whether her physical health offered any solution of the phenomenon.

" Soon afterwards her husband returned home and on hearing the story, he examined his wife's pulse and tongue, but could not detect anything the matter to account for the illusion.

" Lady C—— resolved to make a note of the day and hour on which she saw the apparition, and anxiously awaited letter from her stepson.

" When the mail arrived a letter was received from Dr. John Forbes Clark, informing his father that his only child had died on a certain day, and that his wife, anxious that it should be laid to rest in the land of its birth, had begged that the body might be sent home by the next ship.

" The date of the child's death proved to be the same as that noted by Lady C—— when she saw the apparition in her room.

" In due time the embalmed body of the child arrived enclosed in a coffin much larger than was required, and the intervening spaces had been filled up with cloths, while around its body, wound in many folds, was the same Indian scarf which Lady C—— had seen round it in the apparition."

A story was recently told in the *Evening Standard* of

an apparition that had been seen in a house in Cromwell Road, South Kensington, that had formerly been occupied by a famous artist now dead. The narrator states :

" A long winding staircase led from the hall to the fine studio, but I could never persuade my retriever to go into it ; he would whine and shiver all over when I went that way.

" Soon after I took the house, I was walking upstairs when I saw passing from my room into the bathroom, a man in a black velvet coat. I followed, but on opening the bathroom door, found no one inside.

" Some weeks after this, I was looking at some valuable engravings at a celebrated studio and the manager in showing me a fine print, spoke of the artist that my house had actually once belonged to. He gave me an exact description of the man I had seen, especially making mention of the velvet coat he always wore."

An apparition that caused great excitement in the early years of the last century and which had a tragic ending, was that known as the " Hammersmith Ghost ".

In the winter of 1804, the residents in what was then the rural district of Hammersmith, were much perturbed and excited by the appearance of a supposed ghost which soon created so much alarm that few people would venture out after dark.

A woman while crossing the churchyard alone about ten o'clock one night, was terrified by seeing a very tall, white figure rise from behind the tombstones. She set off at a run but the ghost overtook her and seized her in its arms. She fainted and remembered no

more until she was found by some passers-by lying in the road, who took her to her home.

The unfortunate woman however, never got over the shock and died a few days afterwards.

The apparition next appeared to a wagoner while driving a team of eight horses and conveying sixteen passengers, through the village. He was so scared when the ghost suddenly sprang up before him, that he jumped from the wagon and fled, leaving his passengers and horses to deal with the spectre.

A local historian states that, neither man, woman or child would pass that way for some time and it was commonly reported, that the apparition was that of a young man who had cut his throat in the neighbourhood the previous year.

At length, some of the bolder residents decided to set a watch for the ghost on different nights, in the hope of solving the mystery and putting an end to the general alarm.

Among them was Francis Smith, an excise officer, who determined to put an end to the ghost, armed himself with a gun and took up his station one dark night behind a hedge in Black Lion Lane.

After waiting quietly for some hours, he at length heard the sound of footsteps approaching and saw a figure all in white advancing towards him. He called out but receiving no reply, he fired. The figure collapsed with a deep groan and on procuring a light, he discovered the body of a man in a white coat lying in the lane. He was removed to a neighbouring cottage where he succumbed to his wounds. He proved to be a brick-

layer called Thomas Milwood, who was passing along the lane from his work rather late and was wearing a white overall.

Smith was arrested and after the inquest, was committed for trial at the Old Bailey on January 13th, 1804.

The jury found him guilty of manslaughter, but the judge said, as he was charged with murder he could only accept a verdict of guilty or not guilty. He was then found guilty and sentenced to death, but was afterwards pardoned on condition of a year's imprisonment. "The pretended ghost," says the historian writing in 1839, "was never discovered and is still living."

CHAPTER XII

HERTFORDSHIRE GHOST-LORE—THE APPARITION OF THE "WICKED LADY FERRARS"

AMONG the home counties, Hertfordshire appears to be particularly rich in legends and traditions of apparitions and ghosts. Some years ago, an industrious antiquary computed that there were at least a score of these ghostly visitants of various kinds, who were said to have been seen in houses in different parts of the county.

They included a headless figure in black, seen in the churchyard at Ashwell; a 'gleaming presence' that was said to run along a wall in Box Lane, Bovington; a monk seen in Priory orchard at King's Langley; the apparition of a headless cavalier at Pirton; the 'grey lady' who walked at Theobalds Park and the spectral coach and horses that was said to drive up to Hatfield House, pass through the main door, then up the staircase and disappear.

Besides these, there were the more personal apparitions like the ghost of Sir Henry Blount who was said to appear in his study at Tyttenhanger; the apparition of Lady Cathcart seen in a room at Tewin Water; the ghost of Lady Sabine at Tewin House; the headless man seen at Sarratt; Lord Capel's ghost that appeared

at Cassiobury Mansion and the apparition of Lady Ferrars at Markyate Cell.

From South Mimms, in Middlesex, there comes an account of a ghost attired in the costume of a lady of fashion in Elizabethan times, that was seen in the hall of the vicarage, and in the old Church adjoining, a parishioner going to the chancel is said to have seen " a clergyman in white robes disappearing through the walls ".

The present vicar recently told the story that for over thirty years since he had been there, the vicarage had been haunted.

" Almost every morning when the church clock struck three, I was awakened by the presence of a ghostly spirit and in the end, I had to give up the haunted room and sleep in one adjoining. Many of my parishioners have told me of seeing a bluish-white glow stealing from a certain tomb on going through the churchyard.

" The apparition is believed to be that of a lady who died after a love romance and who still appears whenever a wedding takes place in the church. Some have seen the phantom kneeling at the altar in a ceremony she was cheated out of by her villainous lover."

The ghost of Sir Geoffrey de Mandeville, who is believed to have been drowned in the moat at Trent Park near New Barnet, is said to appear at times, attired in a red military cloak with top-boots and spurs.

Of a more romantic character is the story of the young Lady Ferrars who is said to have lived at Markyate Cell. The house was originally the Priory of St. Trinity-in-the-Wood, and stands to the right on the Dunstable

MARKYATE CELL, HERTFORDSHIRE

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Road a few miles from St. Albans, near the village of Flamstead, and has several times been nearly destroyed by fire.

In 1640, it is said to have been the residence of Sir John Ferrars and was inherited by his grand-daughter who, at the age of twelve, was espoused to Thomas, second Viscount Fanshawe. He was only sixteen at the time, so it is probable they never lived together and that after the marriage, he returned to his home in Ireland, while the youthful bride again took up her residence at Markyate.

Young and beautiful, she appears to have been a perfect Diana and passionately fond of riding. Full of life and high spirits, she delighted to assume male attire and is said to have amused herself now and again, by sallying forth at night and masquerading as a ' knight of the road '. It is known that she came to an untimely end at the early age of twenty-five, as her estates were then immediately sold.

According to local tradition, on certain nights, chains are still heard to rattle along the Dunstable Road, and in the moonlight the ghost of the young Lady Ferrars has been seen astride a black horse, careering over the tops of the trees in the rookery near the house. Her apparition is also said to have been observed passing through the room used as a study at Markyate.

The story of how the ' Wicked Lady Ferrars ' came to be so-called which was current in the neighbourhood down to the end of the last century, was as follows :

Assuming man's attire and mounted on a jet-black horse, with white fore-feet, she would sometimes ride

out at night and waylay travellers on the highway, but at length while on one of her escapades, she was fatally wounded on ' No Man's Land ', a common near Harpenden.

She was found nearly dead one night, outside a door at Markyate Cell which led to a secret staircase communicating with the chamber where she was accustomed to change her costume, and died shortly afterwards.

This doorway was afterwards built up and remained so for a hundred and fifty years, but a later owner, who pulled down a large portion of the building after a fire, determined to reopen it.

He found to his surprise, that feeling was still so strong in the neighbourhood, that he was unable to get any local help to carry out the work. At length he obtained men from London and on opening the doorway, they found a narrow stone staircase, at the top of which was a stout oak door. This was broken open, although it was afterwards discovered that it might easily have been opened by pressing a concealed spring. The door led into a small low room which was empty but for a number of bats which had gained an entrance through a small opening in the wall. The chimney-stack which projects from the east wall of the kitchen conceals the secret chamber in the lower part.

The house, as already stated, has nearly been burnt down more than once, and this has been attributed to the evil influence of the ' Wicked Lady Ferrars '.

During the fire in 1840, many of the villagers who were assisting to extinguish the flames positively declared that they saw the spirited lady, " swinging herself

on a branch of a large sycamore standing near the house." They were so impressed with the reality of the apparition that they lopped off the branch of the tree on which she had been seen disporting herself, much to the indignation of the owner, who was absent at the time.

Local sceptics however averred that the apparition was caused by a woman's black dress which, on being rescued from the fire, had been thrown over the branch of the tree and was being blown about by the wind.

There was an old tradition that a large amount of treasure was buried under this sycamore tree, and its locality was perpetuated in the following rhyme:

" Near the Cell there is a Well,
Near the Well there is a Tree
And 'neath the Tree the Treasure be."

Under the title of " Maude Allinghame. A legend of Hertfordshire ", the story of Lady Ferrars was woven into an amusing rhyme by F. E. Smedley in 1855, from which the following verses have been extracted.

The lady's hand was sought by Lord Dandelion, a local gallant and:

" An illustrious scion,
A green sprig of nobility
Whose excessive gentility
I fain would describe, if I had but ability.
This amiable lordling, being much in the state
I've described, i.e., going home at night rather late,
Having got his *congé*
(As Frenchmen would say)

From the heiress with whom he'd been anxious to mate,
Is jogging along in a low state of mind,
When a horseman comes rapidly up from behind
And a voice in his ear,
Shouts in tones loud and clear,
'Ho, there! Stand and deliver! Your money or life!'
While some murderous weapon, a pistol or knife
Held close to his head,
As these words are being said,
Glitters cold in the moonlight, and fills him with dread."

Lord Dandelion however, hands over his purse to the highwayman without demur, then :

"Away! Away!
With a joyous neigh
Bounds the highwayman's steed, like a colt at play ;
And a merry laugh rings loud and clear,
On the terrified drum of his trembling ear ;
'Unlucky, my lord ; unlucky, I know,
For the money to go
And the heiress say 'No'
On the self same day, is a terrible blow.
When next you visit her, good my lord,
Give the highwayman's love to fair Mistress Maude!"

According to the rhyme, Mistress Maude's escapades were at length discovered by old Roger her groom, who

cannot understand how ' Brown Bess ', one of her favourite horses should sometimes in the morning be covered with

" Sweat, foam and lather
Laying down in her stall—sich a sight for a father,
While a saddle and bridle as hung there kvite clean
Overnight, vas all mud and not fit to be seen,
And to dock a long tale, since that day thrice a veek,
Or four times, perhaps, more or less, so to speak,
I've diskivered that there
Identical mare,
Or else the black barb, vich you'll remember,
Vas brought here from over the seas last September."

Mistress Maude however managed to make matters right with Roger, for :

" 'Twas reported that night, at the sign of ' The Goat',
Roger, the groom, changed a twenty-pound note."

But Mistress Maude's escapades were soon to be cut short, for one night :

" His worship the Mayor,
Master Zachary Blair
Having been to St. Albans and sold in the fair
Some fifteen head of cattle, a horse and a mare,
Jogging home on his nag,
With the cash in a bag,
Was met by a highwayman, armed to the teeth,
With a belt full of pistols and sword in a sheath ;

The Mayor, frightened to death :

" Handed the bag with the tin to the highway-
Man, who took it and saying in rather dry way,
' Many thanks, gallant sir ', galloped down a
byeway."

Much excitement was caused when it was heard that his worship had been stopped and robbed, and as so many other cases had been reported, he and his Council resolved to hunt down this audacious highwayman, and with others, made a plan to ambush and bring him to justice :

" Over ' No-mans'-land ' the moon shines bright
And the furze and the fern in its liquid light,
Glitter and gleam of a silvery white.
At cross roads, the old sign-post
Shows dimly forth like a sheeted ghost,
As with weird arm extended, still
It points the way to Leamsford Mill.

* * *

In a lane hard by,
Where the hedge rows high
Biding their time, sits his worship the Mayor,
Master Zachary Blair
And my Lord Dandelion,
That illustrious scion ;
And Oxley the butcher and Doughy the baker,
And Chisel the joiner and cabinet-maker,

And good farmer Dacre
Who holds many an acre
And in *super omnes*, bold Jonathan Blaker,
The famous thief-taker,
Who's been sent for from town, as being more wide-awaker."

As the group lay concealed in the lane, suddenly the sound of a horse is heard approaching and Blaker whispers :

" Now, Master Mayor, mark well if you can,
A rider approaches. Is this your man ?
Ay, mark that coal black barb, that skims
With flowing mane and graceful limbs.
As lightly onward o'er the lea.
Observe the rider's flashing eye,
His gallant bearing and bearing high ;
His slender form which scarce appears
Fitted to manhood's riper years."

As the rider passes, the Mayor recognises his assailant and with a shout to the others, dashes after him in full chase. But in the darkness, they all come to grief except Jonathan Blaker, who on drawing near his quarry :

" A pistol from his holster drew,
Levelled and fired, the echoes still
Prolong the sound from wood to hill ;
A woman's shriek of agony
Rings out beneath the midnight sky ! "

The wounded rider however evades capture, manages to reach the door of her house and after arousing her servants, falls insensible on the threshold :

" To unfasten the door
Takes a minute or more ;
It opens at length and discloses a sight
Which fills them with wonder and sorrow and fright.
Behold that form,
Like Lily broken by the storm,
Fall'n prostrate on the steps before
The marble threshold of the door !
The well-turned limbs, the noble mien,
The riding coat of Lincoln green ;
The hat, whose plume of sable hue
Its shadow o'er his features threw ;
Yon coal-black barb, too, panting near,
All show some youthful cavalier.

* * *

With eager haste the servants raise
The head and on the features gaze,
Then backward start in sad surprise,
As that pale face they recognise.
Good reason theirs altho' in sooth
They know but half the fatal truth,
For strange as doth the tale appear,
One startling fact is all too clear,
The robber who in ' No-Man's-Land ',
Was shot by Blaker's ruthless hand,

That highwayman of evil fame
Is beauteous Maude of Allinghame."

The story concludes with an account of how, after Maude's death, the old house and estate were put up for auction and Master Blair, the Mayor, who was an ambitious person, thinking it would be a good investment, made a bid and bought it.

But, the rhyme continues :

" The very first night
He woke up in a fright,

aroused from his sleep by a terrible cry of fire ! He had just time to escape when—

" The flames with a roar,
Like thunder, burst forth from each window and door,
And there with affright
They perceived by the light
Maude Allinghame's sprite,
Her real positive ghost—no fantastic illusion
Conceived by their brains from the smoke and confusion.
With a hot flaming brand
In each shadowy hand
Flaring up like a fiend, in the midst of the fire,
And exciting the flames to burn fiercer and higher.
From what follows, we learn that ghosts, spirits and elves,

Are the creations of habit as well as ourselves,
For Maude (that is ghost Maude) when once she had done
The trick, seemed to think it was capital fun.

* * *

And whenever the house is re-built and prepared,
The very first night the new owner arrives,
Maude's implacable spirit still ever contrives
Many various ways in
To set it a-blazing."

The latter part of the rhyme embodies the local tradition that from time to time the ghost of the "Wicked Lady Ferrars" sets fire to the house. Within the last century it has been burnt out twice, *viz.*, in 1840 and again in 1901, but it has since been re-built.

It is well known that in the late seventeenth century, it was not uncommon for the younger sons of good families who had become impoverished, to take to the road and lay toll on the purses of travellers. There was a local instance of this happening in the case of the two young Verneys of Tring, who like several others, became 'knights of the road' and whose adventures have been woven into romance and story.

CHAPTER XIII

THE HEADLESS GHOST OF SARRATT—THE APPARITION AT CASSIOBURY—A STRANGE DISCOVERY

THE old-world village of Sarratt which clusters round a long spacious green, lies hidden away in what was, many years ago, a lonely part of the county of Hertfordshire between Chesham and Watford. Early in the nineteenth century, it is said to have been the scene of a terrible murder, in which an elderly gentleman was found with his head almost severed from his body, but of that we need not enter into particulars.

The following experience was related by a professional man living in London, who paid a visit to a house in the village about 1840.

The story, which is contained in a letter, is best told in his own words :

" Some few years ago, I was invited to pass a day and night at the house of a friend with whom I was intimately acquainted, and who had retired from his business as a sadler in Oxford Street to the beautiful old village of Sarratt.

" It was a gloomy Sunday in November when I mounted my horse for the journey. Before I reached St. John's Wood, the threatening clouds broke, and by the time I reached Watford, I was completely soaked.

"However, I proceeded and arrived at Sarratt before my friend and his wife returned from church. They at once furnished me with dry clothes and I was informed that we were to dine at the house of a Mr. D——, a neighbour.

"I was decked out in a full suit of Mr. B—— (my friend), who was a stout man of six feet in height, while I am rather of the diminutive order and my appearance added not a little to the hilarity of the party.

"At ten o'clock we separated, and I returned with Mr. and Mrs. B—— to their house, where I was shortly afterwards conducted to a very comfortable bedroom.

"Fatigued with my day's ride, I was quickly in bed and soon asleep, but I do not think I could have slept long, before I was awakened by the violent barking of dogs. I found that the noise had disturbed others as well as myself, for I heard Mr. B——, who was lodged in the adjoining room, open his window and call to them to be quiet.

"As soon as quietness ensued, I dropped off to sleep again, but I was again awakened by an extraordinary pressure on my feet. *That I was perfectly awake I declare.* The light that stood in the chimney corner shone strongly across the foot of the bed, and I saw the figure of a well-dressed man in the act of stooping, and supporting himself in so doing by the bed-clothes.

"He had on a blue coat with bright gilt buttons, but I saw *no head.* The curtains at the foot of the bed, which were partly looped back, just hung so as to conceal that part of his person. At first, I thought it was

my host, and as I had dropped my clothes as is my habit, on the floor at the foot of the bed, I supposed that he had come to look after them.

"Just as I had raised myself upright in bed and was about to inquire into the occasion of his visit, the figure passed on. I then recollected that I had locked the door, and becoming somewhat puzzled, I jumped out of bed but I could see nobody. On examining the room, I found no means of ingress but the door through which I had entered and one other, both of which were locked inside.

"Amazed and puzzled I got into bed again and sat some time ruminating on the extraordinary circumstance; when it occurred to me that I had not looked under the bed. So I got out again, fully expecting to find my visitor, whoever he was, there; but I was disappointed. So after looking at my watch and ascertaining that it was ten minutes past two, I stepped into bed again, hoping now to get some rest.

"But alas, sleep was banished for that night. I lay till the clock struck seven, and about eight met my host and his wife at the breakfast table, when in answer to their hospitable inquiries of how I passed the night, I mentioned first, that I had been awakened by the dogs barking and that I heard Mr. B—— open a window and call to them. He answered that two strange dogs had got into the yard and disturbed the others.

"I then mentioned my midnight visitor, expecting that they would either explain the circumstance, or else laugh at me and declare that I must have dreamt it. But to my surprise, my story was listened to with grave

attention and they related to me the tradition with which this spectre, for such I found they deemed it to be, was supposed to be connected.

" This was to the effect that many years ago, a gentleman so attired, had been murdered there under some frightful circumstances and that his head had been cut off.

" On perceiving that I was very unwilling to accept this explanation of the mystery, for I had always been a disbeliever in supernatural appearances, they begged me to prolong my visit for a day or two, when they would introduce me to the rector of the parish, who would furnish me with such evidence with regard to circumstances of a similar nature, as would leave no doubt on my mind.

" But I had an engagement to dine at Watford on my way back, and I confess, moreover, that after what I had heard, I did not feel disposed to encounter another visit from the mysterious stranger. I declined the proffered hospitality and took my leave.

" Some time after this, I happened to be dining in C—— Street in company with some ladies resident in the same county, when chancing to allude to my visit to Sarratt, I added that I had met with a very extraordinary adventure there. One of the ladies then immediately said that she hoped that I had not had a visit from the ' headless gentleman ' in a blue coat and gilt buttons, who was said to have been seen by many people in that house.

" Such is the conclusion of this marvellous tale as regards myself, and I can only assure you that I have

related them as they occurred, and that I had never heard a word about this apparition in my life, till Mr. B—— related to me the tradition alluded to.

"Still, as I am no believer in supernatural appearances, I am constrained to suppose that the whole affair was the product of my imagination."

This letter is signed A.W.M. from C—— Street, 5th September, 1846.

A few miles from Sarratt, between King's Langley and Watford, once stood Cassiobury House, or Mansion as it was locally called, a building with many historical associations, surrounded by a large and beautifully wooded park.

The original house was built on the site of a monastic establishment that belonged to the Abbots of St. Albans, and in 1546 was granted by Henry VIII to Sir Richard Morrison, whose daughter married Lord Arthur Capel. His son and successor created Earl of Essex, re-built the whole, except the old north-west wing and had the gardens beautifully laid out by the famous Le Notre gardener to Louis XIV., in 1683.

Evelyn, who frequently visited it, writes of its "magnificent old trees and handsome avenues", and of the "faire walke set about with treble rows of Spanish chestnuts".

Lord Capel, an ardent royalist who warmly espoused the cause of Charles I., was one of his most devoted and zealous adherents and followed his Royal master's destinies.

He was taken prisoner by Fairfax during the Civil War, and sent to the Tower, but escaped, and for a time

took refuge in Lambeth where he was eventually captured and sent back.

He was tried at Westminster and condemned to be executed on March 6th, 1648.

Shortly before the day fixed for his execution, he told Dr. Morley who attended him, that " if he thought there were nothing of vain ostentation in it, he would give orders that his heart should be taken out of his body and kept in a silver box, until His Majesty (Charles II.) came home (as he doubted not but he would) and then it might be presented to him with his humble desire that where the King (his father) was interred, it might be buried at his feet in testimony of the zeal he had for his service, and the affection he had for his person while he lived."

After the time of his decapitation there was a tradition that the ghost of the unfortunate nobleman returned to haunt Cassiobury House and had been seen on several occasions on the anniversary of the day of his death. There is a story that the last person to see the apparition was a lady visitor to the house in the early part of the last century.

It was between six and seven in the evening and the light was fading as she descended the staircase on her way to the library to seek a book she wished to read. The beams of the setting sun were casting dark shadows from the great cedars in the garden and filled the long room with a rich glow, as she slowly passed through towards the inner library, a small panelled chamber at the end.

As she was about to cross the threshold of the smaller room, she was amazed to see the figure of a man with

flowing hair and full moustache in the costume of a cavalier, standing with one arm leaning on the window-ledge on the right side of the fireplace. As she stood transfixed for a moment, she noticed that he wore a dark coat richly laced, and stockings with shoes and buckles. She could only see his face in profile and he neither spoke nor moved. As she took a step forward into the room the figure completely vanished and at the same time the glow faded and the room was almost in darkness.

She said nothing about her experience until later in the evening, when she told the story to her hostess and pointed out the spot where she had seen the figure which she was now convinced was an apparition.

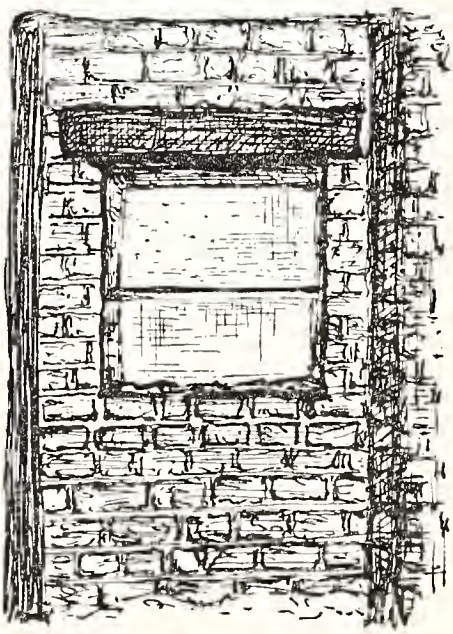
The face with its melancholic expression had made such an impression on her memory, she felt sure she should recognise it again and a few days later, when looking at the old family pictures that hung in some of the rooms and gallery, she came to one and exclaimed : " That is the man ". It was a portrait of the ill-fated Lord Capel.

There was an old tradition that the heart of Lord Capel, which he had directed should be taken from his body and preserved in a silver box after his execution, was concealed somewhere in the house.

After the property was sold some seven years ago and the panelling was removed, a search was made, but nothing was found until the house was afterwards being demolished, when on the right side of the fireplace behind some boards, a secret recess was discovered in the wall. It was covered by a piece of wood like a small door and on this being removed a recess was revealed

divided by a shelf on which stood a silver box. On the inside of the door was fastened a piece of parchment cut in the shape of a heart.

Of this famous old house, around which clustered so many historical associations, nothing now remains. Much of its wonderfully carved wood, the work of Grinling Gibbons, and old bricks have crossed the Atlantic, and the ghost too has also disappeared. The only relics of the Mansion are preserved in a cottage in the neighbourhood that was constructed from the old bricks and timbers of the building and where some of the carved mouldings from the early house are still retained.



THE SECRET RECESS FOUND BEHIND THE PANELLING IN THE INNER LIBRARY AT CASSIOBURY MANSION

CHAPTER XIV

THE GHOST OF CALVERLEY HALL—THE APPARITION AT DENTON HALL—THE GHOST OF ROSAMOND CLIFFORD

CALVERLEY HALL, the ancient seat of the Calverleys, a family well-known in Yorkshire in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, stands in the Airedale valley a few miles from Bradford.

Walter Calverley, who was in possession of the estate in the early part of the seventeenth century, was a man of ungovernable passions and violent temper.

He gambled away the property and at length became deeply in debt and hard pressed for money.

On April 23rd, 1604, he is said to have been seized with a fit of insane frenzy and rushing madly into the Hall, snatched up first one and another of his children and stabbed them with his dagger. Then he attacked his wife, but the fatal blow was warded off by her corset and, thinking her dead, he rushed from the house and jumping on his horse rode off pursued by some of the villagers.

He had not proceeded far when his horse stumbled and threw him, and before he could re-mount was captured.

He was brought to trial at York, but refused to plead and so was sentenced to be ' pressed to death ' at York Castle.

His body was interred at St. Mary's, Castlegate, in that city, but according to tradition, it was afterwards secretly buried in the family vault at Calverley Church.

Such is the story of the tragedy at Calverley Hall, and long afterwards it was believed by the villagers, that the ghost of Walter Calverley could be seen at night, galloping about the district on a headless horse accompanied at times by a number of followers. These spectral horsemen generally disappeared into a cave in the wood where there was a quarry, but this has for many years been disused.

The apparition and his band at length became so troublesome that the vicar at Calverley decided to exorcise them, and for a long time nothing more was heard of 'wild Walter and his friends'. There was a local tradition that he would not reappear "as long as hollies grew green in Calverley Wood", but although the hollies still flourished there, the ghost, if he did not appear, is said to have manifested himself to a visitor at the Hall about the end of the eighteenth century.

This gentleman, the Rev. Richard Burdsall, a Wesleyan minister, thus tells the story:

"I had been invited to preach at Calverley and on arriving there late in the evening was given a lodging at the Hall. It was a cold Saturday night in January, and about midnight, I was conducted up one pair of stairs into a large room which was surrounded by an oaken wainscot after the ancient plan. After my usual devotions, I laid down to rest. I had not been to sleep long before I thought something crept up to my breast, pressing me much. I was greatly agitated and struggled

hard to awake. The bed seemed to swing as if it had been slung in slings, and I was *thrown out on the floor.*

"After lying for about fifteen minutes, reasoning with myself whether I had been thrown out of bed or whether I had got out in my sleep, to satisfy myself fully on this point, I went back again, but was clearly *thrown out a second time* from between the bedclothes to the floor, by just such a motion as before described.

"I quickly got to my knees to pray to the Almighty for my safety and to thank him I was not hurt. After this I crept under the bed to feel if there was anything there, but I found nothing.

"I got into bed for the third time. Just as I laid myself down I was led to ask: "Am I in my right senses?"

"I answered: 'Yes, Lord, if ever I had any.'"

"I had not lain a minute before I was thrown out of bed a *third time.* After this, I once more crept under the bed to ascertain if all the cords were fast and examined until I touched all the bed-posts; but I found all right.

"This was about one o'clock.

"I now put on my clothes, not attempting to lie down any more.

"I was afterwards told that this very house had formerly been the residence of Calverley, who in the reign of King James was tried at York for the murder of his two children and standing neuter, was pressed to death in the Castle."

The worthy minister here ends his story and does not tell us if his sermon suffered from his fright and from the many bumps he had received in the night.

But a still more recent manifestation of Walter

Calverley's restless spirit, is recorded by Mr. William Scrutton in the "Yorkshireman", January 5th, 1884, which he states took place about the end of the year 1874.

He tells us that "one day, the bell in the tower of the village church began to toll at one o'clock in the morning, and went on tolling for a long, long time. Men came rushing to the scene, some of whom had come out of warm comfortable beds, and some who had not been in bed at all. All were struck dumb with terror and cold. The keys could not be found. But toll, toll, toll! still went out the mysterious sounds in the night winds. At last came the keys, but just as they rattled in the key-hole, the noise stopped and all was silent as death.

"Years ago," says the narrator, "certain weird signs of the tragedy at the hall were still said to be visible. Stains of blood—irremovable stains—were to be seen on the floor. And there is a flagstone, a particular flagstone in the cellar, which always had a mysterious damp place on it; all the other flags are dry save this. Wise men have tried to account for this, but as yet have signally failed."

An interesting instance which shows how long some of these ghostly traditions have survived, is evidenced in a game which used to be played by the village boys of Calverley.

About a dozen would take part and assemble close to the old church, stacking their caps in a kind of pyramid on the ground. Then they would take hold of each other's hands and thus form a circle round it, meanwhile repeating in a kind of monotone :

" Old Calverley, old Calverley, I have thee by the ears,
I'll cut thee into collops unless thee appears."

While this was being done, crumbs of bread mixed with pins were strewn on the ground, the boys meanwhile walking round the circle. Then some of them would go to each of the church doors and repeat the rhyme while their comrades still chanted it.

This game illustrates a curious combination of magic and folklore which must have been passed on from one generation of the villagers to another.

A famous old residence which has ghostly traditions is Denton Hall, which stands on the Carlisle Road a few miles distant from Newcastle-on-Tyne.

It was visited at various times by Goldsmith, Garrick, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr. Johnson, and the latter's name is specially associated with one room which is called " Dr. Johnson's chamber ".

Many stories are told of the apparition of a woman, which is said to have been seen from time to time at Denton dressed in a white silk gown of antique fashion, who was locally known as " Silky " or " Old Barbery ".

There is an old legend that the daughter of one of the early owners, a very beautiful girl, was cruelly strangled by her sister in a mad fit of jealousy, but the accounts describing the apparition do not correspond with the tradition.

" Silky's " haunts are said to be two rooms in the hall, but she has occasionally been seen flitting along the passages, up the stone staircases and even outside the house, in the shady walks of the garden. Her warnings,

when she speaks, are of a benevolent nature and she is said more than once, to have told pit-men to fly from impending danger in the mines in the neighbourhood. The villagers round Denton tell stories of a voice heard in the night warning them of sickness and death.

On one occasion, to the terror of an old nurse living in the house, she stood silently in the doorway barring the entrance, and on another time, she seized the hand of a sleeping visitor at the hall in the middle of the night and drew it towards her, " leaving a touch that was felt with pain for days afterwards ".

When the two Miss Macreadys, sisters of the famous actor, were once staying as guests at the hall about 1830, it is said that one morning when they came down to breakfast, they requested that they might leave at once, but they could never be persuaded to confess what had so terrified them.

Another time it is related that in the night, the door of a bedroom was noiselessly thrown open and ' Silky ' rustled into the middle of the room with a warning arm extended.

A story is told by a lady visitor, who when staying at the hall had been out one evening to a ball in the neighbourhood. On coming back very fatigued, she went straight to her room and seated herself in a chair by the fire.

After a while, on looking up, she saw an old lady sitting in a similar high-backed chair, whose air and dress were so remarkable that they impressed themselves on her memory.

She states : " She appeared to be dressed in a flowered-

satin gown of a cut then out of date. It was peaked and long-waisted, like a stomacher. The fabric of the satin had that extreme glossy stiffness which old materials of this kind exhibit. On her wrinkled fingers were some rings of great size and seeming value, but what was most remarkable was a satin hood she wore of peculiar shape. It was glossy like the gown, but seemed to be stiffened either by whalebone or some other material.

"Her age seemed considerable and her face was indented with minute wrinkles.

"I stared at her somewhat rudely in the wonder of the moment, as I deemed her to be some old lady, perhaps a housekeeper or dependent, who had crept into the room.

"Then she spoke: 'Well, young lady,' she said, 'so you have been at your ball to-night and highly you've been delighted there.'

"She then delivered a long speech on the pride and poverty of the times and finally disappeared as mysteriously as she came. By a sort of impulse, I rushed to the door but found it was locked, which I recollected doing when I entered the room."

As late as 1884, 'Silky' made another appearance and was heard apparently dragging something through two unoccupied rooms, then down a flight of stairs to a window which was flung open, but after that all was silent.

Curiously enough the apparitions of women appear to have had a partiality for 'rustling silk gowns' by means of which they often made themselves heard as well as seen.

The apparition of Rosamund Clifford which is associated with Creslow House, is said to appear in such a costume with a long silk train and even when invisible, can thus make herself heard.

This ancient building, which dates from the time of Edward III., is a picturesque country house with many gables, ornamental chimneys and square tower, and would indeed seem to be incomplete without a ghost.

At the base of the tower is a crypt, with a vaulted ceiling excavated out of the solid limestone rock. Close by is the dungeon which is entered by a separate flight of stone stairs. Here again the roof is built of massive stones, is slightly arched and having no window, the interior is at once gloomy and dark.

The dungeon is said to have formerly had a subterranean communication with the crypt, from which there is a newel staircase to a chamber above, which was at one time the preceptor's private room. It has a gothic doorway with hood-moulding resting on two sculptured human heads with grotesque faces, and is lighted by a small window with a pointed arch.

It is in this chamber the apparition of Rosamund Clifford is said to appear, and always comes up the stairs from the crypt or the dungeon, entering the chamber by the gothic door.

Sometimes she has been heard to walk about in a grave, stately manner, her long, silk train sweeping the floor; and at others, her movements are quick and hurried, her silk gown rustling violently, as if she were engaged in a desperate struggle.

This chamber, though in latter times furnished as a

bedroom, was seldom used and was never entered by the domestics without trepidation, but one night it chanced to be occupied by a visitor and his experience has been thus related :

" About the year 18—, this gentleman, who resided some miles distant, rode over to the house for a dinner party, and as the night turned out exceedingly wet and dark, he was asked to stay the night if he had no objection to sleeping in what his host called the ' haunted chamber '. The offer of the room, so far from deterring him, induced him at once to accept the invitation.

" As he raised no objection whatever, the room was prepared for him, but he declined to have either a fire or lighted candle, and only requested a box of lucifers to light a candle should he require it.

" To the amusement however, of his fellow guests, he armed himself with an old cutlass and a brace of pistols before retiring to the chamber for the night.

" In the morning, his host and the other guests were assembled in the breakfast room all eager to know if anything had happened during the night.

" At first, looking very grave, he preserved an impenetrable silence, but after a while was prevailed upon to give his experience which was as follows :

" Having entered the room, I locked and bolted both doors and satisfied myself that there was no living creature in it but myself, nor any entrance but those I had secured. I then got into bed with the conviction that I should sleep as usual till six in the morning, and was soon lost in a comfortable slumber.

" Suddenly I was aroused and in raising my head to

listen, I heard a sound certainly resembling the light, soft tread of a woman's footstep accompanied by the rustling as of a silk gown.

" I sprang out of bed and lighted a candle. There was nothing to be seen and nothing to be heard. I carefully examined the whole room. I looked under the bed, into the fireplace, up the chimney and at both doors which were fastened as I left them.

" I looked at my watch and found it was a few minutes past twelve.

" As all was now perfectly quiet, I extinguished the light, got into bed again and soon fell asleep.

" I was again aroused. The noise was now louder than before. It appeared like the violent rustling of a stiff silk dress. I sprang out of bed and darted to the spot where the noise was and tried to grasp the intruder in my arms. My arms met together but enclosed nothing. The noise then passed to another part of the room and I followed it, groping nearer the floor to prevent anything passing under my arms.

" It was in vain, I could feel nothing, the noise had passed away through the gothic doorway and all was still as death.

" I again lighted the candle to examine the door, and there I saw the old monks' faces grinning at my perplexity, but the door was shut and fastened just as I had left it.

" I now left the candle burning, though I never sleep comfortably with a light in my room. I got into bed but felt, it must be acknowledged, not a little puzzled at not being able to detect the cause of the noise,

nor to account for its cessation when the candle was lighted.

"While ruminating on these things I fell asleep and began to dream about murders, secret burials and all sorts of horrible things, and just as I fancied myself knocked down by a knight templar, I awoke to find the sun shining brightly."

CHAPTER XV

THE APPARITION AT POWIS CASTLE—THE GHOSTS OF WILLINGTON MILL—THE "BROWN LADY" OF RAINHAM

THERE are many traditions connected with Powis Castle, an ancient stronghold near Welshpool, which stands on a rocky elevation surrounded by a well-wooded park.

Thomas Wright of Birkenshaw in his autobiography, relates the following story of an apparition that was seen by a certain woman in a room of the Castle, and who he declares actually conversed with it.

This woman, he says, obtained her livelihood by spinning hemp and line and was accustomed to go from house to house to inquire for work. It was usual at the houses where she was working and where she sometimes stayed till the job was complete, to be provided with food and lodging.

One day in the year 1780, she called at Powis Castle to seek for work, and the steward's wife, having some spinning to be done, gave it to her and told her she might stay the night as the family were away in London.

When the day's work was over and it was time to go to bed, three of the servants, each carrying a lighted candle, showed her to the room she was to occupy.

It was a large apartment on the ground floor, with a

boarded floor, lighted by two sash windows, and a fine bed standing in one corner of it. They had made up a good fire in the grate and after placing a candle on the table, the servants bade her good-night and left her.

Unaccustomed to such a handsomely furnished bedroom, the woman, after examining all the appointments sat down and taking a Bible from her pocket, began to read a chapter, as she usually did before retiring to rest.

While she was thus quietly reading, she heard the door, which the servants had closed, softly open, and turning her head was astonished to see a gentleman enter the room.

He wore a gold-laced hat, and his coat and waistcoat and the rest of his attire showed him to be a man of quality. He walked down the room to the window in the corner and then returned. When he came, as he returned to the first window, the bottom of which was nearly breast-high, he stood and rested his elbow on it, placing the palm of his hand against the side of his face. He remained thus standing in a leaning posture with his side partly towards her, for some time.

He appeared to be a perfect stranger to her and after a while, without uttering a word he turned, walked to the door, went out and closed it behind him.

The woman, terrified that she had seen an apparition, fell on her knees by the bedside and began to pray. While she was praying, the door opened and the gentleman came into the room again, walked round and came close behind her. Still kneeling, she endeavoured to speak but was so stricken with fear she could not utter a

word. She saw the figure walk out of the room, closing the door afterwards as before.

Calming herself, on recovering her presence of mind, she determined, if the apparition, which she felt assured it was, appeared again, she would speak to it if possible.

She sat and watched the door and presently saw it again open and the apparition enter. It walked round the room once more and came behind her as before.

She turned her head and said: "Pray, sir, who are you and what do you want?"

Raising its finger it replied: "Take up the candle and follow me and I will tell you."

The woman got up and taking the candle followed it to the door and out of the room. It led her through a long, boarded passage till they came to a door of another room. As it stopped at the door and opened it, the apparition turned and said: "Walk in; I will not hurt you. Observe what I do."

As he said this, they entered the room, which was very small and rather like a closet.

The apparition then stooped and lifted up one of the boards of the floor, and the woman saw under it a box with an iron handle on the lid.

"Do you see that box?" asked the apparition.

"Yes, I do," replied the woman.

He then moved to one side and pointing out a crevice in the wall, told her that a key was hid there which would open it. He then told her that the box and key were to be taken out and sent to the Earl in London. He gave the address of the Earl's town house and then turning to the woman said: "Will you see it done?"

" I will do my best to get it done," she replied.

" Do," rejoined the apparition, " and I will trouble the house no more," and without further remark turned, moved through the door of the closet and disappeared.

As soon as the astonished woman saw it was gone, she went into the passage and screamed loudly.

The steward and his wife with several of the servants carrying lights came running to her, all apparently terrified. It turned out afterwards, that none of them had gone to bed, but had all been waiting to see what would happen after they had purposely put the woman, whom they knew was a fervent Methodist, in the haunted room.

She told the agitated group what she had seen and took them to the closet, where she showed them the box in proof of her story. The woman then returned to the bedroom and slept undisturbed till the morning.

Next day, the box was lifted from its hiding place by the steward and after a search, the key was discovered in the crevice.

The box and the contents are said to have been sent to the Earl in London, together with a written account of the strange way in which it had been discovered. On receiving it, he at once sent instructions to the steward, that the woman was to be told, that if she would come and reside at the Castle, she should be comfortably provided for during the rest of her life. If she preferred to live elsewhere and would inform him when she required assistance, she should be liberally supplied at his expense as long as she lived.

According to Mr. Hampson, a Methodist minister, to

whom the woman was known, she was living in Welshpool in 1780 in comfortable circumstances.

Most of the tales of apparitions in castles and halls fade into insignificance, when compared with the story of the ghosts of Willington Mill, which is related by the late W. T. Stead in his collection of " Real ghost stories ".

The old mill stands on a stream between Willington Quay and Wallsend, and is said to have been built about a century ago on the site of a cottage once occupied by a local witch.

The ghosts that are alleged to have been seen in the house adjoining the mill were numerous and did not lack variety. One was a lady in a lavender-coloured dress, who had a habit of walking up the stairs and going into one of the upper rooms. Another was a white cat which hopped like a rabbit and changed into a ' luminous sheep '. Mysterious noises constantly went on, and the pattering of feet and a hollow cough were frequently heard. One tenant saw the apparition of a " grey lady with her head bent downwards and her left hand pressed against her breast, while with the right she pointed down."

Sometimes the noise was compared to a donkey galloping round the room overhead, while at others, doors creaked and the handles were seen to turn and occasionally one room would be filled with ' bluish smoke '.

Two people saw a " female in greyish blue come out of the wall at the head of a bed and lean over them ", and another time " four people saw the figure of a bald-headed old man in a flowing robe like a surplice,

gliding backwards and forwards, about three feet from the floor. Part of his body seemed quite luminous of a bluish tint and he faded away ".

Spectral animals also figured among the apparitions, and one about two feet in height, is said to have appeared in the window of the blue room, while another was that of a dog that barked. A little girl staying in the house saw a lady sitting on the bed with eye-holes but no eyes, and the last apparition reported was this same eyeless woman.

Stead states the phenomena at the Mill remains an insoluble mystery. In 1853 an attempt was made to find out the secret of the Mill by clairvoyance, details of which are to be found in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, April, 1891. The chief result, however, appears to have been a suggestion that the key to the mystery lay in the cellar of the house. The tenant at the time is said to have excavated the floor of the cellar but found nothing.

Rainham, the seat of the Marquis of Townshend in Norfolk, was at one time associated with an apparition known as the ' Brown Lady '.

The most interesting account of the ghost is given by Lucia Stone who states, that she received it from an eye-witness sometime between 1835 and 1849.

According to her story, " a large party had assembled at Rainham one Christmas, and among the guests were a Colonel and Mrs. Loftus, a Miss Page, a cousin of the latter and a Mr. Hawkins.

" One night, the Colonel and Mr. Hawkins sat up rather late over a game of chess, after which they went

upstairs and were bidding each other 'good-night', when Mr. Hawkins exclaimed: "Colonel, who is that standing at your sister's door? How strangely she is dressed.' Colonel Loftus, who was nearsighted, put up his eyeglass and followed the figure, who went on for some little distance, when he lost sight of it.

"A second night, he again saw her, and this time to prevent her escape, he went up a staircase which would bring him face to face with her. And there in full light he saw a stately woman standing, dressed in rich brown brocade with a kind of coif on her head, the features closely defined, but where the eyes should have been, were only dark hollows.

"The apparition was so clear that he afterwards described the figure in detail and made a sketch of it.

"The 'Brown Lady' is said to have been seen by several other persons, and although various alterations have been made in the building, nothing has ever been discovered to solve the mystery of the apparition."

There are several stories of apparitions associated with the ancient castle of Porchester, near Portsmouth, which dates back to Roman times.

One is said to be the ghost of a sailor who before his death declared that he would come back to earth and wander within its hoary walls, while another is said to be the apparition of a soldier who deserted from the army in times gone by and hid himself in some of the subterranean passages beneath the keep, where his bones were ultimately found. His apparition is said to have been seen within the castle in recent times.

CHAPTER XVI

LANCASHIRE GHOSTS AND BOGGARTS—THE BOGGARTS OF CLEGG HALL—THE WHITE LADY OF SAMLESBURY—THE GHOST OF 'OLD SYKES' WIFE'—THE GHOST OF INCE HALL AND THE DEAD HAND—THE SPECTRE OF WYECOLLAR HALL—THE GHOSTS OF HOWLER LANE

ALTHOUGH in some of the northern counties the word ghost is pronounced 'gheist' or 'guest,' in Lancashire, the name boggart or bar-gaist is usually applied to a mischievous sprite that haunts houses and terrifies children and horses.

It resembles the *duende* of Spain or the Scottish brownie, and both names occur in the following old rhyme :

"San Jerome, save us, we are loo'd
If this should be the sprite ;
The big *Duende*, best we bid
His boggartship good-night."

Should a horse take fright without apparent cause, it is said to have seen a boggart, and boggart holes, reputed to be the haunts of these terrible sprites, are still pointed out in some parts of Lancashire.

Clegg Hall, which stood a few miles from Rochdale,

is said to have been the scene of a terrible tragedy in the fourteenth century, and was reputed to be infested with boggarts.

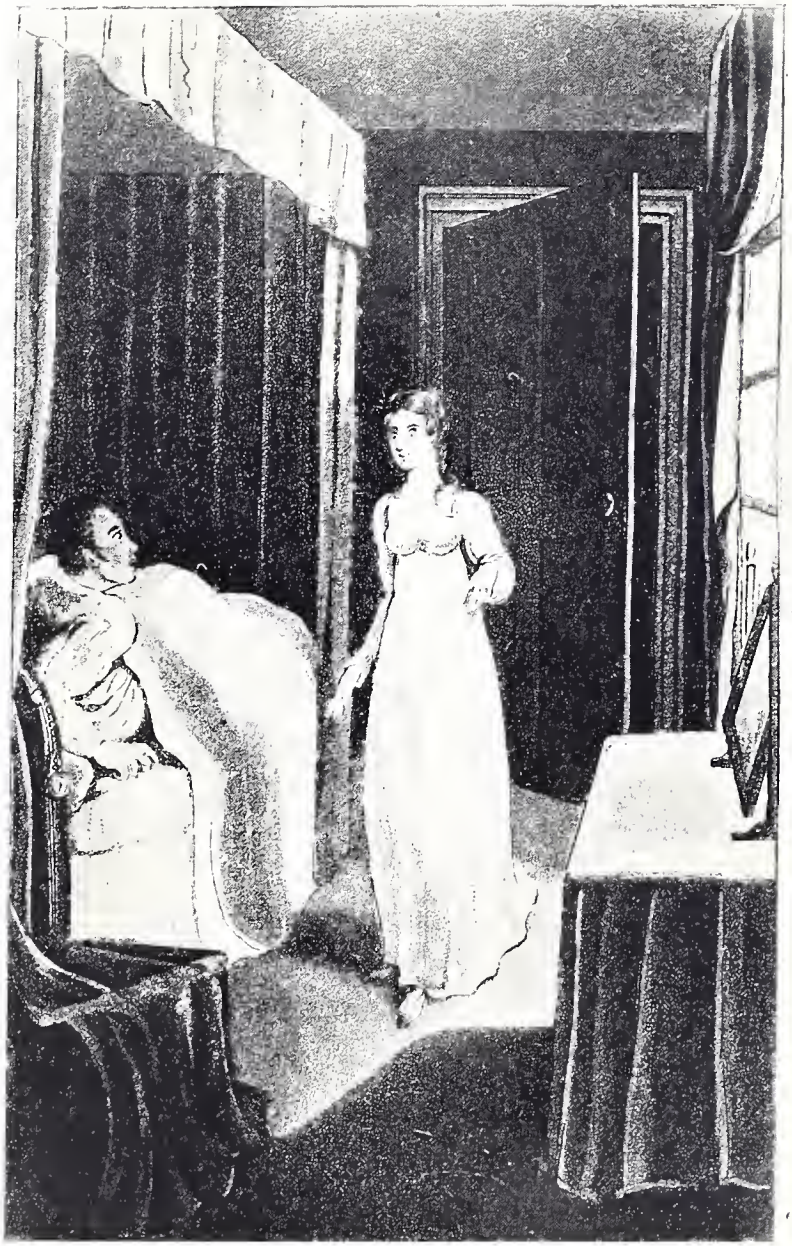
According to tradition, a wicked uncle murdered two orphan children who were committed to his care and were the lawful heirs of the estate, by throwing them over a balcony into the moat, in order that he might seize on their inheritance.

Ever afterwards, the hall was haunted by angry boggarts, and although the original house was almost demolished in 1620, and a new building erected on the site, the boggarts still continued to trouble and alarm the inmates until the wicked sprites were exorcised. The 'laying' of the ghosts is thus quaintly described in an old manuscript: "A pious monk in the neighbourhood was long importuned to exorcise the ghosts and at last consented. Having provided himself with a number of charms and spells, he boldly called on them to appear and established connection with them.

"They demanded as the condition of future quiet, the sacrifice of a body and a soul.

"The onlookers (who could not see the ghosts) on being informed by the monk of their demand, were stricken with fear and refused to become victims for the necessary offerings. The monk, however, proved equal to the occasion, and told the onlookers to bring him the *body* of a cock and the *sole* of a shoe.

"These were promptly supplied and the ghosts were forbidden to revisit the 'pale glimpses of the moon' till the offering was consumed."



APPARITION OF THE WHITE LADY

From a print of the XVIII Century

Facing page 159

After this, the boggarts disappeared and the inmates of the hall were left in peace.

Another tradition of more romantic interest is embodied in the story of the white lady of Samlesbury Hall.

This ancient building, which dates from the time of Henry II., stands in most picturesque surroundings midway between Blackburn and Preston, near the banks of the Ribble.

In 1562, it was in the possession of Sir John Southworth, who gained distinction as a soldier in early Elizabethan times.

During his later years at Samlesbury, one of his daughters called Dorothy, fell deeply in love with the heir to a neighbouring knightly house, who had an equal passion for the lady. They frequently met and only required the consent of Sir John to their marriage, to render their happiness complete. The old knight, however, was an ardent Roman Catholic, while the family of the young lover were Protestants. Sir John, when asked for his consent, flew into a rage and dismissed the suitor with bitter denunciations declaring, that no daughter of his should ever be united with the son of a family who had deserted its ancestral faith, and finally forbade him the house.

But the fulminations of the irate old knight only served to increase the ardour of the devoted lovers, and after many secret trystings among the wooded slopes near the banks of the river, they arranged to elope, hoping that afterwards, the obstinate father might relent and forgive them.

On the evening agreed, Dorothy met her lover at the appointed time, but as they hastened from the meeting-place, her brother who had become aware of it and had secreted himself in a coppice, rushed out with drawn sword and attacked both the lover and two friends who accompanied him.

Young Southworth killed the three, thus unprepared for the sudden attack, and carried his swooning sister back to the house. The bodies were secretly buried in the precincts of the domestic chapel of the Hall, and Dorothy was sent abroad to a convent where she was kept under strict surveillance.

Here she brooded over her sorrow until her mind became deranged, and she is said to have died with the name of her murdered lover on her lips.

After her death, on certain clear and still evenings, the apparition of Dorothy Southworth, clad in flowing white, was said to be often seen gliding along the gallery or through the corridors of the Hall. She would descend the staircase and slowly pass into the grounds, making her way towards the wooded slopes near the river.

There she would be met by a handsome young knight, who would receive her on bended knee and on rising, accompany her along the glade. On reaching a certain spot, both phantoms would stand still and as they seemed to utter soft wailings of despair, they would be seen to embrace. Afterwards, their forms would rise slowly from the earth and melt away into the blue of the surrounding sky.

Within the last century, three human skeletons were dug up by some workmen excavating near the outer

walls of the Hall, which gives some colour to the story of the tragedy that befell the lover and his friends.

Another apparition associated with Samlesbury was locally known as " Old Sykes' wife ", who according to tradition had been seen in the neighbourhood for several centuries.

According to the story, in a secluded dell on the banks of Mellor brook, not far from Samlesbury Hall, stood a lonely farm-house which for many generations had been occupied by a family named Sykes.

In the sixteenth century, Old Sykes and his wife were the only occupants of the farm and were said to have accumulated a considerable amount of money. Both had the reputation of being misers and as they had no family, it was generally believed in the district, that they were very wealthy and had concealed their hoard somewhere about the farm.

Eventually, it is said, about the time of the end of the Wars of the Roses, the old couple who had reached a great age, died without revealing the place where they had buried their treasure.

Soon afterwards, the troubled ghost of old Sykes' wife was said to have been occasionally seen near the old farm-house, which meanwhile had been occupied by a new tenant. She was described by those who met her in the lanes, as a wrinkled old woman in ancient garb. She never lifted her head but went noiselessly along leaning on a crooked stick.

Sometimes she was seen in the old barn, on other occasions in the house, but more frequently in the orchard standing by a certain apple-tree. Generations

passed away but still the ghost of old Sykes' wife visited the spot.

One person who saw her in later years gives a minute description of her withered face, her short and quaintly-cut gown, her striped petticoat and her crooked stick. He was however so terrified by the apparition, that he ran away, and when he returned he says : " She was not there but no sooner did I raise my hand to pluck an apple, than she appeared before me."

At length one occupant of the farm, who it is said had been imbibing rather freely, ventured to speak to the ghost when he saw her near the farm one day, and asked her the reason for her visits. She made no reply but slowly moved towards the stump of a very old apple-tree, and pointed to a part of the orchard which had not been disturbed for many years.

A search was afterwards made at this spot, and according to the tradition, the buried treasure was at last discovered, deep down in the earth. As the soil was being removed, the ghost of old Sykes' wife was seen standing on the edge of the trench. When the last jar was lifted out, an unearthly smile passed over her shrunken face, her figure became less and less distinct, and at last faded away.

Wyecoller Hall, another old Lancashire residence, which once stood on the banks of the river Colne, is associated with a spectral horseman who regularly paid it a visit every year until the building fell into ruin.

The Hall was originally the seat of the Cunliffes of Billington, but the family fell on evil days and about 1819, the last descendant passed away.

There was a tradition that one of the Cunliffes murdered his wife in a bedroom of the old Hall in the seventeenth century, and afterwards, his spectre on horseback, annually visited the scene of the crime.

He is said to have been attired in the costume of the early Stuart period, but the trappings of his horse were of "a most uncouth description". According to the story, "on the evening of his visit, the weather is always wild and tempestuous, there is no moon to light the lonely roads and no one will venture out.

"When the wind howls the loudest, the spectral horseman can be heard galloping along the road at great speed and after crossing the narrow bridge, he suddenly stops at the door of the Hall. He then makes his way up the broad oak staircase into one of the bedrooms. Dreadful screams, as from a woman, are then heard, which gradually subside into groans. The horseman then makes his appearance at the door, at once mounts his horse and gallops off the road that he came. Those who have seen him state, they could see right through his body, and his horse appeared to be wild with rage, its nostrils streaming with fire."

The murdered woman before she died is said to have predicted the extinction of the family, and her prediction came true.

There is a curious story connected with Ince Hall in Lancashire and a 'Dead Hand'. When one of the early possessors of the Hall was lying on his deathbed, a lawyer was sent for at the last moment to make his will, but he arrived too late.

The lawyer thinking that some life was left in the body,

determined to try the effect of the 'Dead Hand' and at once despatched his clerk to borrow it from Bryn Hall, where it was at that time preserved. The body of the dead man was rubbed with the hand and the lawyer declared that he revived sufficiently to sign the will he had prepared.

After the funeral, a daughter of the deceased man produced a will which was not signed, in which the property was left to her brother and self, but the lawyer soon produced another and later will signed under the influence of the 'Dead Hand', in which all the estate was left to himself.

The son quarrelled with the rascally lawyer and after wounding him in a fight, as he thought mortally, he fled the country and was never seen again, while the daughter also mysteriously disappeared, no one knew how or when, but it was supposed she had been murdered by the lawyer.

Meanwhile, the Hall had been uninhabited, for "the ghost of the daughter is said to have hung suspended in the air before the dishonest lawyer wherever he went", until he became stricken with remorse and despair. The apparition was also believed to haunt a room in the Hall, and had been seen hovering over a certain spot. Here, many years afterwards, the skull of a female was found by a gardener when digging near the Hall, and thus the secret of her death is supposed to have been revealed.

The so-called "Dead Hand" is still preserved in a white silk bag in the Catholic Chapel at Ashton-in-Makerfield in Lancashire.

It is said to have belonged to Father Edmund Arrowsmith, a Jesuit priest, who suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Lancaster on August 28th, 1628.

The charges on which the priest was brought to trial are variously stated, but after his execution, he came to be regarded, in some parts of Lancashire, as a martyr, and was afterwards beatified.

He was born at Haydock in 1585, and in 1605 entered the Jesuit College at Douai. He was ordained a priest in 1612 and the following year was sent on a mission to England. In 1623, according to one account, he was apprehended and taken to Lancaster on a charge of being a Romish priest contrary to the laws, "in that case made and provited". After his trial, at which he was found guilty, he was sentenced to death and executed.

It is said, that after his body was taken down, one of his friends or his spiritual attendant, cut off his right hand in compliance with his dying injunctions, to fulfil his promise that he should work miraculous cures on those who had faith after his death.

For many years the hand was kept at Bryn Hall and when that house was demolished it was taken to Garswood Hall, the residence of the Gerard family. Eventually it was placed in the custody of the priest of the Catholic Chapel at Ashton-in-Makerfield, where it has since been visited by many people suffering from various ailments who believe by a touch of the hand, they will be healed of their disease.

The virtues of the "Dead Hand" in treating sickness are said to have been manifold. It was believed to remove tumours when the part affected was stroked with

it and was supposed to be equally effective in cases of scrofula and smallpox.

An incident recalling the faith in this relic, came to light in 1872, when a woman named Catherine Collins, was found sitting exhausted on a doorstep in Wigan, after having come out of the workhouse at Salford on leave. It transpired that she had walked from the latter town to Ashton-in-Makerfield in order to have the "Dead Hand" applied to her side which was paralysed.

The very name of Howler Lane may be said to suggest association with ghosts, but when we walked along it many years ago, one bright afternoon in early spring, nothing seemed more unlikely.

The lane is about two miles long and leads to the village of Cronton, two miles from the little town of Farnworth in Lancashire. The narrator, a country doctor, who often had to turn out after midnight, thus tells of a strange experience he had one night when walking down the lane. He states: "At the Tarbock end, where I entered it, there are three or four cottages, and from thence to Cronton, there are only two farms with dwellings and outhouses.

"Close to the gable end of one of these houses, there is a small croft in pasture; behind it and adjoining a large field was a pond, and near it, a gate which opens from the field into the lane.

"I passed the house at a good pace and neared the gate. I then heard what I believed to be the voices of men, resembling those made by persons directing their horses through a narrow gateway or leaving a field. I paused to

listen. The noise still continued, although I could make out no distinct words but there was the clank of plough-gear, cross-bars and chains.

"I then observed a clear and well-defined shadow of four men moving. I could not call the movement a walking one but steadily, erect, with a soldier-like stiffness, across the croft towards the pond in the angle of the field.

"I arrived at the gate expecting to find the men and horses. The gate was open but there was now perfect silence, and not a living thing was visible.

"I am not superstitious and I felt no fear. There was the large field, the croft and the house in the distance, and the cool night air fanning my brow, but neither men, horses or shadows were now to be seen.

"What I saw was a quickly moving shadow of four men, gliding abreast in unbroken line, from the middle of the croft to the pond.

"This phenomenon I can in no way explain, and it is quite unaccountable to me. I have visited the same place since at night, and have seen the *same thing four or five times*. I saw it once by faint moonlight clearest of all, but cloudy or clear, it made no difference as to the phenomenon itself.

"Happening to mention Howler Lane to an aged person living in the neighbourhood, he remarked: 'A nasty spot very. Why to be sure doesn't thou know that when Harry (his grandson) an' me come through ya neet latish in t' gig, that we saw like fower men i' black walking abreast near t' farmhoos, an' that meare ran away wid us and niver stopped till she pulled up at Cronton, a' lather an' treembling'."

CHAPTER XVII

WHAT HAPPENED AT HARTSORE HALL

THE account of a strange happening at Hartsore Hall, and the mysterious apparitions said to have been seen there was related by Crosland in 1856, but whether they were due to a dream or a spectral illusion he leaves us in doubt.

The story is told by an old gentleman who lived in a large manor house in a lonely part of the country, who owing to his solitary life had become both restless and depressed.

One evening in the early autumn, determined to see if a long ride would raise his spirits and brighten his outlook generally, he had his horse saddled and brought round to his door.

"Nature was just beginning to draw her nocturnal curtains," he says, "and to send round her celestial lamplighter when I rode forth.

"My mare, as she clattered out of the courtyard, seemed to exhibit an unusual reluctance to proceed down the lane, as if she felt that my wandering was something too strange and dubious to deserve her assistance, and the gate which swung after us, as I made my exit, was some time in making up its mind to close against my return and clicked backwards and forwards on its latch

as though it was appealing to me to 'Come back. Come back!' But I shut my heart against its entreaties and rode on my way.

"Two hours' smart riding brought me into a dilemma for I found that I had lost my way. To make matters worse the weather looked threatening. Heavy rain began to fall and I looked anxiously round for shelter, but only scattered hedge-rows and stunted trees confronted me, which tended rather to make the prospect more cheerless and forbidding.

"At last at a turning of the road, I came upon a little low cottage in which a dim light was burning. I knocked at the window with the handle of my crop and after what sounded like a smothered scuffle inside, a man in his nightdress opened the lattice and asked, in an indignant voice: 'In the name of God——'

"'Pray, my good friend,' I said in a bland tone, interrupting him. 'Can you tell me the way to Crayborough?'

"'Crayborough?' he exclaimed, 'lor' bless ye, sir! you are going directly from it.'

"This information was anything but comforting and I then asked if he knew where I could obtain shelter for myself and my horse?

"'Why, sir,' he replied, 'if you like to step in, you shall be welcome to my armchair to rest in, but I'm sorry I can't offer your horse a seat. You had better tie him up at the gate.'

"'Thank you kindly,' I replied, 'but I cannot accept your hospitality, as I must see my faithful animal safely housed before I can make myself comfortable. Is there no inn anywhere near?'

" ' There's not a house within three miles of us and the nearest is a dreadful kind of place, although there is always a spare bed there, I'm told, for a wayfarer. People say the house is haunted and I'm afraid you'll never find it, for I don't know the way by the road myself, but I can tell you a short cut through the fields if you can leap a stile or two or scramble through the hedges.'

" ' What is the name of the place ? ' I asked.

" ' Well, it is called Hartsore Hall,' he replied.

" Then he directed me to go to the end of the lane on the right, cross two fields, follow the path over a stream and after several turnings, I should come out directly opposite the lodge gates. I considered my position and my silence seemed to satisfy my informant that he had done his duty for in another moment, calling out ' Good-night ', he closed his window and retired.

" I decided to ' go to the end of the lane on the right ' as he directed and make the attempt at any rate to find the hall.

" I had scarcely trotted more than three hundred yards, when the mare shied, trembled and almost threw me.

" The cause of her fright turned out to be a gypsy's tent, out of which, I discerned, was crawling its black, shaggy and forbidding owner. I decided to speak to him and see if he would guide me to the Hall, so called out a remark on the dreadful state of the night, which he did not seem disposed to dispute. I followed this up by asking him if he could show me the way to the Hall ? This he agreed to do for a crown-piece. I con-

sented, and so we set off at a walking pace across the fields.

"The rain had now ceased and the moon in her silver chariot came out to chase the dark masses of clouds from the sky.

"At length, entering a lane after leaving the fields, two tall decayed stone pillars surmounted with wrinkled and moss-covered urns, gravely towering over a rusty iron gate, confronted us, evidently forming the entrance to the drive.

"Handing my guide his reward and bidding him good-night, I passed through the gates and entered the winding avenue.

"It presented a picture of the greatest desolation. Not a sound was to be heard but the melancholy sighing of the wind among the branches of the trees on either side of the drive. The road was in ruts and partly overgrown with rank vegetation, and on every side were indications of nature collapsing into her original state of dreariness, decay and death.

"At length, out of the shadows, a chaos of gables and windows, and what appeared the dim outline of a building arose before me.

"When I got nearer, I dismounted, approached the entrance and knocked loudly at the door. The echo died away in a thousand muffled responses. I waited, and presently a faint glimmer appeared through the fanlight which very gradually increased in intensity. Someone was coming as though the passage was a long one.

"I heard a number of bolts withdrawn, then the door

was opened and a tall grave woman, clad entirely in white, carrying a lamp in her hand, stood before me.

"'Have you lost your way and do you want to sleep here?' she inquired in a low solemn voice, before I could address her.

"'Yes,' I briefly replied.

"Summoning a grotesque-looking urchin from somewhere to take charge of my horse, she motioned me to enter. She conducted me to a large room, the extensive dimensions of which I could not clearly define in the dim light.

"She offered me refreshment, which I politely declined and as she placed the lamp on the table, I asked her if she did not find life here very lonely?

"'Rather,' she replied listlessly, 'but I have lived here since I was a child and I intend to die here.'

"'Pray, may I ask whether the mansion and grounds have long been in this ruinous condition?'

"'Not always,' she replied. 'Thirty years ago it was a beautiful place and noted for its hospitality. Each night a bed was prepared for any chance visitor or benighted traveller, a custom which I am paid to keep up to this day.

"'When I first knew the Flemyngs,' she continued in her slow sad voice, 'better people could not exist, but a dreadful event destroyed their happiness and dispersed the family. Yes, sir, it was in this very room,' she added, as if recalling some terrible disaster. Even as she spoke, she cast an anxious and startled look round the apartment.

"'A dreadful event?' I echoed, my curiosity excited.

'Do not think me impertinent but pray tell me about it if you have no objection.'

"'None whatever,' she replied, 'but I am afraid you will find it a bad preparation for a night's rest.'

"'You see, sir, old Mr. Flemyng was a good and generous gentleman, but unhappily his only son, Henry, became dissipated. He was always filling the house with his riff-raff companions and leading a wild and reckless life.

"'His conduct filled his father's heart with grief, and at length so preyed upon him that his health failed and he was confined to his room.

"'One night, Master Harry, as we called him, gave a great supper party to all his wild friends and when their orgies were at their height, it was noticed that there was one place vacant at the table.

"'I say,' roared one of the young men, 'shall we go upstairs and pull down the old man to give us a lecture on moral propriety? What say you, Harry?'

"'With all my heart,' was the callous reply, and at once a number of these half-drunk young ruffians rushed upstairs to the sick man's room, dragged him down and seating him at the head of the table, shouted out: 'Now, old fellow, give us a toast and a speech!'

"'I shall never forget the agonised look on my old master's face as he turned and looked at the dissolute gang round his table.

"'His eyes became glassy, his lips quivered and in the candle-light his grey hair appeared like a halo round his brow.

"'He attempted to stand and tried to speak, but his

limbs and his speech refused their office and he fell back in his chair—dead! At the same moment someone extinguished the lights.

"'Then a horrible uproar followed.

"'That night, my mistress' hair turned as white as snow and Master Harry was found in the morning crouching in the shrubberies, raving mad!'

"'Mercy on us!' I exclaimed. 'What did you do then?'

"'Do?' she answered. 'Why after the funeral nearly everything was sold off and the family removed to the Continent, from whence they have never returned.'

"There was nothing more to be said, and as I walked after her through the hall with its antlers and suits of armour, up the staircase and along the corridors to the chamber allotted me, I felt as if I was surrounded by phantoms from another world.

"The shadows cast by the lamp carried by my guide even startled me, and shapes and forms of the mad revellers of the fatal night took possession of my mind.

"The large bedroom into which I was shown, that faced the front of the house, was but sparsely furnished, but old tapestries still covered the walls. The moonbeams struggled through the leaded windows making the surroundings look more eerie.

"Tired out with my ride, I flung my cape across a chair and threw myself on the bed to try and rest.

"I must have fallen asleep, for I was suddenly awakened by the sound of carriage-wheels coming up the avenue.

"I could distinctly hear them coming nearer, the champing of the horses, the voices of the grooms and the drawing-up of the carriage, then the lowering of the steps. This was followed by a thundering knock on the front door. I heard the visitor, whoever he was, enter the hall, then came the sound of the carriage being turned round and its rapid retreat down the avenue.

"I had scarcely got over my surprise, when there came in exactly the same manner a second carriage, followed by a third and fourth, then others, until I had counted thirteen.

"'Good heavens,' I said to myself. 'What can it all mean? Have the self-banished family suddenly returned or is it that strange haggard woman entertaining guests? Certainly something extraordinary is happening.'

"Thus aroused to a pitch of nervous expectancy I listened attentively and waited. After a while I heard footsteps approaching my door. Then came a tap on the panel.

"'Who is there?' I asked in a voice that hardly seemed to be my own.

"'My master has returned and requests the honour of your company to supper,' came the reply, in a sepulchral whisper.

"'Give my compliments to your master and tell him I have been in bed some time and I beg him to excuse me to-night," I replied.

"The messenger retired, but in a few minutes returned with a heavier tread and a more determined rap on the door.

"'My master,' came the voice, 'desires me to say

that he cannot possibly accept any excuses for your absence from his table.'

"I began to tremble and stammered some disconnected apologies and said I felt ill and could not therefore pay proper respect to the gratifying invitation.

"Again all was silent for a few minutes, and I began to congratulate myself that I had baffled my would-be host. But I knew I was mistaken when I heard heavy feet, this time, tramp along the corridor and the panel of the door almost split with an appalling blow that fell upon it.

"'My master is enraged at your refusal,' came the voice which rose to a shriek. 'If you do not follow me immediately downstairs, you shall be dragged by force.'

"Feeling it was useless to refuse any longer and desirous of avoiding violence, I sprang from the bed, opened the door and found the tall figure of a man in the semi-darkness apparently clad in armour.

"Motioning me to follow, he wheeled round and led the way down the staircase to the dining-room below.

"Throwing open the door, my eyes were at once dazzled by a blaze of light. The large apartment was brilliantly illuminated by candelabra set out down the centre of a long table, which seemed loaded with food and all kinds of delicacies. Around it sat an assemblage of gorgeously attired guests.

"I noticed there was one seat vacant, behind which a man in armour with a drawn sword stood attentively watching a richly clad figure who sat at the head of the table.

"I was rivetted to the floor with astonishment. Then

the majestic figure rose and addressing me and pointing to the vacant chair, said sternly: 'You have kept us waiting too long. Guard take care that your prisoner does not leave us, meanwhile let him join the feast, until——'

"I felt spellbound. Then I suddenly took courage from a thought that flashed on me and said: 'With all deference to this august company, I cannot sit down to any entertainment without first saying grace. You must therefore permit me to ask a blessing.' As I spoke, I noticed a kind of shuddering silence fell on the assembly. The lights became dimmer and each guest seemed to quiver with an evanescent transparency.

"I began in a faltering voice: 'We beseech thee, O God!' Suddenly, before I could finish the sentence, there was an appalling crash like a peal of thunder and the whole scene vanished.

* * *

"Then I was conscious of a voice which said: 'I have been knocking at your door for ten minutes, sir. It is eight o'clock.'

"I was wide awake. It was daylight and the morning sun was shining through the windows.

"I tried to collect my senses and looked round.

"The bedroom was the same as the night before, and my cloak lay across the chair where I had flung it.

"I opened the door and there stood the woman in white who had received me.

"I told her what had happened and what I had seen

in the night and asked what had become of her visitors.

"She looked puzzled at my question. A ghost of a smile played on her wan face as she replied: 'There is no one here but the boy and myself'."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SURGEON'S GHOST—THE MYSTERY OF THE "BROWN MONK"

A STORY is related by Crosland over eighty years ago, of an old mansion in a small town in the Midlands, which at that time had nearly fallen into ruins, but had formerly been the residence of a young surgeon who was an ardent student of anatomy.

At that period, subjects for dissection were often difficult to obtain, which led to frequent cases of body-snatching.

His only servant was an old gardener who looked after his wants. One day this ancient servitor mysteriously died and on the night of his burial, the body was removed from the grave and surreptitiously conveyed to a room in the house used by the surgeon for dissection.

After it had been placed there, he tied a rope round the wrists and suspended it from a hook in the ceiling, while after putting a single lighted candle at the edge of the table close to the body, he proceeded with his gruesome work.

He had scarcely commenced, when one hand of the corpse broke from the rope and falling upon the candle immediately extinguished it. The young surgeon thus suddenly left alone in the dark with his victim became

demented, and on the following morning, when a caller knocked at the door, he could not be found. Search was made for him but the door of his dissecting room was found to be locked. On being broken open, a tragic sight was disclosed, for in a corner of the room crouched the young man gazing terror-stricken at the body still hanging by one wrist from the hook in the ceiling.

He was found to be quite insane and after lingering a few days died.

No one would live in the house, which became very dilapidated and people declared that long afterwards, on looking through the broken windows at night, a shrouded figure might be seen hanging from the ceiling and standing near it, the apparition of the young surgeon.

Apparitions in monkish garb frequently play a part in the stories associated with country houses, especially when they are in the neighbourhood of ruined monasteries.

The following experience is said to have happened some years ago in a picturesque old manor in Somersetshire.

A gentleman and his wife for a long time had been seeking an ancient house where they could enjoy the peace and quiet of the country and at length, after many fruitless quests, discovered one to be let furnished at what they considered a ridiculously low rent. Built of stone, mellowed with age, with its twisted chimneys and mullioned windows, the lady declared it appeared to be the ' house of her dreams ', and they thereupon decided to take it for a short period.

In a few weeks, after some necessary cleaning had been

carried out, they took possession and were delighted with their new abode and its surroundings.

Like many other houses of the period, the front entrance opened into a large hall, with a fine open fireplace and at the further end, a broad staircase led up to a gallery which ran across the entire length. At either end of the gallery were doors, one of which, covered with green baize, gave access to passages leading to the bedrooms.

One evening, about dusk, the couple were sitting in the hall after dinner and the front door being wide open, the gentleman, after lighting a cigar, strolled out and stood smoking on the steps. The lady, who was seated by the fireplace, suddenly heard the green baize close with considerable violence.

On looking round, to her astonishment, she saw a figure in the habit of a Carmelite monk slowly walking along the gallery. He appeared to have a long beard with a cowl over his head, his brown habit being plainly visible in the waning light.

She watched as if fascinated, until he disappeared through the opposite door at the other end of the gallery and then screamed loudly: "Thieves! Thieves!"

Her husband, hearing her cry, rushed in exclaiming: "Where are they?"

"Up there! Up there!" exclaimed his wife, rising excitedly. "I have just seen a man pass along the gallery."

He at once ran upstairs, along the gallery, and searched all the bedrooms, but failed to find any trace of the intruder.

For several nights afterwards, they kept a sharp look-out for the man but nothing further happened.

It was not until a few weeks afterwards, when a friend was staying with them and they were again seated in the hall, when the lady heard once more the green baize door open and shut.

She at once looked round, crying: "See! See! There he is. Look, the monk!"

The others saw the figure of the man in brown gliding along the gallery and the guest recognising the habit, exclaimed: "Why, he is a Carmelite monk."

The house was again thoroughly searched without avail.

The following week-end, they entertained several friends, including two young naval officers, and after dinner when the party had assembled in the hall, the host related the story of the Carmelite monk whose appearance had so puzzled them.

"Oh, it's some man, a gardener probably, who knows some way of getting in and out of the house, playing a practical joke," said one of the officers. "We'll soon catch him if he turns up to-night."

After a consultation, it was decided to stretch a thin piece of cord across the gallery, and secure it to the balustrade on the one side and fasten it with a nail to the wall on the other.

This was done and a strict watch was kept on the gallery all the evening, but nothing happened.

The following night, the cord was again placed in position and most of the party settled down at the card-tables, while the hostess sat near the fire talking to a friend.

The grandfather clock in the hall had just struck eleven, when the hostess suddenly startled all with a cry of "Look!" at the same time pointing to the gallery. No one had heard the usual shutting of the green baize door, yet there was the figure of the monk gliding along the gallery.

"The nail must have fallen out and let the cord fall," cried one of the officers, as upsetting the card-table he with the others rushed up the staircase to the gallery, but they found the cord undisturbed and just as it had been placed. The others scattered through the passages and searched every room, but no trace of the monk could be found.

The apparition so affected the nerves of the lady, that they decided to cut short their tenancy and left the house a few days afterwards.

CHAPTER XIX

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY —GROSE ON 'GHOSTS'—THE APPARITION IN ADDISON'S "DRUMMER"—THE GHOST OF ADMIRAL BYNG

INTEREST in stories of apparitions appears to have revived in the latter part of the eighteenth century when some strange experiences were recorded, many of which were probably fabricated.

Superstitious belief in spirits was fostered by certain divines and some even declared, that the spirits of the departed were employed by the Creator as so many heralds, for the more ample demonstration of his power. Others believed that spiritual manifestations were used as instruments to aid conversion.

John Wesley wrote: "It is true that the English in general, and indeed most of the men of Europe, have given up all accounts of witches and apparitions as mere old wife's fables. I am sorry for it; giving up witchcraft is in effect giving up the Bible."

Wesley's own experience with the 'spirit-rapper' that haunted his house is well-known.

Spiritual apparitions were many and frequent, and it was claimed that through them men were brought to see the error of their ways.

A HEADLESS GHOST

From a print of the XVIII Century

Facing page 185

Grose gives the following whimsical account of the ghost stories of the period.

"The usual time at which ghosts appear is midnight and no ghosts can appear on Christmas Eve, as Shakespeare hath said in one of his characters in Hamlet. As to dress, they usually wear the same as whilst living, though they are sometimes clothed in white and that is chiefly the churchyard ghosts which have no particular business, except to scare drunken rustics from tumbling over their graves.

"Dragging chains is not usually the fashion of English ghosts, and black vestments are chiefly the accoutrements of foreign spectres, seen in arbitrary governments, dead or alive; English spirits are free.

"One instance of an English ghost dressed in black is found in the old ballad of William and Margaret, in which these lines occur:

> "And clay cold was her lily hand
> That held her sable shroud."

"If during the time of the apparition there is a lighted candle in the room, it will burn blue, and this is so universally acknowledged, that many eminent philosophers have busied themselves in accounting for it.

"The coming of a spirit is announced sometime before its appearance by a variety of loud and dreadful noises, sometimes rattling in the old hall, like a coach and six, and rumbling up and down the staircase like the trundling of cannon balls.

"When it does appear, the spectre stalks slowly up to

the foot of the bed and looks steadfastly at the person therein.

" It is universally found from experience, as well as affirmed by divers apparitions themselves, that a ghost has not the power to speak till it has been first spoken to. It has not been found that female ghosts are more loquacious than those of the male sex.

" The mode of addressing a ghost is by commanding it in the name of the three persons of the Trinity, to tell you who it is and what is its business. This it may be necessary to repeat three times.

" Its departure is sudden and is sometimes in a flash of light.

" During the narration of its business, a ghost must by no means be interrupted by questions of any kind. Occasionally spirits will even condescend to talk on common affairs.

" Of blows given by ghosts there are many instances. Sometimes they appear to disturb a house without any apparent reason and with these, the shortest way is to exorcise them or as the vulgar say ' lay them '.

" For this purpose, there must be two or three clergymen and the ceremony must be performed in Latin, a language that strikes the most audacious ghost with terror. A ghost may thus be laid for any term less than a hundred years and in any place."

A reflection of the general belief in apparitions is indicated in Addison's comedy, " The Drummer ", in which the gardener inquires from the butler, how a spirit gets into the house when the gates are shut ?

The butler : " Why look ye, Peter, your spirit will

creep you into an augre-hole. He'll whisk you through a key-hole without so much as jostling one of the wards."

The coachman: "I verily believe I saw him last night in the Town-close."

The gardener: "How did he appear?"

The coachman: "Like a white horse."

The butler: "Pho' Robin, I tell you he has never appeared yet but in the shape of the sound of a drum."

The coachman: "This almost makes one afraid of one's own shadow. As I was walking from the stable t'other night without my lantern, I fell across a beam and thought I had tumbled over a spirit."

The butler: "Thou might'st as well have stumbled over a straw. Why a spirit is such a little thing, that I have heard of a man who was a great scholar say that he'll dance ye a Lancashire hornpipe upon the point of a needle.

"As I sat in the pantry last night counting my spoons, the candle methought burnt blue and the spay'd bitch looked as if she saw something."

After Admiral George Byng had been Court-martialled, sentenced to death and duly shot on the quarter-deck of the "Monarque" in Portsmouth Harbour, on March 14th, 1757, his ghost is said to have appeared in London. It formed the subject of an 'Ode' entitled "Past Twelve o'Clock" or "Byng's Ghost", which was printed as a broadside and begins thus:

"'Twas, now, the 'witching Time of Night!
'When Church-Yards yawn' and ev'ry Sprite,

Glides forth to purer Air ;
St. Paul's with solemn-swinging Roar,
Groan'd out the tedious Midnight Hour,
And hushed the Sons of Care.
When, sick with Thoughts (tho' not of State)
But such as haunt the guilty Great,
And watchfull Centry keep ;
N—— Starting from Repose
Cries, while he snatches up his Cloaths,
That Byng ' has murder'd Sleep '.
Ah ! what avails ill-gotten Wealth,
Or Patents gain'd by Power or Stealth,
For Honours yet to come ?
' Balm of hurt Minds. Sore Nature's Bath ',
In vain I call ! You shun my Path ;
Nay, fly my inmost Room !
' Soft, 'twas a Dream ! They nought avail. . . .
But ah ! who's there, that looks so pale,
So bloody, and so wan ?
' Why do you shake your Locks at me ?
You cannot say 'tis I . . . 'twas he !
Oh ! think I am but man."

CHAPTER XX

SOME SCOTTISH GHOSTS—THE APPARITION OF 'PEARLIN JANE'—THE SPECTRAL DRUMMER BOY—AN APPARITION AND KING JAMES IV—PRINCE CHARLIE'S GHOST—SANDY MUNROE AND THE GHOSTLY POSTMAN

IN the Highlands of Scotland the belief in apparitions is still common, especially in the Western Islands. In Iona, where the ruins of the monastery of St. Columba remain, the people sometimes will not venture out after dark for fear of seeing the ghosts of the monks who were slain by the Norse sea-rovers centuries ago. They declare, that their souls have been restless since the time of the Reformation, when hundreds of the sacred crosses which marked their graves were taken and cast into the sea. When the ghosts are abroad, mysterious blue lights are said to be observed near the burial ground, and in another part of the island, Fingal accompanied by his hound Bran, is still said to walk at night.

Sir Walter Scott, who was an ardent ghost-hunter, thus relates the story of the "Spectral Drummer", a case which excited considerable interest at the time.

"In 1810, Jarvis Matcham, a regimental pay-sergeant, appropriated a considerable sum of money, which had been given to him to pay his men and for bounty for recruits.

" He was summoned to rejoin his regiment from a town where he had been on recruiting service, and perceiving he was under suspicion would have deserted, but for the presence of a drummer-boy who had been sent to accompany him.

" To get rid of the boy, who he thought had been put to spy on him, he determined to kill him at the first opportunity. He carried out his wicked plan in a country lane and changing his clothes, took across the fields until he came to an inn on the Portsmouth Road, where he put up for the night. Before going to bed, he asked to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came in.

" The waiter aroused him accordingly and long after remembered, that when he shook the sleeping man by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke were : ' My God ! I did not kill him.'

" Matcham took the coach to Portsmouth and there soon got a post on a ship and went to sea for several years.

" The vessel on which he served, at length landed him at Plymouth, where he was paid off.

" He and another seaman then decided to walk to London, and set out to reach the metropolis by way of Salisbury. When they had got within a few miles of that city, they were overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm, which was accompanied by such vivid lightning that it awoke Matcham's conscience. He seemed terrified and his companion saw there was something unusual the matter with him. They were still tramping along the road when Matcham stopped and declared to his companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after

him. He asked his friend to walk on the other side of the way, and see if they still followed him when alone.

"He did so, but Matcham still declared that 'the stones were flying after him' and 'what is worse,' he said, in a hoarse whisper pointing to the roadside, 'who is that little drummer-boy there, and what business has he to follow us so closely?'

"'I see no one,' answered his companion.

"'What! not see that boy with the bloody pantaloons?' exclaimed Matcham, with a groan, as he almost collapsed.

"He then told the seaman the story of how he had killed the drummer-boy years ago, and declared that he was unable to endure the agony of mind any longer, and he meant to give himself up. He added that a considerable reward had been offered and wished his comrade to deliver him to the magistrates at Salisbury, as he would like him to profit by his fate.

"Having overcome his friend's objections, Matcham surrendered himself to justice when they reached Salisbury and made a full confession of his crime.

"Before his trial, however, the love of life reasserted itself and he denied his guilt, but witnesses from his old regiment proved his identity as a deserter, the waiter at the inn on the Portsmouth road, where he had stayed the night, came forward and remembered the words he had uttered when he aroused him on the morning he joined the coach. Matcham was found guilty and suffered the extreme penalty of the law."

"This," says Scott, "was a case of superstitious fear influencing the mind after the lapse of years. The terror

induced by the thunderstorm imbued him with the idea of Divine vengeance and that led him to confess his guilt."

The following story of an apparition is vouched for by several Scottish writers.

"Pearlin Jane", according to Mr. Sharpe, was the most remarkable ghost in Scotland and his terror when a child.

This apparition was said to appear at Allanbank, the seat of the Stuarts, and the story was well-known throughout the countryside. When young Mr. Stuart, who was created a baronet in 1687, was making the grand tour before he came into possession of the property, he fell in love with a girl of great beauty in Paris. Some said she had been a nun, while others declared she was a sister of charity. After living with her for some time, he either became faithless to her, or owing to his parents becoming acquainted with his entanglement, he was suddenly recalled to Scotland.

His carriage was at the door of the hotel and he had entered it, when the girl made her appearance and mounted the fore-wheel to speak to her lover. Whether from anger or impatience, he ordered the coachman to drive on, with the consequence that she fell between the wheels and one passed over her head killing her on the spot.

When young Stuart drove under the arched gateway of 'Allanbank' after arriving in Scotland, one dark autumnal evening, he perceived the lady sitting on the top of the carriage with her head and shoulders covered with blood.

Ever after this, her apparition is said to have haunted

the house. Doors shut and opened with great noise in the night, and the rustling of silk and the pattering of high-heeled shoes were heard in the bedrooms and passages.

"Our old nurse, Jenny Blackadder, who had been a servant at Allanbank," says Mr. Sharpe, "declared there were seven ministers called in together to 'lay the spirit'," but 'they did no mickle good.'

"The apparition got the name of 'Pearlin' because she always appeared with a great quantity of that sort of lace.

"When Nurse Jenny was being courted by Thomas Blackadder, they had arranged to meet one night in the orchard at 'Allanbank'.

"He was at the tryst first, and seeing a female figure in a light-coloured dress approaching at some distance, he ran forward with open arms to embrace his sweetheart, but lo, when he neared the spot, the apparition vanished."

There is a curious story recorded of King James IV. of Scotland, when staying at Linlithgow attending the gathering of his army which was subsequently defeated at Flodden. Worn with care and perplexity, the King went into the Church of St. Michael in that town to hear evensong.

"While he was at his devotions, an ancient man came in, his amber-coloured hair hanging about his shoulders, his forehead high and inclining to baldness, his garments of azure colour, somewhat long, and girt about with a towel or table napkin, of a comely and very reverend aspect.

"Having inquired for the king, he intruded himself into the press, passing through till he came to him, and with a clownish simplicity, leaning over the Canon's seat where he sat, said: 'Sir, I am sent hither to intreat you to delay your expedition, for this time, and proceed no farther on your intended journey; for if you do, you shall not prosper in your enterprise nor any of your followers.

"'I am further charged to warn you not to use the acquaintance, company or counsel of women as you tender your honour, life and estate.'

"After this warning, he withdrew himself back into the press.

"When the service ended, the king earnestly inquired for him, but he could nowhere be found, neither could any of the bystanders who divers did narrowly observe him, resolving afterwards to have discourse with him, perceive how or when he passed them, having in a manner vanished in their hands."

Between Kingsburgh and Mucksdat in Scotland, there is a well by the roadside known as 'Prince Charlie's well', from which, it is said, the young Prince drank when on his way to Kingsburgh in company with Flora Macdonald. The following story of an apparition of the young Pretender is told by a Scottish gentleman, who states it was seen by his great grandfather.

"On the evening of the 15th of April, 1746, when he was passing near the well on his way from Portree to Uig, he saw a tall, fair young man dressed in Highland costume, kneeling before it and gazing intently into its depths. On his approaching the young man rose to his

feet and regarding him mournfully, murmured: 'Defeated, defeated, defeated!' Then he disappeared.

"At the same moment, the beat of drums, mingled with the clash of arms, caused my great-grandfather to look behind him, and he saw a troop of soldiers defiling up a narrow glen between the mountains. As he gazed in amazement, they disappeared like mist before the sun.

"On the next day was fought the memorable Battle of Culloden and soon after, that very glen resounded to the tread of King George's troops in search of Charles Edward, and this Prince himself knelt at the well to quench his thirst."

Another Scottish story is related of a postman in Cromarty named Alexander Munroe, who was locally known as Sandy Munroe.

One day a man was found dead on a common which Sandy had to cross in the round of his duties. This seems to have alarmed him not a little and continually preyed on his mind. He imagined that the ghost of the dead man accompanied him on his rounds and even followed him into the town. It would converse with him but it always disappeared when he was with another person. One night on returning from his round, he threw himself on his bed quite distracted, but when his wife came to him, the ghost disappeared although she saw nothing of it.

The interchange of love-tokens, an ancient custom in Scotland, was believed to be binding even after death. This old tradition is embodied in the ballad of "Clerk Saunders", in which the apparition of a dead lover appears one night at his beloved's window.

" Oh ! are ye sleeping, Margaret," he says,
" Or are ye waking presentlie ?
Give me my faith and troth again,
I wot, true love, I gied to thèe.

I canna rest, Margaret, he says,
Down in the grave where I must be,
Till ye give me my faith and troth again,
I wot true love I gied to thee.

* * *

Then she has ta'en a crystall wand,
And she has stroken her throth thereon ;
She has given it him out of the shot-window,
Wi' many a sigh and heavy groan.

' I thank ye, Margaret, I thank ye, Margaret,
And aye I thank ye heartilie ;
Gin ever the dead come for the quick,
Be sure, Margaret, I'll come for thee.' "

Another old belief, that the spirit of a person who has been murdered and whose body has been hidden, can never rest, is illustrated in the old ballad of the " Jew's Daughter ", which tells of a youth whose body has been thrown down a well and his mother, on discovering it, thus speaks to him :

" She ran away to the deep draw-well,
And she fell down on her knee,

Saying, ' Bonnie Sir Hugh, Oh, pretty Sir Hugh,
I pray ye speak to me ! '
' Oh ! the lead it is wondrous heavy, mother,
The well it is wondrous deep,
The little penknife sticks in my throat,
And I downa to ye speak'."

CHAPTER XXI

APPARITIONS AND GHOSTS IN SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS

IN Shakespeare's time there was hardly a hamlet or village in England without its haunted castle, hall and manor, or the story of some weird apparition that had been seen in the churchyard at night. There is little wonder therefore that we find frequent allusions to the supernatural and that he should introduce ghosts and spectres into several of his plays.

He must have heard many of the grim stories and old legends that were told round the firesides on the long, dark wintry nights, which old and young listened to with awe.

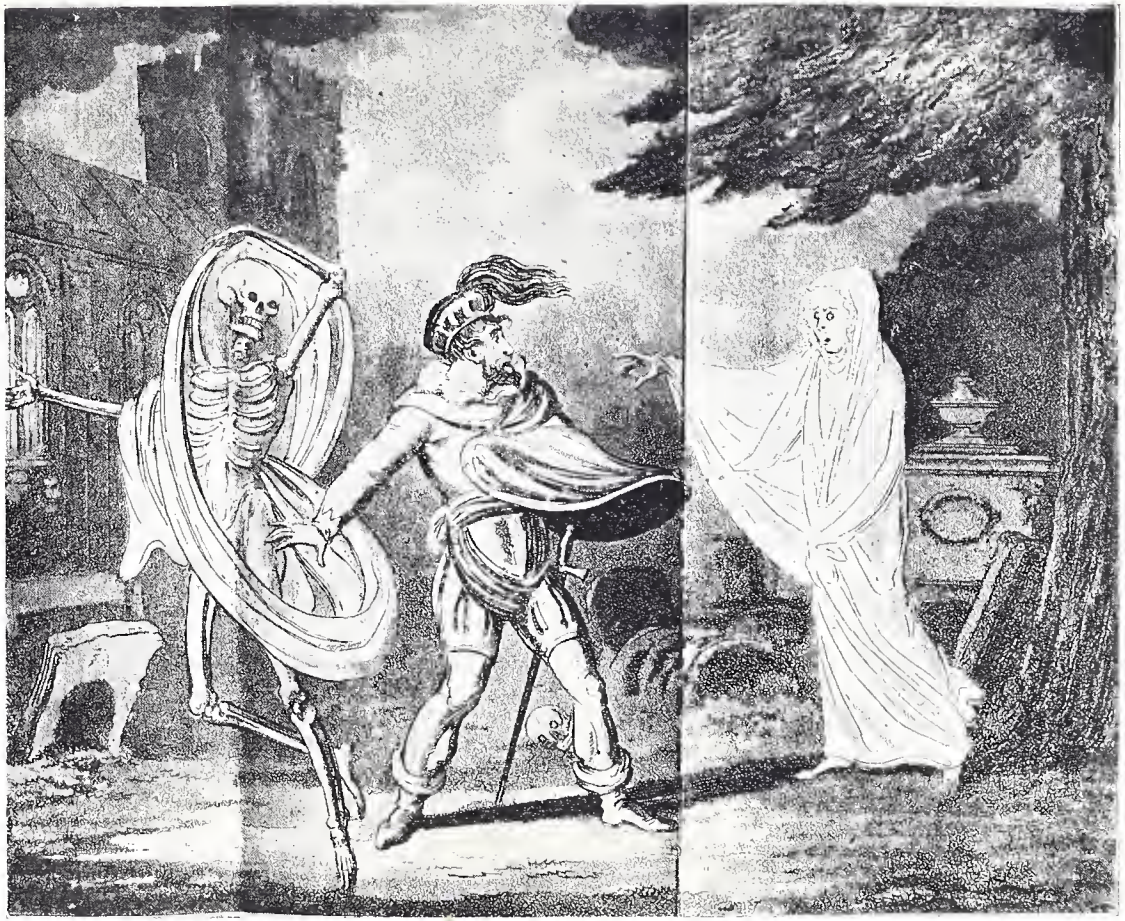
"A sad tale is best for winter,
I have one of sprites and goblins.
There was a man dwelt by a churchyard,"

he writes in "Winter's Tale", *Act II. sc. i.*

In "The Tempest" he introduces the sprightly Ariel, of whom Prospero remarks on her appearance as a water-nymph:

"Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel."

There are also the strange 'shapes' that dance and bring in the banquet.



GHOSTS
IN A SCENE FROM AN OLD PLAY
From an engraving of the XVIII Century

In the " Second part of King Henry VI. " he alludes to both spirits and ghosts, when the former is conjured to appear by the magic of Bolingbroke :

" Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
The time when screech-owls cry and ban dogs howl,
And spirits walk and ghosts break up their graves."
Act I, sc. iv.

Later in the play, Warwick alludes to the common conception of the pallid ghost in vivid contrast to the terrible appearance of Gloster after death.

Warwick :
" See how the blood is settled in his face.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance, 'gainst the enemy
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again."

Then follows the graphic description of the victim's awful struggle in his fight for life.

Warwick :
" But see his face is black, and full of blood.
His eyeballs farther out than when he lived,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man.

His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretched with struggling,
His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdued."

Act III, sc. ii.

In "King Richard III." the ghosts that appear to the king are but the phantasms of a dream, for as he starts out of his sleep he exclaims:

"Give me another horse—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream—
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!"
The lights burn blue—It is now dead midnight,
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh."

Then to Ratcliff, who comes to wake him, he says:

"O, Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!"

Act V. sc. iii.

Another instance occurs in "King Henry VIII.", when Queen Katherine sleeps and dreams of the "six, clad in white with garlands on their heads and golden vizards on their faces", who dance before her.

"Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
'Saw ye none enter since I slept?' she asks Griffith.
'Saw you not even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces

Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
They promised me eternal happiness."

Act IV, sc. ii.

In "Midsummer Night's Dream" Theseus thus expresses his disbelief in ghost stories :

"More strange than true, I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cold reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact ;
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold—
That is the madman ; the Lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt ;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the Poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination,
That if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear ? "

Here Shakespeare places the lunatic, the lover and the

poet in the same category, and the question has been asked, was this his own idea or did he believe just the reverse ?

The last line shows he was aware how the imagination at night can conjure up something terrifying from a natural object, and it is evident from other references, that he knew that apparitions were often due to an illusion of the eye.

In " Julius Cæsar " the exclamation of Brutus, when the ghost appears to deliver its message, favours this view.

Brutus :

" How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou anything ?
Art thou some god, some angel or some devil
That Mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare ?
Speak to me what thou art."
Ghost: " Thy evil spirit, Brutus."
Brutus: " Why comest thou ? "
Ghost: " To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi."
Brutus: " Well ; then I shall see thee again ? "
Ghost: " Ay, at Philippi."
Brutus: " Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then—"

Act IV, sc. iii.

The most interesting apparitions that Shakespeare introduces into his plays, are those in " Macbeth "

"MACBETH AND THE WITCHES"

From the Illustrated Edition of Shakespeare's Works 1709

Facing page 203

and "Hamlet", for he makes them both visible and audible on the stage.

In Macbeth, we have a picture of a man whose mind is worn by conflict between ambition and duty. At last his better resolves give way, and in his excited fancy he sees before him the spectre of his own dagger which marshals him the way that he shall go.

He suffered from delusions of persecutions and may be judged to have had homicidal tendencies.

In his speech to the ghost, it is obvious that he was aware of his hallucinations:

"Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites."

Lady Macbeth: "What, quite unmann'd in folly?"
Macbeth: "If I stand here I saw him."

Then later he says:

"I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing to those that know me."

Act III, sc. iv.

Alderson, who regarded apparitions as being due to a diseased condition of the brain, says: "Every expression, every look in Macbeth is perfectly natural and consistent with a man so agitated, and quite sufficient to convince us of what he suffered, saw and heard."

He points to the well-known passage:

"Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? come let one clutch thee
I have thee not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?"

The working of the same infirmity is shown in the apparition of Banquo, which unseen by his guests, is visible only to the conscience-stricken murderer. His appearance suggests to Rosse some brain disturbance, for he observes:

"His Highness is not well,"

to which Lady Macbeth replies:

"My lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth; pray you keep seat,
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well."

That the apparition was real to Macbeth, is evidenced from his speech to the ghost:

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."

The partner of his guilt, a woman, is made to have attacks of trance caused by her disturbed mind, and in her trance, the exact physiological character of one form of that disorder is portrayed, she enacts a dream which is the essence of somnambulism.

The apparitions conjured up by the witches to the startled eyes of Macbeth, are on the other hand, of the usual superstitious kind and introduced mainly for dramatic effect.

Macbeth :

" Thou too like the spirit of Banquo, down
Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs—and thy hair
Thou other gold-bound brow is like the first ;
A third is like the former.—Filthy hags !
Why do you show me this ? A fourth ?
Start eyes !
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom ?
Another yet ? A seventh ?—I'll see no more ;—
Which shows me many more."

Act IV, sc. ii.

Hamlet apparently at first feigned madness for political purposes and real insanity is only developed after the mock play.

The queen realised the change, if the following passage is read aright :

Queen :

" Alas, how is't with you
That you do bend your eye on vacancy

And with the incorporal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And, as the sleeping in the alarm
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands on end.
To whom do you speak ? "

Hamlet : " Do you see nothing there ? "

Queen : " Nothing at all ; yet all, that is I see."

Hamlet : " Nor did you nothing hear ? "

Queen : " No, nothing but ourselves."

Hamlet : " Why, look you there ! look, how it steals away !
My father in his habit as he lived !
Look where he goes, even now out of the portal !

Queen : " This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation ecstasy."

It is interesting to note how the poet here gives expression to a common idea, that ghosts were wont to appear in the same garb that they wore in life.

The last lines of the ghost's speech are full of the poetry of external nature and of the depth of human affection :

" The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire,
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet ! remember me."

One cannot be sure whether Shakespeare believed in apparitions or not, but he thus expresses the idea in " Twelfth Night " in the words of Sebastian :

"A spirit I am indeed
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate."

Act V, sc. i.

The question may be asked, could Shakespeare have been aware of the psychological and philosophic truths displayed in passages such as have been quoted.

It is natural, judging from our present knowledge of the effects of the mind on the body, that Hamlet, Macbeth and Brutus should have seen and talked to apparitions, as we know that great mental anxiety, the consciousness of guilt and inordinate ambition may produce the effects he portrays in these characters.

That he was aware of the cause of such apparitions is evident from the line :

"Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries."

Lucret, 460.

CHAPTER XXII

CHURCH-YARD GHOSTS—A GHOST RIDES PILLION—THE PHANTOM ABBESS OF YORK

CHURCH-YARDS are generally considered to be the natural abodes of apparitions and many otherwise normal persons have an aversion to passing through a graveyard at the dead of night.

The grey headstones, the white crosses, that appear like outstretched arms, and the dark foliage of the yews, all serve to lend shape to ghostly appearances.

Even in the seventeenth century the church-yard had a reputation for being the haunt of ghosts, and the youth of that period took advantage of the tradition to scare the nervous.

"Unhappy boyes," writes De Loyer in 1605, "make special choice of church-yards to terrify others, because these are helde to be places most suspected for ghosts and spectres to haunt in and inhabit.

"In these places they will sometimes set crevises alive, or tortoyses, and putte burning a candle on their backes and after will let them go, to the intent those that shall see them slowly marching or creeping neere about the sepulchre.

"Next after sepulchres and church-yards, the gibets

A GHOST APPEARING TO MAGICIANS

From an engraving of the XVIII Century

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are greatly feared of the vulgar sort, who do thinke that spirits do haunt and frequent there also."

A story is told of a farmer of Teviotdale who, riding home from a fair one moonlight night, was pondering with some anxiety on the dangers of travelling on a lonely road.

His way took him past a somewhat remote church-yard and to his dismay, on approaching it, he saw a white figure, of what seemed to be a woman standing up on the low wall which surrounded it. The lane was narrow and he had to pass close to it. He slowed down as he got near the spot where the apparition still stood, some times quite still, and then waving its arms and gibbering to the moon.

When the farmer got abreast of it, he dug his spurs into his horse and set off at a gallop, but the ghost, with a quick movement, jumped on the horse behind him and seized him round the waist. This only served to make the horse gallop faster, to the terror of the farmer, who next felt a cold hand like death pressing on his. He managed to hold on however, and at length dashed into his own yard, crying to his man who came out: "*Tak' aff the ghaist!*"

From the horse's back they removed a female in a long white nightgown, and when the farmer got off, he collapsed and was carried to bed in a high state of fever.

The apparition was found to be a poor imbecile woman, who since her husband's death, had been in the habit of visiting his grave at night, where she would weep and wail, or stand wringing her hands on the wall of the

church-yard on the look out for every stranger on horseback, believing he was the husband she had lost.

Holy Trinity Church in Micklegate, York, is said to be haunted by an apparition which usually appears on Trinity Sunday.

There is a tradition that before the Reformation, during the suppression of the religious houses, a party of soldiers sacked the convent then attached to the church.

On forcing an entry, they were confronted by the abbess, a woman of great courage, who declared that they should only enter the church over her body, and should they kill her, her spirit would come back until their sacrilegious work was expiated.

They struck her down, and since then the apparition of the abbess is said to appear in or near the church, especially on Trinity Sunday. Many stories have been recorded of those who claimed to have seen the phantom abbess, and the following was related by a professed eye-witness in 1876.

She states: "In the middle of the service, my eyes which had hardly once moved from the left or north side of the east window, were attracted by a bright light, formed like a female, robed and hooded, passing from north to south with a rapid gliding motion, outside the church apparently at some distance. There are four divisions in the window, all of stained glass, but at the edge of each runs a rim of plain transparent glass about two inches wide, adjoining the stonework. Through this rim, especially, could be seen what looked like a transparent form but yet thick (if such a term can be used) with light. Her robe was long and trailed.

AN APPARITION TERRIFIES THE SEXTON

From a print of the XVIII century

Facing page 210

"About half an hour later, it again passed from north to south and having remained for about ten seconds only, returned with what I believe to have been the figure of a young child. It stopped at the last pane but one and then vanished."

CHAPTER XXIII

APPARITIONS OF COACHES AND HORSES—PHANTOM BIRDS —SPECTRAL DOGS AND ANIMALS—SPECTRAL PACKS OF HOUNDS—THE WHITE DOE OF RYLSTONE—THE GREAT DOG THAT SCARED A REGIMENT

STORIES of spectral coaches and horses that suddenly drive up to the doors of country houses, or are seen on the road and mysteriously disappear, are of frequent occurrence in ghost-lore. Sometimes the team and the driver are said to have no heads, such as related of the apparition of Anne Boleyn, who is said to be seen driving down the avenue of Blickling Park once a year, carrying her 'bloody head' in her lap. Her coach is drawn by four headless horses, and her coachman and footmen are also minus that part of their anatomy.

Her father, Sir Thomas Boleyn, is likewise said to possess a restless spirit that disports itself in a similar manner, for he also is said to have been seen driving about in a coach and four with headless horses, while he carries his own head under his arm.

At Great Melton, on the old Norwich road, is a large field, which is divided from the Yare by a plantation. Close to the edge, where the road is said to have formerly run, is a deep pit of water which is reputed locally to be fathomless.

According to tradition, at midnight, a carriage and four horses driven by a headless coachman and attended by a headless footman, is sometimes to be seen. Inside, are seated four headless ladies, all dressed in white. The equipage rises silently and dripping wet from the pond, glides quietly and slowly round the field, then sinks again into the water and disappears from sight.

This strange apparition is said to be that of a bridal party, who when being driven along the old Norwich Road after a wedding, the carriage and horses together with the passengers were accidentally upset into the deep pond, where they sank and were never seen again.

Similar stories and traditions are connected with various ponds in other parts of the country, all of which are associated with tragedies.

Headless ghosts also play a part in many stories and among others well-known, is the apparition of Sir Joceline Percy of Beverley, who is said to have been seen driving four headless horses in the air on moonlight nights.

Among the large number of cases of phantom carriages and horses investigated by the Society for Psychical Research, is one which Mr. Gurney who investigated it, regarded as being especially baffling. This apparition was seen at the house of Major W—— near Conon Bridge, Ross-shire, on August 23rd, 1878.

"It was rather a dark night and very still," says the narrator, "it had struck midnight, when before retiring for the night, I went as is often my custom, to the front door to look at the weather. When standing for a

moment on the step, I saw coming round a turn in the drive, a large closed carriage and a pair of horses with two men on the box. It passed the front of the house and was going at a rapid rate towards a path which leads to a stream, running at that point between rather steep banks.

"There is no carriage road on that side of the house and I shouted to the driver to stop, as if he went on, he must undoubtedly come to grief. The carriage stopped abruptly when it came to the running water, turned and in doing so drove over the lawn.

"I got up to it, and by this time my son had joined me with a lantern.

"Neither of the men on the box had spoken and there was no sound from the inside of the carriage.

"My son looked in and all he could discern was a stiff-looking figure inside, sitting up in a corner and draped apparently from head to foot in white. The absolute silence of the men outside was mysterious and the white figure inside, apparently of a female, not being alarmed or showing any sign of life was strange.

"Men, carriage and horses were unknown to me, although I know the country so well.

"The carriage continued its way across the lawn, turning up a road which led past the stables and so into the drive again and away. We could see no traces of it the next morning, and no mark of wheels or horses' feet on the soft grass or gravel road.

"My wife and daughter also saw the carriage, being attracted to the window by my shout."

Mr. Podmore, who visited the house on behalf of the

Society in September, 1878, states in his report: "Major W—— is practically satisfied that what he and his family saw was not a real carriage. He showed me the whole scene of its appearance. He spoke to the man but without receiving a reply. He made many inquiries but could not find that anyone had seen the carriage at all.

"The locality is very lonely, there being no villages or hamlets and but few private residences. Major W—— has had one other purely subjective hallucination."

"The disappearance of the figures," says Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, in commenting on the story, "on sudden speech or movement, is a feature which occurs both in subjective and telepathic phantasms, and there could not be a clearer indication of the hallucinatory character of the latter."

A curious alternation in the colour of the carriage, horses and figures, is noteworthy in another story. In this case, the coachman and footmen on the box are described as having *black faces*, while inside were four ladies all dressed completely in black. This apparition is said to have been seen from a window, and passed the house without producing any sound on the gravel drive.

The tradition that the soul after death, sometimes takes the form of a bird and flies to heaven, is one of considerable antiquity, and is common in many parts of the world.

In Egyptian hieroglyphics, a bird signifies the soul of man, and the North American Indians maintain that the souls of their chiefs take the form of small wood-

birds. In Mexico, there was an early belief that the souls of nobles after death, entered into certain singing birds, while doves, pigeons, crows, owls, storks and eagles, have been supposed to be the temporary abodes of human spirits.

There is a story of this description associated with Joan of Arc, and in some parts of Russia, the peasantry are said to believe that such spirits, especially those of children, revisit their old homes and to entice them, place bread-crumbs on a piece of white linen on the window sills for them to eat.

Spectral animals play a part in many ghost stories, and dogs in particular, are associated with the souls of wicked persons.

At a hamlet near Tring, in Hertfordshire, an old woman suspected of witchcraft was drowned in 1751. A sweep who was declared to be responsible for the deed, was tried and hanged near the place where the murder was committed. While the gibbet was standing and long after it had disappeared, the spot was said to be haunted by a great black dog which was supposed to be the visible embodiment of the sweep.

Many years ago, the village schoolmaster driving home late one night alleged that he had actually seen this monster and gave the following account of his experience :

" I was returning home late at night in a gig with the person driving, and when we came to the spot where the gibbet had stood, we saw on the bank of the roadside a flame of fire as large as a man's hat.

" ' What's that ? ' I exclaimed.

" ' Hush ! ' said my companion, and suddenly pulling in his horse, came to a stop.

" I then saw an immense black dog just in front of the horse, the strangest looking creature I ever beheld. He was as big as a Newfoundland, but very gaunt, shaggy with long ears and tail, eyes like balls of fire and large long teeth, for he opened his mouth and seemed to grin at us.

" In a few minutes the dog disappeared and vanished like a shadow or sank into the earth."

Spectral dogs are generally described as being " black, large, and shaggy with long ears and tails ", although white dogs are not unknown among the stories of animal phantoms.

The Welsh have their traditionary Gwyllgi or dog of darkness, a terrible animal described as being like a mastiff with blazing eyes, while the Manx have the Mauthe dog, a kind of shaggy spaniel, a specimen of which is said to haunt Peel Castle in the Isle of Man.

The Mauthe dog was a sociable kind of animal, for according to tradition, he would enter the guard-room of the Castle and lie down by the fireside.

There are several legends of spectral packs of hounds which have been seen careering over the fields in different parts of the country. In the north, they are known as ' Gabriel's hounds ', while in Cornwall they are called ' the Devil and his Dandy dogs '. The latter are described as " monstrous human-headed dogs, black, with fiery eyes and teeth sprinkled all over with blood ".

They are heard yelping through the air where they are

supposed to be hunting the souls of wicked men the moment they quit their bodies.

There is an old tradition associated with Bolton Abbey in Yorkshire, which states that the lady-founder visits the ruins of the building in the shape of a white doe. Wordsworth embodies the story in his poem, " The White Doe of Rylstone ".

" Which, though seemingly doomed in its breast to sustain
A softened remembrance of sorrow and pain,
Is spotless and holy, and gentle and bright,
And glides o'er the earth like an angel of light."

A curious story is related of a battalion of French soldiers, who during the toils and dangers of a campaign in Northern Africa, were making a forced march to relieve a certain post, on a very oppressive day.

Their strength was 800 men, all hardy and seasoned to the climate and noted for their courage and bravery.

One night they halted, and were forced to occupy a narrow, low building at Tropoea which had barely accommodation for 300 men. Nevertheless they crowded inside and exhausted, fell asleep.

At midnight, they were all aroused by terrible screams, which seemed to issue from all quarters of the building, and to their amazement, saw what appeared to be a gigantic dog which bounded in through the open windows and rushed with extraordinary speed over the breasts of the prostrate men.

Jumping to their feet, the soldiers rushed from the building in terror.

The next night on the persuasion of their colonel and the surgeon, they again took possession of the same building.

" We saw," says the narrator, " that they slept. We watched the arrival of the hour of the panic of the preceding night, and twelve o'clock had scarcely struck, when for the second time all the soldiers jumped to their feet. Again they heard the screams and again the visionary hound bestrode them to suffocation. The colonel and myself heard or saw nothing."

CHAPTER XXIV

THE GARMENTS OF APPARITIONS—THE KENSINGTON GHOST IN A TAFFETA GOWN—A GHOST IN A 'TOP HAT'—THE VOICES OF GHOSTS—CORPSE-CANDLES AND MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS—APPOINTMENTS WITH GHOSTS

AN examination of some hundreds of ghost stories shows that in the majority of cases, apparitions are described as being clothed in long white garments and sometimes in robes of 'dazzling white'. Next to white, grey or brown seem to be the favourite colours with ghostly visitants and we have 'grey ladies' and 'brown-clad monks' innumerable.

In practically all records of apparitions, however ancient, their clothing is described, but why ghosts should need clothes unless they have corporeal bodies it is difficult to understand.

George Cruickshank pertinently remarks: "It is clearly impossible for spirits to wear dresses made of materials of the earth. I should like to know if there are spiritual outfitting shops for the clothing of ghosts which pay visits to earth?"

Nevertheless, the senses of ghost seers were generally sufficiently collected to describe, in some detail, the apparel of the apparitions they claim to have seen.

In some cases, the garments worn are well-known to

the person who sees them and similar to those the dead were known to wear in life. In others, we have costumes described which would naturally be affected by persons of the period to which the apparition was supposed to belong, such as the lady in stiff brocade with a stomacher as worn in the Tudor period.

Beaumont tells us of two spirits who constantly attended him, clad in " black loose network gowns, tied with a black sash about the middle, and within the network appeared a gown of golden colour with somewhat of a light striking through it.

" Their heads were not dressed in top-knots, but they had white linen caps on, with lace on them, about three fingers breadth, and over it they had a black loose network hood."

They were evidently spirits with some taste in costume.

Many ghosts take their names from their apparel, like ' Pearlin Jane ' of ' Allanbank ', who is described as always wearing a lace gown of pearly sheen, and the ' Brown Lady of Rainham ', who wore a brocade of that colour. Then we have the ghostly ladies arrayed in silk who made their movements known by the rustling of their dresses. The Banshee of Nigdal affected a green silk gown, and a peculiarity in costume is illustrated in the ghostly lady who appeared at Hampton Court, in a black satin dress and wearing *white kid gloves*. A headless woman who was wont to appear in a certain wainscotted chamber at Walton Abbey, is described as being dressed in " blood-stained garments " and carried an infant in her arms.

An apparition that is said to have been seen in an old

house in Edinburgh is described as a girlish figure in a white dress, " frilled with tiny frills right up to the waist. She wore a girdle of narrow black velvet that fell in loops on the left side, and there was black velvet at her wrists and her throat ".

Of what may be called ' costume ghosts ' there is record of the " figure of a very tall dark man in the military uniform of over a century ago, seen in an old manor house in the Midlands ", and the headless gentleman of Sarratt already described, was clad in a blue coat with brass buttons.

An apparition with a masked face and closely garbed in black, carrying a long axe with a brightly shining blade and wooden handle, was seen in a room of a house in the west-end of London, and disappeared through an open window.

A maid in a house in Kensington declared that she saw the apparition of her dead mistress come into her bedroom, clad in a mauve taffeta dress, a silk shoulder wrap and a black lace mantilla thrown over her hair ; a costume she had seen the lady wear when she was alive.

Apparitions clad in armour are not of frequent occurrence in modern times, but a lady who lived in a curious old building in the centre of the churchyard of a small town at the foot of the Berwyi Hills, tells a story of one that appeared to her.

She states, on awaking one night, she saw the figure of a man standing by her bedside clad in chain armour, very battered and torn across the right shoulder. He was bareheaded and a great lock of hair hung over his brow.

A DUEL WITH AN APPARITION

From a print of the XVIII Century

Facing page 222

He was very tall and powerful, and backed towards the wall and then disappeared.

She knew she was awake and not dreaming when she saw the man, and afterwards she fell asleep and dreamt she was relating the episode to her daughter.

Two years later when a pageant was being arranged in the town, photographs were obtained of the great seal of Owain Glyndwr, who in the XVth century had a camp close by.

When these were shown to the lady, she recognised the figure represented on the seal, as the man in chain armour she had seen in her room.

Apparitions are often described as wearing crinolines and there is a story of one that appeared in a Scottish village in 1887, wearing a peculiar dress of crinoline fashion and "a very large picture hat and carrying a long stick of the Marlborough period".

Another is described by a scientific man, who when staying in an old-fashioned country house in the Peak district declared that he saw an apparition of a lady in "some grey, flimsy sort of dress, glide across the polished floor and disappear into one of the bedrooms. She was dressed in *crinoline fashion*".

Ghosts garbed in hunting costumes are described in several stories, and from an old mansion in Kent comes an account of "a tall gentleman, clad in a brown velvet jacket, cord breeches with leggings and wearing a huntsman's cap".

Another phantom huntsman is said to have been seen near Yarm on the banks of the Tees. He is said to have appeared one night riding a beautiful bay horse and

" dressed in a red coat, white riding breeches, huntsman's cap and everything complete ". Although this sportsman did not speak, he politely saluted the person who saw him with his whip.

Ghosts are rarely described as being fat, but one that is said to have appeared to a maid at Hungershall Park is described as " a *big fat man* in evening dress, with white shirt cuffs hanging half over his hands and wearing a massive gold ring on his finger." He naturally disappeared through the dining-room door.

Peculiarities in ghostly apparel are illustrated in the story of an apparition that is said to have appeared in a country house in Derbyshire, some years ago. It was that of a lady " with grey hair, parted down the middle and rolled over the ears. She was wearing a black silk dress with a small black apron, and on her feet she wore *paramatta boots*, while she carried a lighted candle in a silver candlestick ".

A ghost in a ' top hat ' is also somewhat of an anomaly, but one is described by a lady who declared that she saw " an old man with long white whiskers enter her bedroom, wearing a ' top hat ', and after looking round the room he disappeared ".

Babies-in-arms sometimes find their way into ghost stories, and there is one associated with an old inn in Yorkshire which states that the apparition of a girl is sometimes seen, standing at the foot of a four-post bed in one of the rooms, holding a baby in her arms. She wears a mob-cap and a quaint wrapper of a fashion of long ago.

Other descriptions of costumes worn by ghosts need

only be briefly mentioned. Among them, we have the apparition of a lady seen at Brundon Hall in Suffolk dressed in blue satin; a woman in a "black petticoat, short white tunic and a peculiar cap"; an old man wearing "a cap with a peak and an Inverness cape", who hit a newsboy on the head in a street in a northern town, and the figure of a man in the costume of a cavalier, complete with "plumed hat and buckled shoes" who appeared in a "lonely mansion rich in historical associations".

Then we have the story of the monk in "a white habit who left the impression of his hand on a wall", and the figure of an abbot in "a brown robe", with outstretched hands. There are also accounts of "a very tall man, slightly bent, with a sad face and iron-grey hair, wearing a long black coat", and a "rather short man with a tweed coat and *polo collar* but *no head*". The latter is said to have been seen in a country cottage ten years ago.

In a large country house in Dorsetshire, a woman in black is said to appear wearing a *lot of diamonds*, and in the pantry of an old fashioned house in Norfolk, "the headless form of a man wearing a *brown coat with large pearl buttons*" is alleged to have been seen. In the bedroom of a house in a prosaic street in Kilburn the apparition of "a young man with black hair, in a white shirt, wearing *grey striped trousers with braces*" is stated to have appeared standing at a dressing table, and in the top bedroom of another small suburban house, the ghost of a man "with a highly malevolent expression, holding *a large axe*" once scared the inmates.

Ladies in grey costumes are of frequent occurrence. One who is said to have appeared at Dilston Castle in daylight, is described as " wearing a high-waisted dress, with full skirt falling in straight folds to her feet, while a large grey poke-bonnet almost concealed her face."

D'Assier, who believed in ghosts, offers the suggestion that they actually wore the ' ghosts of garments '.

Nuns garbed in brown and black habits, are also often mentioned in ghost-lore, and a clergyman tells a story of how on a cloudy moonlight night, when riding his bicycle along a country lane, he saw two women " garbed as nuns, in heavy flowing gowns and white bordered hoods ", who suddenly disappeared as he approached them.

Many other descriptions of the various costumes in which ghosts are said to have appeared might be enumerated, but those mentioned will serve to show the extraordinary varieties that occur in ghostly illusions.

Various accounts are given of the voices of ghosts, although according to tradition, they rarely speak unless they are first spoken to. Among savage races, the spirit-voice is described as a low murmur, a chirp or a whistle. Thus when the ghosts of the Maories address the living they are said to speak in ' whistling tones ', but with the Algonquin Indians, " the shadow souls of the dead, chirp like crickets ".

The ghosts mentioned by Homer, gibbered :

" Even a bat's gibbering in the secret places of a

wonderful cavern, even so the souls gibbered as they fared together."

At a later period, the voices of ghosts are generally described as being high-pitched. Sometimes they scream or moan, and at others, strike terror into the hearts of those to whom they appear, by loud and piercing shrieks.

The mysterious lights seen on lonely moorlands known as ' corpse-candles ' have been associated with the supernatural from the time of early Greek mythology, and although their source has long been scientifically explained, they are still regarded with awe in some parts of the country.

Milton in " Paradise Lost " alludes to

" A wandering fire,
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenses and the cold environs round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
Misleads the amazed night wanderer from his way."

There is a story of a mysterious light, locally known as " Peggy with the Lantern ", that has long been associated with the little village of Cammeringham, near Lincoln.

According to an ancient tradition well known in the neighbourhood, in the time of Henry II., a priory

once stood near the place where the light periodically appears.

It was the practice to bury the monks in caves hewn out of the cliffside where the mysterious light is seen. It is said to move along a sloping path which leads from the low land to the caves, and is believed to be the apparition of a monk carrying a lantern, searching for buried treasure.

Corpse-candles are variously described as " a stately flambeau, stalking along unsupported, burning with a ghastly blue flame, or a common tallow dip carried by a ghost."

They were invariably regarded as a warning of death, and when the ghost carrying one was distinctly seen and recognized as a person still living, it was believed that individual would soon die.

In some districts, the size of the candle was believed to indicate the age of the person threatened. If large, an adult was menaced, or if small, it foretold the death of a child. Should the flame be white the doomed person would be a woman, but if red, it indicated a man.

The Welsh called these lights *Canhwyllan Cyrph.* " Candles, we call them," says Davis, " not that we see anything besides the light, but because that light doth as much resemble a material candle light as eggs do eggs ".

Similar mysterious lights are believed to hover near the spots where persons have been drowned, and are said to have been observed on the surface of the water gliding down a stream.

Many instances are recorded of pacts or appointments made between two living persons, that the one who died first should after death communicate with the other.

There is a story of such a pact having been made by the well-known Dr. Pitcairn of Edinburgh. He and his great friend Lindsay, some time between 1671 and 1675, made a solemn pact, that "Whoever dyed first should give account of his condition, if possible".

Lindsay died while Pitcairn was in Paris, and on the night of his death he dreamed that he was in Edinburgh, where Lindsay met him and said: "Archie, perhaps ye heard I'm dead?"

"No, Roben," replied the doctor.

He then told him he was to be buried in Greyfriars and offered to carry Pitcairn to "a happy spiritual country in a well-sailing small ship".

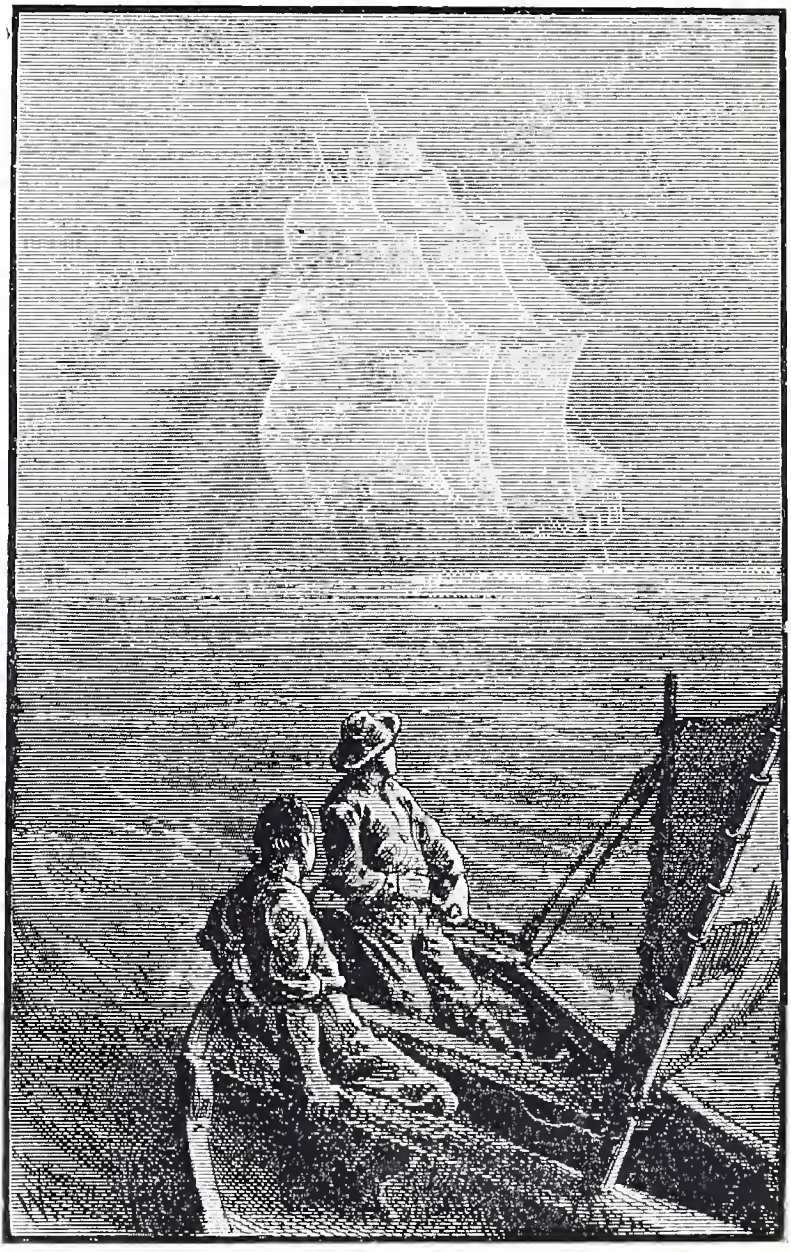
Pitcairn said he must first see his parents, then Lindsay promised to call again.

"Since which time," the story continues, "Dr. Pitcairn never slept a night without dreaming that Lindsay told him he was alive. Having a dangerous illness in 1694, he was told by Lindsay that he was delayed for a time, and that it was properly his task to carry him off, but was discharged to tell when."

The Duchess of Mazarin, who had apartments in St. James's Palace in the latter part of the reign of Charles II., is said to have made a pact with her friend Madame de Beauclair, that if she died first she would communicate with her after death. The Duchess did die before her friend and some time afterwards, Madame de Beauclair, who was in apparently good health, de-

clared one night, that she had been visited by the apparition of the Duchess who told her that between the hours of twelve and one that night she would join her.

She was seized with a sudden illness about midnight and is said to have died shortly afterwards.



THE PHANTOM SHIP

From an old print

Facing page 231

CHAPTER XXV

GHOST-LORE OF THE SEA—THE FLYING DUTCHMAN—THE PHANTOM SHIP—THE STRANGE STORY OF CAPTAIN PYE—THE GHOST OF BILL JONES—LORD BYRON'S GHOST STORY

"THE ghosts and traitors from the bridge descend
With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend,
And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice."

Dryden.

In days of long ago, few ships 'doubled the Cape' without some of the crew sighting the 'Flying Dutchman', that phantom-ship that struck terror into the hearts of the most intrepid mariners.

The spectral vessel is said to have been distinguished by bearing a press of sail when all others were unable to show a shred of canvas.

There are several versions of the legend, which is supposed to be of Dutch origin.

According to one story, a certain unbelieving Dutch Captain had vainly tried to round Cape Horn against a head gale, but he swore great oaths that he would do it, and when the gale increased, he only laughed at the fears of his crew, smoked his pipe and drank his beer. Those

of the sailors who tried to make him put into port he threw overboard.

The Holy Ghost descended on the vessel and the Captain fired his pistol at it, but the bullet pierced his own hand and paralysed his arm.

He cursed the Deity, and was then condemned by the apparition to perpetually navigate the seas without putting into port, with only gall to drink and red-hot iron to eat and to be eternally on the watch. He was to be the evil genius of the sea, to torment and punish wicked sailors. It was he who sent white squalls or tempests and was the cause of disasters. His crews were all the old sinners of the oceans, thieves, cowards, mutineers and murderers who were ever to toil and suffer. His ship was indeed to be the purgatory of the idle and faithless mariner.

" 'Tis the phantom ship, that in darkness and wrath,
Ploughs evermore the waste ocean path,
And the heart of the mariner trembles in dread,
When it crosses his vision like a ghost of the dead."

Ayres.

Captain Maryat has woven the legend into his story of the " Phantom Ship " and Vanderdecken has become a classic figure in the romance of the sea.

Leyden sings of :

" The Spectre-ship, in livid glimpsing light,
Glares baleful on the shuddering watch at night,
Unblest of God and man ! "

Boyles O'Reilly, in his " Songs of the Southern Seas " includes one of the ' Phantom Ship ' from which the following stanza is extracted :

" But heaven help the ship near which the demon sailor steers !
The doom of those is sealed, to whom the Phantom Ship appears,
They'll never reach their destin'd port, they'll see their homes no more,
They who see the Flying Dutchman, never, never reach the shore."

There is another version of the legend which states, that " a certain nobleman named Falkenburg murdered his brother and his bride in a fit of passion, and was condemned to wander towards the north. On arriving at the sea-shore, he found a boat awaiting him with a man in it who said : " Expectamus te." He entered the boat attended by his good and evil spirit and was rowed to a spectral ship in the harbour.

" There he still lingers while these spirits cast dice for his soul. For six hundred years the ship has wandered the seas and mariners still sight her. She is painted grey, has coloured sails and no crew. At night, flames are seen issuing from her masthead and meeting her at sea always portends disaster."

Many stories of phantom ships have been told by sailors in times gone by, but one of recent date was related by the second mate of the "Orkney Belle ", a large whaling steamer, thus : " One evening in the month of January, 1911, when we were about five

miles from Rekjavik, Iceland, I was standing on the bridge with the Captain, and a thin mist swirled over everything.

" Suddenly it thinned, leaving visibility easy, when to our surprise, a sailing vessel loomed practically head on.

" The Captain signalled dead slow and the carpenter bawled from the deck: ' The Flying Dutchman ! '

" The strange vessel slid slowly alongside, within a stone's throw, and we noticed her sails were billowing, yet there was no wind at all. She had a high poop and carved stern.

" All our crew rushed to the side, but not a soul was to be seen on this strange vessel. Then three bells sounded as from a silver bell, when suddenly, this strange craft heeled starboard and disappeared into the fog."

Among the ghost stories of the sea, a strange tale is related by Captain John Pye, concerning an apparition that appeared on board his vessel when trading between Gravesend and Newcastle in 1671. He states that, " on the 22nd of February of that year, we sailed from Gravesend and on the 26th, we passed over the bar of Newcastle and there loaded on the 2nd of March.

" About nine or ten of the clock in the night following, having made all clear and ready for the voyage, I went to rest, when about twelve of the clock, I was awakened out of my sleep by a great noise, which to the best of my capacity, bid me ' Be gone ', but I saw nothing and gave it over for a dream.

" Now after the first day was past, about eight or nine

of the clock at night, I went to rest and about twelve, my mate was striking a light to take a pipe of tobacco, and expecting the wherry to go up to the town, I desired the candle might not be put out and being as well awake, I was then pulled by the hair of my head from my pillow and the same words were said. Then I saw the perfect face and proportions of a man in a black hat, stuff coat and striped neckcloth, with hanging-down hair and a sowre Down-looking countenance and his teeth being set in his head.

"I had then time to say: 'Lord have mercy upon me——! What art——?' at which he vanished, yet the candle burned very blew and almost went out."

Captain Pye then recorded in writing the strange happenings on his ship after the apparition had first appeared.

He says: "There was a brave gale off the shore which continued until half an hour after eleven on Wednesday night, at which time, the man at the helm called out he could not stir the helm, but after I had pulled off the whip-staff, the ship steered as before. Being doubtful of more wind, I caused the men to furl the fore-top but the ship had a list as with a large wind.

"At two of the clock, our men tried the pump but found little or no water in her. The man at the helm called out that the candle burned so blew in the lanthorn, that it gave little or no light and three several times went out.

"Yet the ship did not steer well, neither could I find the reason, being still fair weather.

"Mistrusting that all was not well, I caused our men

to keep the coat of our pump up and myself loosn'd the tack; meanwhile, I ordered two men to loose the boat which they did, being lashed in three places, yet they do not remember that they loosn'd any of them but the middle mast, and with three men in her, the boat went over the top of the foresheet without touching it with such violence as even amazed us.

"And they that were in the boat gave loud cryes as frighted him at the helm, who came running out to me, but finding the ship coming nearer the wind than formerly, I ran to the staircase to bid him put the helm over but could not. Hearing one jump down at the hatch, which was open at the half deck, did suppose that the helmsman came down again, and calling him by his name to come and help me. The word was no sooner out of my mouth, but I perceived the same person that I had formerly seen in the harbour, who came violently to me saying: 'Begone, you have no more to do here', and throwing me in at the cabin door, clear upon the top of the table.

"When I crying out: 'In the name of God, what art?' he vanished away in a flash of fire, I thinking that the ship had split in a thousand pieces, it giving such a crack.

"The men thereupon calling out: 'Master, if you be a man come away', did something to revive me, and striving to have got to my chest, being I had got some money in it, I found that something hindered me but what it was I could not tell. Then perceiving the main sea coming in so fast, that I was up to the waist before I could get out of the cabin. Finding all our men in the

boat but only one, I desired him to get a compass, which he did, yet could never after know what became of it.

" We were no sooner in the boat but the ship sank down and yet having a great sea-fur gown which lay upon the dicker, upon the ship going down, the very upset of the water brought it to the boat's side and one of our men took it in.

" I perceived the fane at the main-top-mast-head when the ship sunk.

" We continued in the boat from three in the morning till ten or eleven that day, when we were taken up by a Whitby ketch, who used us very kindly and towed our boat. She being bound for Newcastle set us ashore at Grimsby in Hull river, where the Mayor gave us a pass for London.

" This is a true and perfect relation to the best of our knowledge in every respect.

" Signed John Pye, Master, and attested by nine men more, all belonging to my ship.

" I had forgot to express, that one side of my face is burnt and blasted sorely, which I felt within half an hour after I was gone out the ship, but how it came upon me I could not tell being then in a great horror and amazement.t'

This strange narrative told in the mariner's quaint words, bears every evidence of sincerity. From his description, it is evident that the peculiar atmospheric conditions preceded a heavy thunderstorm, which might account for the dim burning of the candles. The ' great crack and flash ' was probably an electrical dis-

charge which struck the ship and threw the Captain in his terror across the cabin, while it also conjured up the effect of the apparition, which had evidently remained impressed on his mind as forecasting some disaster to the vessel. It is noteworthy that he was the only person on board who saw the apparition.

Sir Walter Scott relates the story of another ship-master who declared that if he could believe his own eyes, there was one ghost at least which he had seen repeatedly. The incident was told him by Mr. William Clerk, who was chief clerk to the Jury Court of Edinburgh in 1800.

The narrator, a Liverpool man, in his youth, had been mate of a ' slaver ' sailing from that port. The Captain of this vessel was a man of variable temper but subject to fits of humour, dislike and passion, which often caused him to be very violent, tyrannical and cruel. After the ship had started on her voyage, he took a particular dislike to one of the crew, a stout, elderly man called Bill Jones, and seldom spoke to him without threats or abuse, which the sailor was not slow to return.

One day when Jones appeared to be slower than usual in getting out on the yard to hand a sail, the Captain roundly abused him as a " lubberly rascal who got fat by leaving his duty to other people ". Jones replied with such insolence, that the enraged skipper in a fury, ran down to his cabin and returned with a blunderbuss loaded with slugs, with which he took deliberate aim at the sailor. He fired and mortally wounded him.

Jones was handed down from the yard and stretched on the deck in a dying condition.

Fixing his eyes on the Captain, he said: "Sir, you have done for me, but *I will never leave you.*"

"The Captain in return swore at him for a 'fat lubber' and said he would have him thrown into the 'slave-kettle' where they made food for the negroes and see how much fat he had got."

The man died, and according to the narrator, his body was actually thrown into the slave-kettle.

The Captain afterwards bound the crew to absolute silence over the affair, but as the mate was not willing to give an explicit and absolute promise of secrecy, he ordered him to be confined below. After a day or two, he came to the mate and demanded if he had an intention to deliver him up for trial when the vessel got home? The mate, who was tired of the close confinement in a hot climate, spoke fair and obtained his liberty.

When he mixed with the crew again, he found them all talking of the 'ghost' of the dead man, which they declared had appeared amongst them; especially when a sail had to be hauled in, on which occasion the apparition was sure to be out upon the yard before any of the crew.

The mate saw the apparition repeatedly himself and he believed that the Captain saw it also, but he professed to take no notice of it for some time, and the crew, terrified at his violent temper, were afraid to call his attention to it.

"Thus they held on their course and again homeward with great fear and anxiety.

"At length, one day, the Captain asked the mate to come down to the cabin and have a glass of grog with

him. During their talk he said with a grave and serious manner: 'I need not tell you, Jack, what sort of hand we have got on board with us. He told me he would never leave me and he has kept his word. You only see him now and again, but he is always by my side and never out of my sight.

"'At this very moment I see him. I am determined to bear it no longer and I am resolved to leave you.'"

The mate replied that it was impossible for him to leave the vessel while out of sight of land, and advised the Captain if he apprehended any bad consequences, to run for the west of France or Ireland and then go ashore, and leave him to bring the vessel round to Liverpool.

To this the Captain only shook his head and reiterated his determination to leave the ship.

At this moment, the mate was called on deck, and he had no sooner got up the companion-ladder, than he heard a splash in the water and looking over the ship's side, he saw the Captain had thrown himself into the sea from the quarter gallery, and was being left astern at the rate of six knots an hour. When he was just about to sink, he seemed to make a last effort, and springing half out of the water with clasped hands, called out to the mate:

"By ——, Bill! He is with me now!" Then he sank and was seen no more.

Thomas Moore states that Lord Byron used to relate a remarkable story, which the Commander of the packet, "Captain Kidd", had once told him when sailing with him. He said, being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on

his limbs and there being a faint light in the cabin, he saw as he thought, the figure of his brother, who was at that time in the same service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform and stretched across the bed.

Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep.

But still the same pressure continued, and still as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position.

To add to the wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this figure, he felt the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet.

On the entrance of one of his brother officers to whom he had called out, the apparition vanished. A few months afterwards he received the news, that on that very night, his brother had been drowned in the Indian Seas.

Apparitions? asks Byron, in one of his poems:

> "What are they?
> Creatures of the mind? the mind can make
> Substance, and people planets of its own,
> With beings brighter than have been, and give
> A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh."

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROKEN—FATA MORGANA—THE SPECTRES ON SOUTER FELL—SPECTRAL VESSELS—HORSES AND COWS IN THE AIR—A MIRAGE AMONG ICE-BERGS—A STRANGE APPARITION ON THE LAKE OF GENEVA

FROM a very early period the Broken, the highest peak of the Hartz mountains, and some 3,300 feet above sea-level, has been associated with weird legends of apparitions and the ghosts of giants that were said to haunt its rocky tracks.

The romantic region of the Hartz was the great temple of Saxon idolatry, and on the first of May, the spectral forms of the gods were believed to make these mountains their meeting place.

At its summit are some huge blocks of granite called the ' Sorcerer's Chair ' and the ' Witch's altar ', while a spring close by is known as the ' Magic Fountain ' and the anemone which grows here and there on its rugged sides is locally known as the ' Sorcerer's flower '.

For a long period, stories had been told from time to time, of gigantic spectres that had been seen haunting the mountain, and travellers who had climbed to the summit to see the sun rise, often came back with marvellous stories of the strange apparitions they had witnessed.

THE SPECTRE OF THE BROKEN
From Brewster's "Natural Magic"

FATA MORGANA
From the "Journal of Natural Philosophy," 1797

Facing page 242

A traveller called Jordan is said to have been the first to discover the real cause of the illusion, but the inhabitants of the district were unconvinced, and for a long time afterwards still believed the gigantic spectre to be the 'King of the Broken' who appeared frowning defiance on those who intruded on him.

About the close of the eighteenth century, a German traveller ascended the mountain in the hope of encountering the spectre. He says: "In the course of my repeated tours through the Hartz, I ascended the Broken twelve times, but had the good fortune only twice to see the spectre.

"The first time I was deceived by this extraordinary phenomenon, I had clambered up to the summit very early in order to see the sun rise.

"The heavens were already streaked with red; the sun was just appearing above the horizon in full majesty, when the other Hartz mountains in the south-west lying under the Broken began to be covered by thick clouds. Ascending at that moment, the granite rocks called the Tempelskanzel, there appeared before me, though at a great distance, the gigantic figure of a man as if standing on a large pedestal. Scarcely had I discovered it when it began to disappear, the clouds sank down and I saw it no more.

"I saw it the second time somewhat more distinctly, a little below the summit of the Broken, as I was looking at the sun rising, on another excursion.

"In the thick clouds which had been hovering round, I saw my own shadow of a monstrous size move itself for a couple of seconds in clouds and then disappear."

On May 23rd, 1797, another traveller named Haue ascended the mountain with the object of discovering the cause of the phenomenon and he succeeded in completely solving the mystery.

He says : " After having been here for the thirtyeth time, I was at length so fortunate as to see it.

" The sun rose at 4 a.m., and the atmosphere was quite serene. A brisk south wind carried before it the thin, transparent vapours, which had not yet condensed into heavy clouds.

" About a quarter past four, I went towards the inn near the summit, when I observed towards the Achtermaunshohe, a human figure of gigantic size. A violent gust of wind having almost carried off my hat, I clapped my hand to it by moving my arm towards my head, and the colossal figure did the same.

" I immediately made another movement by bending my body and the monstrous figure before me repeated it. I was about to do the same thing once more when the spectre vanished.

" I paid my respects to it when it appeared a second time, and it did the same to me.

" Then I called the landlord of the inn, but saw nothing. We had not however stood long, when two such colossal figures appeared, which repeated the compliment and then vanished.

" Every movement that we made by bending our bodies, these figures imitated, sometimes weak and faint and at others well defined.

" The explanation of the spectres was thus proved. It was verified and found, that when the rising sun

threw his rays over the Broken upon the figure of a man standing opposite to fine, light clouds, floating around or hovering past him, he need only fix his eye steadfastly upon them, and in all probability he would see the spectacle of his own shadow extending to the length of from five to six hundred feet, at the distance of about two miles before him."

Similar spectral phenomena have been seen in the north of England, and an account of one which is well attested, is given by James Clarke in his "Survey of the Lakes of Cumberland."

He states: "One evening in the summer of 1743, Daniel Stricket, a servant to Mr. John Wren of Wilton Hall, was sitting at the door with his master, when they saw the figure of a man with a dog, pursuing some horses along Souterfell side, a place so extremely steep that a horse could scarcely find footing.

"The figures appeared to run at an amazing pace till they got out of sight at the lower end of the fell.

"On the following morning, Stricket and his master ascended the steep side of the mountain, fully expecting to find the body of the man, but no traces of either man or horse could be found nor even the mark of a hoof.

"Their story at the time was ridiculed, but in the following year, on June 23rd, 1744, Daniel Stricket, who had meanwhile taken service with a Mr. Lancaster of Blake Hills a short distance away, was walking about seven o'clock in the evening a little above the house, when he saw a troup of horsemen riding on Souterfell side (about half a mile away). He looked at the figures for some time, then remembering how he was joked

about the former apparition, he went at once and informed Mr. Lancaster that he had something curious to show him. They went outside but before them, Mr. Lancaster's son had seen the horsemen. The family was then summoned and they all saw the figures.

"The mounted men advanced in regular order along the side of the fell till they came opposite to Blake Hills, when they went over the mountains after describing a kind of curvilineal path.

"They moved quickly at a swift walk, and they continued to be seen for nearly two hours, when they faded away in the approaching darkness.

"Many troops were seen in succession and frequently the last but one in a troop quitted his position, galloped to the front and took up the same place with the rest.

"The changes in the figures were seen by all the spectators, also by cottagers to the number of twenty-six in all, who attested the facts."

There are many stories of spectral ships having been seen in various parts of the world and an interesting account of one is related by Captain Scoresby, the Arctic explorer, which he saw during a voyage to Greenland in 1822.

One day, he observed from the deck of his vessel an inverted image of a ship in the air, which by the aid of a telescope he was able to recognise as his father's ship, which at that time was below the horizon.

"It was so well defined," he says, "that I could distinguish through the telescope every sail, the general rig of the ship and its particular character that I confidently

pronounced it to be my father's vessel the 'Fame', that it afterwards proved to be."

These spectral phenomena are produced by the air being more dense near the surface of the earth or the water, than at great heights, and as in the case of Souterfell, were brought about by unequal refraction from one side of the hill to the other.

In the latter case, real troops must have been performing their evolutions on the other side of Souterfell, and the spectre of real vessels were produced in the same manner.

Another type of optical illusion is exemplified in the mirage of the desert which has so frequently been described. It is well-known, the mirage or image is produced by a decrease in the density of the stratum of the atmosphere in immediate contact with the ground, arising from the intense heat of the sun upon the sand, but there is probably also a small amount of vapour at the high temperature of invisibility along with it.

The extraordinary spectacle known as "Fata Morgana" which excited considerable attention and interest at the end of the eighteenth century, had a similar origin, but depended largely on reflection. It was seen on the water from Reggio on looking across the Straits of Messina.

The Italians, who are notably superstitious, attributed the spectacle to miraculous causes and when shouts of "Morgana, Morgana!" echoed through the town, the people flocked in crowds to the shore.

Gazing towards Sicily across the Straits, they saw on the water the floating picture of a city. Gigantic

columns, cloud-capped towers, magnificent palaces and churches, all of which appeared to be floating on the verge of the horizon, and sometimes beneath them could be seen the buildings of a great city.

The following account was recorded by an eye-witness of the phenomenon in 1797.

" When the rising sun shines on the Straits of Messina facing the point of Reggio, its incident ray forms an angle of about 45 degrees on the sea off Reggio. If the bright surface of the water is not disturbed either by the wind or the current, the spectator, being on an eminence of the city, with his back to the sun and his face to the sea, on a sudden there appears in the water various multiplied objects such as numberless series of pilasters, arches, castles, well-delineated regular columns, lofty towers, superb palaces, with balconies and windows. There are also seen extended alleys of trees, delightful plains with herds and flocks, armies of men on foot and horseback and many other strange images, in their natural colours and proper actions, passing rapidly in succession along the surface of the sea, during the whole of the short period of time while the above-mentioned causes remain.

" But, if in addition to the circumstances described, the atmosphere be highly impregnated with vapour and dense exhalations, not previously dispersed by the action of the wind or waves or rarified by the sun, it happens that in this vapour, as in a curtain extended along the channel to the height of about thirty palms and nearly down to the sea, the observer will behold the same, not only reflected on the surface of the sea, but likewise in

the air, though not so distinct or well-defined as in the picture on the sea.

"Lastly, if the air be slightly hazy and opaque, and at the same time dewy and adapted to form the iris, then the objects mentioned will appear only on the surface of the sea, as in the first case, but all vividly coloured or fringed in red, green, blue and other prismatic colours."

This curious phenomenon evidently varied according to three different atmospheric conditions and was produced by reflections on the smooth surface of the water, and one or two more strata of superincumbent air, differing in refractive and consequently in reflective power.

Such apparitions are frequent from the refraction upon mists at particular seasons on the coast of Scotland, and have been observed about the harbour of Cromarty.

Humboldt relates in his "Travels in South America" that when he was at Cumana, he frequently saw the islands of Picuita and Boracha, as if suspended in the air and sometimes with an inverted image.

On one occasion, he observed small fishing boats swimming in the air for a space of three or four minutes above the well-defined horizon of the sea and when they were viewed through a telescope, one of the boats had an inverted image accompanying its movements.

Another traveller records similar phenomena on the borders of the Orinoco, where the river is surrounded by sandy plains. Little hills and ranges of hills appeared as if suspended in the air.

At the Mesa de Pavona, both Humboldt and Boupland state that they saw cows suspended in the air, and

in this case, the spectres were standing erect. They learned on good authority that inverted images of horses had also been seen as if suspended in the air, near Calabozo.

A curious phenomenon was observed by Jurine and Soret on the Lake of Geneva on September 17th, 1818. They saw the image of a vessel alongside a real one, which was approaching the shore on the left bank of the lake. At the same time, an image of the sails was seen above the water, which instead of following the direction of the vessel, separated from it and appeared to approach Geneva by the right bank of the lake, the image moving from east to west, while the boat moved from north to south.

When the image first separated from the boat, they both had the same magnitude, but the apparition diminished as it receded from it and was reduced to one half when the phenomenon disappeared.

Mist, fog and cloud under certain atmospheric conditions, together with reflection on water or ice, all play a part in producing these curious phenomena.

On April 13th, 1929, when the Red Star liner "Pennland" was drifting through a field of icebergs during a dense fog in the north Atlantic, as the fog lifted, the Captain reported that he saw an extraordinary mirage, which appeared like three icebergs piled on top of each other. The mirage lasted for an hour and at times the ocean resembled a sea of ice stretching as far as the eye could see.

According to some accounts, strange happenings are said to have taken place on board the "Waratah",

the Blue Anchor liner, which mysteriously disappeared at sea between Durban and Capetown, on a voyage back from Australia. She was last seen on July 27th, 1909, from which date all trace of her was lost.

One of the passengers who was bound for England, and who insisted on leaving the ship at Durban, declared that three times in succession before he reached that port, a terrible apparition threatened him. What this was is not stated but whatever it may have been, it evidently saved his life.

CHAPTER XXVII

PHANTOM ARMIES—SPECTRES ON THE BATTLEFIELD—THE GHOSTLY FIGHT AT EDGEHILL—PHANTOM ARMY AT GLENGARY—SPECTRAL ARMY AT RIPLEY

THERE are many allusions in early history to phantom armies that have been heard or seen to be engaged in battle. Pausanias relates that four hundred years after the battle of Marathon, there were still heard in the place where it was fought, "the neighing of horses and the shouts of soldiers animating one another to the fight". Plutarch says, that while the battle raged several soldiers saw the apparition of Theseus fighting for the Greeks. This is interesting in connexion with later traditions of the apparitions of great leaders or saints, having been seen in the front of armies marching to battle.

He also tells us of spectres seen and 'dreadful howlings' heard in the public baths of Chaeronea, his native town, where several of the citizens had been murdered and that, "notwithstanding that the baths were then closed, the noises still continued to be heard and dreadful spectres appeared to terrify the inhabitants".

Pliny records that during the war of the Romans against the Cimbrians, the clash of arms and the sound of trumpets were heard as if coming from the sky.

There is a tradition, that when Silla entered into Italy with his armed forces, there were seen " two clowdes or vapours having the form of goats fighting one against another, neere unto the Mount Epheum in Campania, the which, afterwards mounting aloft from the earth did spread and scatter themselves into divers partes, and in the end vanished quite away ".

The chronicler continues : " In the deserts of Libya near unto the great sands of Barbary called Syria Magna, these valours doe make an impression in the ayre of sundry bodies and formes of many creatures, which sometimes will not stirre a foote from the place where they are, and sometimes again will moove themselves verie strangely as if they were either flying from or pursuing of some persons."

Diodorus Siculus observes that " these impressions of forms are of infinite greatness and extending in great length, and that they do bring great feare and perturbation of minde : for they pursue men and after they have gotten to them, they do disperse themselves over all their bodies in an extreame colde ".

Hector Boetius, in his " Annals of Scotland " relates the story of an early Scottish king who thus encouraged his disheartened soldiers to face the enemy. He says, " a certayne Scottish King having lost a battell against the Pictes, found his people so discouraged that they were out of love with the warres. The King being much aggrieved therewithall, did suborne certain persons, who being apparelled with bright shining scales, and having in their hands truncheons of rotten wood (which doth shine by night) did appeare unto the Princes and Chief-

taines of the Scottish army being in their dead sleep; and awakening them, did admonish them to fight afresh against the Pictes. And that they should not be afraide to assaile and set upon them, for that they were sent from God to tell them that they should undoubtedly obtaine the victory.

"This devise wrought so well and effectually, that the Princes and Chieftaines (being of opinion that they had seene the angels of heaven in their dreams) did believe that God would fight for them and in this conceipt and imagination they charged upon the Pictes so lively and courageously, as they both defeated and utterly rooted them out of their own country."

Another story of a phantom army is related by Philip of Comines, who tells how Charles, Duc de Berri and Charles, Count of Charolois, with other Princes and great Lords, were joined together in a league under the pretence of the weale and common good and had besieged Paris; "they were advertized one day above the rest, that the King had determined the next morning with all his forces to give them battle.

"The morrow being come, the Count Charolois and the Princes commanded certaine of their troopes to goe and to espie the countenance of their enemies, and to bring them back certaine report what they could discover of them.

"Those that were chosen to be the avantcarrers did obey this their command accordingly. And the aire being at that time very darke and clowdy, they discovered afarre off (at least it seemed so unto them) a great squadron of footmen making a stand with their pikes.

" But passing on further (as the heavens began to cleer up and waxe more faire) they perceived that in the place where they had thought the King and his men at armes to have been encamped, there was nothing but onely a number of great thornes and thistles, which afarre off did show unto them as if they had been pikes.

" Darkness and obscurity of the night wherein both feare, and the deception and dimness of the sight and the obtusion of the other senses meeting and mingled together, doe cause marvellous effects of false visions of phantomes and of fearfull terrours," sagely concludes Philip.

During the first of the Crusades, when the minds of the men who went forth were raised to a pitch of high-tension with religious fervour, several apparitions are said to have made their appearance on the battlefields and many strange visions were seen.

The soldier as well as the civilian alike beheld signs in the heavens.

In the battle of Dorylaeum, St. George and St. Demetrius were said to have been seen fighting in the ranks of the Crusaders.

Another apparition is said to have appeared to Geoffroi de Bouillon at the siege of Antioch, when a celestial troop of warriors clad in armour were declared to have descended from heaven and to have been led to the assault by St. George, St. Demetrius and St. Theodore.

Again, during the contest at the siege of Jerusalem, the Crusaders stated that they saw a knight appear upon the Mount of Olives, waving his buckler and giving the Christian army the signal for entering the city.

" Godfrey and Raymond who perceived him first and at the same time, cried out aloud, that St. George had come to the help of the Christians."

Several other instances of this kind might be quoted, proving that such hallucinations are not peculiar to individuals, but they may occur also to a number of persons at the same time and that such visions may become contagious.

Some of the spectators who witnessed the burning of Joan of Arc afterwards declared, that they saw the name of Jesus, the last word she was heard to utter, inscribed in the flames which rose from the stake.

Here again we have evidence that patriotism elevated by faith to the very verge of ecstasy, may produce such hallucinations.

There is an extraordinary account given by Lord Nugent in his " Memorials of John Hampden ", of a battle between two phantom armies, that was seen and heard on the field of Edge Hill, some two months after the fight between the forces of the King and those of the Parliament had taken place.

The facts of this case are recorded in a pamphlet which was printed immediately after the events related, on January 23rd, 1642. Herein is given particulars of the " Prodigious Noises of War and Battle at Edge Hill near Keinton in Northamptonshire, and its truth is certified by William Wood Esquire and Justice of the Peace for the same County and Samuel Marshall, Preacher of God's word in Keinton, and other persons of quality ".

" At Christmas time between twelve and one o'clock in the morning, some shepherds and other countrymen

and travellers, first heard the sound of drums afar off and the noise of soldiers, as it were giving out their last groans, at which they were much amazed and stood still, till it seemed by the nearness of the noise to approach them; at which too much affrighted, they sought to withdraw as fast as possibly they could; but then on the sudden, whilst they were in their cogitations, appeared in the air the same incorporeal soldiers that made those clamours, and immediately with ensigns displayed, drums beating, muskets going off, cannons discharged, horses neighing, which also to these men were visible. The alarum or entrance to this game of death was, one army, which gave the first charge having the King's colours and the other the Parliament's at their head as front of the battle and so pell-mell to it they went.

"The battle, that appeared, to the King's forces seeming at first to have the best but afterwards to be put into apparent rout. But to two or three in the morning in equal scale continued this dreadful fight, the clattering of arms, the noise of cannons, cries of soldiers, so amazing and terrifying the poor men that they could not believe they were mortal or give credit to their eyes and ears. After some three hours' fight, that army which carried the King's colours withdrew or rather appeared to fly, the other remaining as it were masters of the field, stayed a good space, triumphing and expressing all the signs of joy and conquest, and then with all their drums, trumpets, ordnance and soldiers, vanished.

"The poor men, glad that they were gone, made with all haste to Keinton and there knocking up Mr. Wood,

a Justice of the Peace, who called up his neighbour, Mr. Marshall the minister, they gave them an account of the whole passage and averred it upon their oaths to be true. At which affirmation of theirs, being much amazed, they should hardly have given credit to it but would have conjectured the men to have been either mad or drunk had they not known some of them to have been of approved integrity; and so suspending their judgments till the next night about the same hour, they with the same men and all the substantial inhabitants of that and neighbouring parishes, drew thither; when about half an hour after their arrival, being Christmas night, appeared in the same tumultuous warlike manner, the same two adverse armies, fighting with as much spite and spleen as formerly, and so departed the gentlemen and all the spectators much terrified with these visions of horror, withdrew themselves to their houses, beseeching God to defend them from those hellish and prodigious enemies."

There were no repetitions of the spectacle for a week, but on the ensuing Saturday night, "in the same place and at the same hour, they were again seen with far greater tumult, fighting in the manner afore mentioned for four hours or very near, and then vanished. Appearing again on Sunday night and performing the same acts of hostility, so that Mr. Wood and others forsook their habitations thereabout and retired themselves to other more secure dwellings, but Mr. Marshall stayed and some others; and so successively the next Saturday and Sunday, the same tumults and prodigious sights and actions were put in the state and condition they were formerly.

The rumour coming to His Majesty at Oxford, he immediately dispatched thither, Colonel Lewis Kirke, Captain Dudley, Captain Wainman and three other gentlemen of credit, to take full view and notice of the said business, who at first hearing the true attestation and relation of Mr. Marshall and others, stayed there till the Saturday night following, wherein they heard and saw the prodigies, and so on Sunday, *distinctly knowing divers of the apparitions or incorporeal substances by their faces, as that of Sir Edmund Varney and others that were slain*, of which upon oath they made testimony to His Majesty."

"This extraordinary story," says Lord Nugent, "was attested upon the oath of the three officers, men of honour and discretion and of three other gentlemen of credit, selected by the King as Commissioners to report upon these prodigies and to tranquilise and disabuse the alarms of a country town."

Another account of a phantom army said to have been seen in Scotland is recorded in 1750, when a farmer of Glengary and his son declared that "they saw a large number of troops of which they counted sixteen pairs of columns at least, and observed many other detailed particulars."

According to their statement, the front rank of the army they saw marched seven abreast, and were accompanied by a good many women and children who were carrying tin cans and other implements of cookery. The soldiers were clad in red and their arms shone brightly in the sun.

In the midst of them was an animal, a deer or a horse,

they could not distinguish which, that they were driving furiously forward with their bayonets.

The farmer's son observed that every now and then, the rear ranks were obliged to run to overtake the van, and the farmer, who had been a soldier, remarked it was often the case.

There was only one mounted officer. He rode on a grey dragoon horse and wore a gold-laced hat and a blue hussar cloak, with wide open sleeves lined with red.

The two men saw him so clearly that they afterwards declared they could recognise him anywhere.

They concluded that the troops had come from Ireland and landed at Kyntyre, but while they were climbing over a dyke to get out of the way, the whole army vanished.

A similar story comes from Lanark, where a phantom army is said to have appeared several days in succession in 1686.

The apparition, which consisted of several companies of armed men, was seen by numbers of people in the daylight on several afternoons in June and July.

It is noteworthy, however, that all who were present could not see it, as the narrator states that one man in particular among the spectators who was turning the matter into ridicule, called to the others: "Damned witches and warlocks with second sight," and declared that, "the devil a thing he could see" when he suddenly exclaimed that he now saw it all, and sought to persuade those who did not see to say nothing.

Another story of a phantom army was related by two farmers, which they observed on Sunday evening the

28th of July, 1812, while engaged in inspecting their cattle grazing on Havarah Park near Ripley, a part of the estate of Sir John Ingleby, Bart.

The names of the men were Anthony Jackson, a farmer aged 45 years, and Martin Turner, a boy of 15 years, the son of William Turner, another farmer in the district.

According to their statement, between seven and eight o'clock on the Sunday evening, they were suddenly surprised by a most extraordinary appearance in the park.

Turner, who first saw the spectacle, exclaimed: "Look, Anthony, what a quantity of beasts!"

"Beasts," cried Anthony, "Lord bless us! they are not beasts, they're men!"

By this time the body was in motion and the two men discovered that it was an army of soldiers, dressed in white military uniforms, and that in the centre stood a personage of commanding aspect clad in scarlet.

After performing a number of evolutions, the body began to march in perfect order to the summit of a hill, passing the onlookers at a distance of about a hundred yards. No sooner had the first body, which seemed to consist of several hundreds and extended four deep over an enclosure of thirty acres, attained the hill, than another assemblage of men, far more numerous than the former, dressed in dark-coloured clothes, arose, and marched without any apparent hostility after the military spectres.

At the top of the hill, both the parties formed what the spectators called an L, and passing down the opposite side of the hill, disappeared. "At this moment a

volume of smoke, apparently like that vomited by a park of artillery, spread over the plain and was so impervious, as for nearly two minutes to hide the cattle from the view of Jackson and Turner, who hurried home with all possible expedition and the effect upon their minds was so strong that for some time afterwards they could not mention the circumstance without visible emotion."

This case is interesting, as the statement given by the men was apparently doubted at the time and was investigated by a local resident, who interrogated the two men separately.

He says : " The young man, as far as he could mark the progress of time, said that he thought that from the appearance of the first body to the disappearance of the smoke, might be about five minutes, whereas Jackson says it could not be less than a quarter of an hour. Turner states that he noticed among the first body, arms glistening in the sun, while Jackson says it might have been so but it did not strike him nor could he recall such an appearance. Both men are unquestionably convinced of the truth of their own narrative."

This story created a good deal of interest at the time, and a writer in the " Tyne Mercury " of July 28th, 1812, thus comments on it : " It is remarkable that most of these opinions relative to witches, giants, visions and spectres which prevailed in unenlightened times, and which civilization gradually explodes are found interwoven historically with the course of things recorded in Holy writ, and there may be found passages in Ezekiel and other of the prophets, where the apparitions

of armed hosts on the hills of Judea are expressly mentioned :

" Such were the warrior sons of heaven,
To whose high care Judea's state was given,
Who wont of old their nightly watch to keep,
A host of God's on tow'ry steep."

Adair tells us in his " Travels in North America ", that having been satisfied by contemplating the general grandeur and sublimity of the Falls of Niagara, he and his companions were drawn to admire the variety of shapes, which the super-impendent vapour assumed beneath the impulse of the wind.

" Sometimes," he says, " it was driven with violence against the rocky mountain to the north and being broken by its projecting rugosities it ascended but with greater rapidity, like an army climbing to storm some citadel on the summit. We thought, as it shone in the setting sun, that we could perceive the glistening of armour and in the prismatic colours we fancied to ourselves the military uniforms of our countrymen. It may be noted in the account of the spectral troops near Ripley that the colours mentioned were exactly such as might be expected from an exhalation just rising from the earth. At first it might resemble, as nearly as possible, a number of beasts and we can suppose that if it remained stationary, any person that saw it would imagine it to be beasts, but as the exhalation changed and moved upwards and was then likened to a body of soldiers. One of the men says it lasted a quarter of an

hour, but the other declares it could not have been so long. A white body was followed by a dark one. The person in scarlet most probably was some part of the sky or a portion of a bright cloud, which would most likely be obscured by the march of the body."

A more recent account of a phantom army comes from China which is said to have been observed a few years ago. When the Changning rebels besieged one of the towns in the Yangtsze valley, the rebel prisoners all declared that when the battle commenced, they saw a large flag in the heavens and in the rear of the flag, a host of ghostly soldiers flying through the air, smiting the rebels as they passed, scaring them out of their wits and thus the town was saved.

A strange story of the vision of a phantom army was recently published in the *Hestia*, by the President of the Greek Society for Psychical Research. He states :

" On May 29, 1828, during the War of Independence, 385 Cretan volunteers under Hadjimichalis fell fighting against the Turks at the village of Thymecambo, in the district of Frankocastello, on the south coast of Crete, where their bones bleached for years.

" Every year, on the anniversary of their death, the villagers see, a few minutes before sunrise, an army of shadows marching in sections through the air above the sea in the direction of Frankocastello, and bearing rifles and flags.

" Mr. Tanagras himself went to see this vision last year, and entirely excludes the idea of auto-suggestion, as well as the theory that it is caused by the shadow of the White Mountains, behind which the sun rises. He

thinks that the 'Drossoulites', as the vision is locally called, is due to the different temperatures of the atmospheric strata, when there is much mist in which distant images are reflected.

"He believes that the mirage comes from the coast of the Cyrenaica, 185 miles distant."

A remarkable phenomenon, which in a former period would doubtless have been regarded as a symbolic apparition was observed in the sky on the evening of Good Friday, 1929.

It was seen by many people from the North Downs and along the Kentish coast.

Just after a beautiful sunset, when the air was very still, a luminous red cross appeared in the pale grey above the horizon. The sky was almost free from cloud, but a few wisps in the west, and one of these of perpendicular form, slowly drifted across the crimson background when the sun had set.

Gradually, another wisp came across, almost horizontal in shape, and drifting over the other, formed a perfect cross, which remained stationary for about ten minutes, and then faded away.

The phenomenon was made more striking by the appearance of a bright star just over one end of the cross.

CHAPTER XXVIII

APPARITIONS DURING THE GREAT WAR—APPARITIONS IN THE SKY—THE ANGELS OF MONS—ST. GEORGE AND ST. MICHAEL ON THE BATTLEFIELD—SPECTRAL BOWMEN—A PHANTOM ARMY IN FRANCE

DURING the years of the war, when the nerves of those fighting at the front as well as of those at home who waited with anxiety for news of husbands, brothers, sons and friends, were strung to the highest pitch of tension, it is not to be wondered that innumerable stories of apparitions and supernatural appearances were recorded.

Thousands of such experiences were related and published by one daily newspaper alone, and the majority of these were very similar in character.

In the majority of these stories, the alleged appearance of the apparition of some relative or friend was followed by the news of his death.

The following case may be taken as an example of many. The narrator states that " I was awakened one night by three figures entering the bedroom ; one in white between two soldiers in khaki. I drew my husband's attention to it, but he could not see anything and said : ' Now, it's just fancy ; try and get off to sleep.' I was going over when they entered for the second time.

I shall never forget it, for I knew there must be something coming concerning my much-loved brother. Three weeks later I had a letter from his officer saying my brother had been killed on the night of my vision."

There can be no doubt that such illusions may be induced by great anxiety, sorrow and fear, or that a preoccupation in that intermediate state between sleeping and waking, will produce semi-dreams which become converted into visions.

Considerable discussion took place in the Press during the autumn of 1914 and the early part of 1915, with respect to the phenomena said to have been seen at the Battle of Mons.

The publication of these stories brought forth many others of a similar character, the veracity of which appears to be unquestioned, and it will be found interesting to compare them with some of the accounts of phantom armies told in the preceding pages.

One story is thus told by a non-commissioned officer : "I was with my battalion in the retreat from Mons on or about August 28th, 1914. The weather was very hot and clear and between eight and nine in the evening, I was standing with a party of nine other men on duty, and some distance on either side there were parties of ten on guard. Immediately behind us, half of my battalion was on the edge of a wood, resting. An officer suddenly came up to us in a state of great anxiety and asked us if we had seen anything startling ? (the word used was astonishing). He hurried away from my tent to the next party of ten. When he had got out of sight, I who was the n.c. in charge, ordered

two men to go forward out of the way of the trees in order to find out what the officer meant.

" The two men returned saying they could see no sign of any Germans ; at that time we thought that the officer must be expecting a surprise attack.

" Immediately afterwards, the officer came back and taking me and some others a few yards away, showed us the sky.

" I could see quite plainly in mid-air, a strange light which seemed to be quite distinctly outlined and was not a reflection of the moon, nor were there any clouds in the neighbourhood.

" The light became brighter and I could see quite distinctly three shapes, one in the centre having what looked like outspread wings, the other two were not so large, but were quite plainly distinct from the centre one.

" They appeared to have a long, loose, hanging garment of a golden tint and they were above the German line facing us.

" We stood watching them for about three-quarters of an hour. All the men with me saw them, and other men came up from the groups who also told us they had seen the same thing.

" I remember the day, because it was a day of terrible anxiety for us. Later on the Uhlans attacked us and we drove them back with heavy loss. It was after this engagement, when we were dog-tired, that the vision appeared to us."

The late Mr. Harold Begbie interviewed the narrator of this story afterwards, and he corrected the time of the duration of the vision to thirty-five minutes.

The apparition of the three figures is further described by others, as having appeared midway between the earth and the sky, over the German lines and facing towards the British.

"They kept growing brighter and brighter," says another narrator. "The faces could be described, but you couldn't see what they were like. Under the feet of the three figures was a bright star and when the figures disappeared, the star remained."

A despatch rider in corroborating the first account says, that he saw the bright light between the earth and the sky, and "then there's the shells. A shell bursts pretty close in front of you, the smoke and dust go up in the air and presently you see in the middle of the smoke —well, it's like a woman and she's looking at you with her arms spread out. I've seen that many times. It's not real looking, but it's there, quite plainly".

A Lieutenant-Colonel gives the following account of a curious experience he had during a night march. He says: "We were all absolutely worn out with fatigue, both bodily and mental fatigue. No doubt we also suffered to a certain extent from shock.

"On the night of August 27th, 1914, I was riding along in the column with two other officers. We had been talking and doing our best to keep from falling asleep on our horses.

"As we rode along, I became conscious of the fact that in the fields on both sides of the road, I could see a very large body of horsemen. These horsemen had the appearance of squadrons of cavalry and they seemed to be riding across the fields, going in the same direction as

we were going and keeping level with us. The night was not very dark. I did not say a word about it at first but I watched them for twenty minutes. The two other officers had stopped talking. At last one of them asked me if I saw anything in the fields ? I then told him what I had seen. The third officer then confessed that he too had been watching these horsemen for the past twenty minutes.

" So convinced were we that they were really cavalry, that at the next halt one of the officers took a party of men out to reconnoitre but found no one there.

" The night then grew darker and we saw no more.

" Of course, we were all dog-tired and over-taxed, but it is an extraordinary thing that the same phenomenon should have been witnessed by so many different people."

With further reference to the spectral figures seen in the air, a private in the Lancashire Fusiliers is said to have given the following account of his experience to a Sister in a hospital in which he was lying wounded. " It's true, Sister, we all saw it. First there was a sort of yellow mist like, sort of risin' before the Germans as they come to the top of the hill. Come on like a solid wall they did. The next minute comes this funny cloud of light and when it clears off, there's a tall man with yellow hair in golden armour, on a white horse, holding up his sword and his mouth open. The men knew it was St. George. Hadn't they seen him with his sword on every ' quid ' they'd ever had ?

" The Frenchies had seen him too, but they said it was St. Michael."

There were many stories current among the French troops of Joan of Arc, as well as St. Michael and St. George, having been seen on the battlefields.

Another vision is described by a soldier in the artillery in a letter dated June 26th, 1915, as being like an angel with outstretched wings surrounded by a luminous cloud which appeared between the advancing Germans and ourselves. The writer further states: "With regard to the stories which you have heard about angels and spirits, they may be right, but of course you must remember that trench work is mind-straining as well as nerve-racking and that may account for a lot of these stories."

An officer related a story which was published in the "Universe", of how he with a party of about thirty men were cut off in a trench, and he decided as a last resort to make a sortie.

"With a yell of 'St. George for England'," he says, "they dashed out into the open." As they ran on, he became aware of a large company of men with bows and arrows going along with them and even leading them. Afterwards, when he was talking to a German prisoner, the man asked him who was the officer on a great white horse who led them?

This alleged incident recalls the old story at the time of the Crusades, when the infidel forces were pressing the Christians very closely, and even the bold and courageous Richard Cœur de Lion seemed powerless to restore the fortunes of the fight. At this critical moment, St. George is said to have appeared mounted on a white horse and led the Christians on to victory.

How a phantom army was seen and the observers were

disillusioned, was told by a lance-corporal when with his regiment in France.

"It was on August 11th, 1914," he states, "when we had almost reached the end of the retreat, and after marching a whole day and night with but one half-hour's rest in between, we found ourselves on the outskirts of Langy near Paris just at dawn. As day broke, we saw in front of us large bodies of cavalry all formed up into squadrons, fine big men on massive chargers. I remember turning to my chums in the ranks and saying: 'Thank God, we are not far off Paris now. Look at the French cavalry!'

"They too saw them quite plainly. But on getting closer, to our surprise, the horsemen vanished and gave place to banks of white mist, with clumps of trees and bushes dimly showing through them.

"Quite a simple illusion, yet at the time we actually picked out the lines of man and horse as plainly as possible and almost imagined we heard the champing of the horses' bits. When I tell you that hardened soldiers, who had been through many a campaign, were marching mechanically along the road and babbling all sorts of nonsense in sheer delirium, you can well believe we were in a fit state to take a row of beanstalks for all the saints in the calendar."

In the majority of these stories it is noticeable that they were experienced by men who were physically and mentally tired out and whose nerves were racked by unseen dangers and anxiety. It is in such conditions that hallucinations and illusions are generally produced, and it is evident that some of the apparitions,

in which light, smoke and cloud played a part, were largely due to physical causes. At the same time, we cannot ignore that the whole atmosphere of the fields of warfare created a feeling, that man was nearer to his Maker than he had ever been before. In the momentary danger of death, the mind becomes excited and uplifted, and such visions as recorded recall religious exaltation. A young soldier was once heard to remark : " This war has taught me, that there is only one thing that really matters and that is God ! "

The question may be asked, how is it that a number of persons together could see the same illusion ? This may be accounted for by the contagious influence of example which applies to many cases already mentioned. A single cry will often alarm a multitude, and an individual who believes he has seen a supernatural appearance can speedily communicate his conviction to others.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE MYSTERY OF THE 'SCREAMING' SKULLS

ALTHOUGH they can scarcely be termed apparitions, certain skulls which according to tradition have supernatural powers, are not without interest.

There are several of these curious anatomical relics preserved in different parts of the country, which are said to emit screams if an attempt is made to bury them or should they be removed from their habitations, terrible consequences ensue.

At Wardley Hall, Worsley, an ancient house about seven miles from Manchester, a skull is still preserved, which is said to be that of Roger Downe, who is described as having been one of the most dissolute frequenters of the Court of Charles II.

After a reckless career of crime, Roger, who was the last representative of his family, was killed in a drunken brawl on London Bridge, his head being severed from his body by a Watchman with his bill. The body was thrown into the Thames, but the head was packed in a box and sent as a *memento mori* to his sister at Wardley. It is said to have been kept at the Hall ever since, and none of the later tenants were allowed to remove it.

Roby, in his " Traditions of Lancashire ", after relating the story of the decapitated head and how it came to

be sent to Wardley, states: "The skull was removed secretly at first, but it invariably returned to the Hall and no human power could drive it thence. It hath been riven to pieces, burnt and otherwise destroyed, but on the subsequent day it was seen filling its wonted place."

It was usually kept in a little locked recess in the staircase wall and the occupiers of the Hall would never allow it to be removed. It never fails to punish the individual who dares to even attempt to remove it, and according to tradition, when it has been removed and thrown in the neighbouring pond or buried, it was sure to return, so that in the end, each succeeding tenant was fain to endure its presence, rather than be subject to the terrors and annoyances consequent upon its removal.

The terrible skull would not even permit the square aperture in the wall to be glazed without creating a disturbance.

In Harland and Wilkinson's "Lancashire Legends" one of the writers states that when he visited the Hall in October, 1861, and held the old skull in his hands, he found that the bone of the lower jaw had become detached, but there was no sign of violence about the skull. He found that a locked door concealed at once the square aperture and its fearful tenant. At that time, two keys were provided for this place of the skull, one being kept by the tenant of the Hall and the other by the Countess of Ellesmere, who then owned the property.

Thomas Barritt, the Manchester antiquary who paid a visit to the skull, left the following account among his manuscripts of his impressions: "A human skull which

time out of mind hath had a superstitious veneration paid to it, the occupiers of the Hall not permitting it to be removed from its situation, which is on the topmost step of a staircase. There is a tradition that if removed or ill-used, some uncommon noise and disturbance always follows to the terror of the whole house.

"Some years ago, I and three of my acquaintances went to view it, and found it bleached white with weather that beats in upon it from a four-square window in the hall. The tenants never permit it to be glazed or filled up. However, one of us who was last in company with the skull, removed it from its place into a dark part of the room, and then left it and returned home.

"The night but one following, such a storm arose about the house, of wind and lightning, as tore down some trees. We hearing of this, my father went over in a few days to witness the wreckage the storm had made. Yet all this might have happened had the skull never been removed."

H. Vaughan Hart-Davis, however, in his "History of Wardley Hall" discounts these legends and says that, the skull cannot have been that of Roger Downes, as he was buried in the family vault at Wigan in 1676. The coffin was opened about the end of the eighteenth century and his skeleton was found in perfect condition, with exception of the skull, the upper portion of which had apparently been sawn off just above the eyes.

He believes that the skull, still preserved in a niche on the stair-case landing at the Hall, to be that of Edward Ambrose Barlow, a Benedictine monk and the son of Sir Alexander Barlow of Barlow Hall, who was born in

1558. He was educated at the English monastery at Douai and returned to his native county as a missioner, and ministered as a priest in private and secret, in the chapels of Wardley and Morley.

On Easter Sunday, April 26th, 1641, when preaching in the private chapel at Morley Hall, the place was besieged by a mob armed with clubs and swords, headed by the Protestant vicar of Eccles and Barlow was arrested. He was hailed before a Justice of the Peace who sent him with an escort of sixty armed men to Lancaster.

"On the 7th of September, freely confessing his priesthood, he was sentenced to be hung, drawn and quartered, which sentence was duly carried out on the 10th of September."

"Wardley Hall was then owned by Francis Downes, who secretly secured the head which was impaled at Lancaster Castle or the old church of Manchester, and hid it, not daring to show his Romish sympathies. In 1745, Matthew Morton, a later tenant of the Hall, while making some internal alterations in the building, discovered a box hidden in a wall. This chest contained the skull which he kept in an upper room.

The various ghostly stories that were afterwards woven round the relic are said to have originated as follows. One day, a servant who was cleaning the room where the skull was kept, thinking it was useless and was that of some animal, threw it out of the window into the moat. The same night a terrible storm arose and the master of the house attributed it to the indignity done to the skull.

He had the moat drained, the skull recovered and returned to its place, where it still remains.

Sometime later, it is said a farm-labourer employed at the Hall used to divert himself by dragging weights and chains along the upper floors which caused some consternation among the occupants, who firmly believed the noises to be supernatural and connected them with the skull, until the real cause of the ghostly disturbances was discovered.

Another skull with similar traditions is located far away in Dorsetshire, in an old farmstead called Bettiscombe House, near Bridport.

This skull, which is said to be that of a negro, a faithful black servant of an early possessor of the property who had lived abroad, is believed to have extraordinary powers. According to the story, if it is removed from the house, the building itself rocks to its foundations and the person who removes it, will certainly die within the year. If any attempt is made to bury it, the skull gives forth terrible screams and for this reason, it has long been known as the " screaming skull ".

Various tenants have occupied the house and although the furniture has been changed again and again, the skull still remains.

There is another tradition that the negro, whose skull it is said to have been, was the servant of a Roman Catholic priest in the neighbourhood. Some quarrel or difference arose between them and one was murdered. Which of the two survived is not clear, but according to the story, the negro declared before his death, that his spirit would not rest unless his body was taken to his

native land for burial. This was not carried out and after he was interred in the churchyard at Bettiscombe the trouble began.

Terrible screams proceeded from the grave, the doors and windows of the house rattled and creaked, strange sounds were heard and there was no rest for the inmates until the body was dug up. Several attempts were afterwards made to re-inter the negro's remains but directly this was done, the disturbances and noises commenced again. In process of time, most of the skeleton disappeared until nothing but the skull was left to carry on the grim tradition.

In August, 1883, the late Sir Richard Garnett, accompanied by his daughter and a friend, paid a visit to Bettiscombe House for the purpose of seeing the skull, and Miss Garnett gives the following account of it.

"We hoped to discover the skull and investigate its history. This much we knew, that the skull would only scream when it was buried, so we hoped to get leave to inter it in the churchyard.

"The tenant was very reticent about the skull, of which she had had to take possession with the house which she had recently come to occupy.

"We persuaded her to allow us to see it and we tramped up the fine old staircase till we reached the top of the house, when opening a cupboard door, she showed us a steep winding staircase leading to the roof and from one of the steps, the skull sat grinning at us. It was very old and weather-beaten and certainly human. The lower jaw was missing and the forehead was very low and badly proportioned."

Miss Garnett further states that by no amount of persuasion could they prevail upon the tenant to allow them to try and bury it in the churchyard or to remove it, so they had to depart without testing the truth of the legend.

Still more remarkable powers are attributed to the Derbyshire skull locally known as 'Dickie', which was preserved at a farm-house at Tunstead, about a mile and a half from Chapel-en-le-Frith. How long it has been located there no one can tell and to whose skeleton it belonged is also a mystery. There is a local tradition, it was the skull of a young woman of wealth, a co-heiress, who lived in the district some centuries ago. She was murdered and in her dying moments declared that her bones should ever remain in the place.

John Hutchinson, referring to the skull in 1809, states: "The skull has always been said to be that of a female, but why it should have been given a name belonging to the male sex seems somewhat anomalous; still not more wonderful than many, if not all, of its very singular pranks and services. Hundreds of the inhabitants of the locality, for miles round, have full and firm faith in its mystical performances.

"It is believed that if the skull be removed, everything on the farm will go wrong; the cows will be dry and barren, the sheep have the rot, the horses will fall down and break their knees and other misfortunes will happen."

When he visited it, he says that he found the skull in three parts, which he traced to have been on the premises for nearly two centuries during all the revolutions of owners and tenants in that time.

" Though I had been informed by a credible person, a Mr. Adam Fox, who was brought up in the house, that he had not only repeatedly heard singular noises and observed very extraordinary circumstances, but can produce fifty persons within the parish who has seen an apparition at this place. He has often found the doors opening to his hand. The servants have been repeatedly called up in the morning and many good offices have been done by the apparition at different times. It is indeed looked upon more as a guardian spirit than a terror to the family.

" Twice within the memory of man, the skull has been taken from the premises ; once on building the present house on the site of the old one, and another time, when an attempt was made to bury it in Chapel churchyard. But there was no peace, no rest ! It had to be replaced. On examining the parts of the skull they did not appear to be the least decayed."

When the London and North-Western Railway to Manchester was being made, the foundations of a bridge gave way in the yielding sand and bog on the side of the reservoir, and after several attempts to build the bridge had failed, it was found necessary to divert the highway and pass it under the railway on higher ground. These engineering failures were all attributed to the malevolent influence of the skull. When the road was diverted it was bridged successfully because it was no longer " Dickie's " territory.

This incident which excited much interest in the district, inspired Samuel Laycock, a Lancashire poet, to inscribe the following :

"ADDRESS TO 'DICKIE'"

An unburied skull in a window at Tunstead Farm, said to be opposed to the new line of railway from Whaley Bridge to Buxton.

1863

"Neaw, Dickie, be quiet wi' thee lad,
An' let navvies and railways a be;
Mon, tha shouldn't do soa—it's t' bad,
Whar harm are they doin' to thee?
Dead folk shou'dn't meddle at o',
But leov o' these matters to th' wick,
They'll see they're done gradely aw know—
Dos't t' yer what aw say to thee, Dick?

"Neaw dunna go spoil 'em i' th' dark,
What 'e cost so mich labber an' thowt;
Iv tha'll let 'em go on wi' their wark,
Tha shall ride deawa to Buxton for nowt,
An' be a 'director', too mon,
Get thi beaf an' the bottles o' wine,
An' mah' as much brass as tha con,
Eawt o' th' London an' Northwestern line."

Near Turton Tower in Lancashire, there is a farmhouse known as Timberbottom or the "Skull House" where two skulls were kept. One of them was much decayed, and the other appeared to have been cut through by a blow from some sharp instrument.

There is a tradition that these skulls must be kept in

the house, otherwise the inmates will never cease to be disturbed.

Many years ago they are said to have been buried in the graveyard at Bradshaw Chapel, but they have always had to be exhumed and brought back to the farmhouse.

They have even been thrown into the adjacent river, but to no purpose, for they had to be fished up and restored to their old quarters before the ghosts of their owners could once more rest in peace.

Another skull having similar traditions was preserved at Burton Agnes Hall in the East Riding of Yorkshire. It is said to be the skull of Anne Griffiths, the daughter of Sir Henry Griffiths, who was in possession of the Hall in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Anne with her two sisters, were co-heiresses of the estate and one night when walking in the grounds she was attacked by two ruffians and so maltreated that she died of her injuries shortly afterwards.

In her last moments, she implored her sisters to have her head severed from her body after death and to preserve it within the walls of her home for all time. " Never let it be removed," she begged, " and if my desire is not fulfilled, my spirit shall render the house unhabitable for human beings."

Thinking that her mind had become deranged, her sisters did not carry out her request after she died and her body was interred in the churchyard.

Not long afterwards, extraordinary happenings occurred in the Hall, and inexplicable noises, groans and shrieks that went on nightly, made sleep impossible.

After a while, the sisters consulted the vicar and told him the story, and he recommended that the grave should be opened and the head removed and brought to the Hall. When this had been done, all the noises ceased, but whenever the skull has been removed the disturbances begin anew.

A later owner of the Hall at one time decided it should be buried in the garden. Upon its removal however, everything went wrong on the estate, and it was eventually dug up and brought back to the Hall, placed in a cupboard and walled in, after which, all is said to have gone well. "No longer were dismal cries heard in the night nor accidents take place by day."

Another skull to which similar powers are attributed, is preserved at Higher Chilton Farm at Chilton Cantelo in Somersetshire. It is said to be that of one Theophilus Brome, who died in 1670, whose body was buried in the Church, but his skull was kept in one of the living rooms at the farm. When any attempt has been made to bury it, terrible noises are said to be heard in the house.

THE SKULL AT WARDLEY HALL

CHAPTER XXX

SOME QUAINT IDEAS OF THE ORIGIN OF GHOSTS—SPIRITS OF THE DEAD DISTILLED FROM EARTH—GHOSTS FROM HUMAN BLOOD—'SPIRITS' IN BOTTLES

GOING back to the past, Lucretius, in the first century before the Christian era, attacked the idea of ghosts, by maintaining that they were not spirits returned from the dead, but nothing more than mere films or membranes cast off from the surface of all bodies. This theory was revived in the seventeenth century in the doctrine of palingenesy or the resurrection of plants, an idea which was exploited by Sir Kenelm Digby, Gaffarel and others.

They believed that if a plant was bruised and burnt, a salt could be extracted from the ashes which when put into a flask and mixed with a secret substance, by means of gentle heat, it could be gradually re-formed with stem, leaves and flowers.

Butler alludes to this belief in the lines :

"If chemists from a rose's ashes
Can raise the rose itself in glasses."

An experiment of the kind is said to have been actually demonstrated before the Royal Society in London.

This doctrine came to be applied in connection with the existence of ghosts, in the belief that when a dead body had been buried, the salts it contained during the heating process of fermentation, were exhaled. The saline particles then each resumed the same relative situation they had held in the living body, and thus a complete human form was induced.

This was the explanation offered for apparitions and ghosts that frequented church-yards.

The blood was believed to be the source of the saline particles which gave rise to apparitions of the human form, and there are several stories of strange experiments which were carried out by some French chemists in support of this doctrine.

One is said to have been carried out by a chemist named La Pierre who had a laboratory in the Temple in Paris, where he received from a bishop a quantity of human blood in order to carry out his experiments.

He commenced his operations on a Saturday and continued them for a week with " divers degrees of fire. About midnight, the Friday following, when lying in his chamber which was next to the laboratory, betwixt sleeping and waking, he heard a terrible noise like unto the lowing of kine or the roaring of a lion, and continuing quiet after the sound had ceased in the laboratory, the moon being at the full and by shining enlightening the chamber, suddenly, betwixt himself and the window, he saw a thick little cloud, condensed into an oval form which after, little by little, did seem completely to put on the shape of a man and making another and a sharp clamour, did suddenly vanish.

And not only some noble persons in the next chamber but also the host and his wife lying in a lower room, and also the neighbours dwelling in the opposite side of the street, did distinctly hear as well, the bellowing of the voice.

"But the chemist said, that in this he found solace, because the bishop of whom he had it did admonish him, that if any of them from whom the blood was extracted should die in the time of its putrefaction, his spirit was wont often to appear to the sight of the operator with perturbation."

According to the story the sequel was even more extraordinary, for "on the Saturday following, the chemist took the retort from the furnace and broke it with the light stroak of a little key, and there in the remaining blood, found the perfect representation of a human head, agreeable in face, eyes, nostrils, mouth and hair, that was somewhat thin and of a golden colour".

Webster states that the noble person who attested this story was the Lord of Bourdalone, chief secretary to the Duc de Guise.

There is another story of three French chemists, who in the belief that the spirits of the dead could be produced from the earth in which bodies had lain, collected a quantity of mould from the Church of St. Innocents in Paris. Having subjected it to distillation, they declared they perceived in the glass vessels, the forms of men.

The subject was investigated by the Institute of Paris, and excited considerable interest at the time, with the result that other chemists carried out experiments in various directions.

One of them had a terrible experience which is related as follows :

" Having pounded in a mortar the skull of a malefactor who had recently been executed, he left the powder on some paper on the table. He was awoke about midnight by a noise which compelled him to rise. The noise continued about the table without any visible agent, and at length he traced it to the powder, in the midst of which he now beheld to his unspeakable dismay, a small head with open eyes staring at him. Presently, two branches appeared which formed into arms and hands ; then the ribs became visible, which were soon clothed with muscles and integuments, next, the lower extremities sprouted out and when they appeared perfect, the puppet (for his size was small) reared himself on his feet ; instantly his clothes came upon him, and he appeared in the very cloak he wore at his execution. The affrighted experimenter, meanwhile, was mumbling his prayers and thinking of nothing so much as how he should escape from this revived ruffian."

This story is reminiscent of the accounts of the homunculi generated by Count Kueffstein in the Tyrol in 1775.

These beings, or spirits, are said to have been made by the Count and the Abbé Geloni, an Italian, in the space of five weeks, and swam about in strong glass bottles filled with water, the mouths of which were covered with ox-bladders and sealed with a magic seal. They were about a span long, and the Count being very anxious that they should grow, buried them under two cartloads of horse manure, thus carrying out the directions of

Paracelsus who had experimented in like manner two centuries previously.

After the bottles were removed, sometime later, they were found to have grown to be about one and a half a span long. They had grown heavy beards, and the nails of their fingers and toes had grown a great deal.

One bottle contained what the Count called the red spirit, and another the blue, although the contents of each seemed to be clear water, but whenever the Abbé knocked three times at the seal over the bottles, speaking at the same time some Hebrew words, the water in one bottle began to turn blue and the other red, and the blue and red spirits would show their faces, first very small, but growing in proportions until they attained the size of an ordinary human face. The red spirit was fed by the Count about once every three or four days with some rose-coloured substance which he kept in a silver box, and once every week the water was changed with pure rain water. (Paracelsus fed his homunculi on human blood.) "The blue spirit however was never fed nor was the water changed, but the red one received a thimble full of fresh blood from a chicken, once a week."

In the course of time, we are told these spirits grew to be about two spans long.

"The bottles were carried to the place where the Masonic lodge of which the Count was the presiding master met, and during the meetings the spirits gave prophecies about future events."

In his later years, the Count became anxious for the salvation of his soul and considered it incompatible with

the requirements of his conscience, to keep these spirits any longer, but how he got rid of them the chronicler fails to relate.

There was another doctrine, that fancy or imagination could influence the animal spirits of others, so as to induce a corresponding influence in the heart, then regarded as the seat of the affections. This idea was maintained by Paracelsus and Cardan. Thus the effect of the 'evil eye' was explained, through the forcible imagination of one person moving and altering the spirit of another.

Lavater conceived that the imagination of one individual could act upon that of another, as to produce by this operation, a vivid idea of the visible shape of the person from whom this influence emanated. "Thus the imagination of a sick person who deeply longs to behold some dear and absent friend, can so act upon the mind of the same friend, as to produce an idea, vivid enough to appear like a reality."

Professor Meyer of the University of Halle in 1748, in support of this idea says: "Suppose that I have lost a parent, whom I have loved and whom I have seen and spoken to an infinity of times. Having perceived him often, I have consequently preserved the material figure and perception of him in the brain. For this is possible even after death. By some intimate yet unknown relation therefore, which the figure may have to my body, it may touch the optic or acoustic nerves. In the very moment then, that my nerves are affected, in the same manner that they formerly were when I saw or listened to my living friend, I shall be necessarily induced to

believe that I really see or hear him as if he were present."

Others expressed the belief that ghosts were the result of the direct agency of the devil, an idea that doubtless originated from the practise of magic in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

CHAPTER XXXI

CASES AND EXPERIENCES RELATED BY SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATORS IN THE XVIIIth AND XIXth CENTURIES—SIR DAVID BREWSTER ON THE CAUSE OF APPARITIONS—THE CASE OF LORD CASTLEREAGH

TOWARDS the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century, a number of investigators, among whom were some of the greatest thinkers of the time, gave considerable attention to the subject of apparitions.

Men began to recognise that the spectral appearances and many of the ghost stories that were commonly believed to be authentic, were mainly due to physical or meta-physical causes and that they were in no way supernatural.

As a rule, people who claim to have seen apparitions are not easily to be persuaded that the spectres they saw were simply the creatures of their senses. You may tell them of the impostures that are frequently practised, and the fallacy which may lead us to take a phantom of our imagination, by a dim light, for a dead person, but they are not convinced.

With the view of showing how easily we may be misled and with what delusive facility the imagination can exhibit, even to those having the perfect use of their

senses, the following experiences related by some of the earlier scientific investigators, will be found interesting and valuable.

One of the first to record his investigations was Dr. Alderson, who relates several curious cases that came under his notice. His conclusions and those of other investigators, which we shall review, are well worthy of consideration, especially on account of the remarkable cases which were brought under their own observation.

Alderson claimed to have established the reality of apparitions and to have proved that they were due to physical causes. "Such phenomena," he states, "are not caused by the perturbed spirits of the departed but are due to the diseased organisation of the living."

He recognised delirium, somnambulism and reverie as being causes distinct from delusions. "In the first instance, the patient neither knows where he is nor what he does, except for a few moments when violently aroused. In the second, there are certain voluntary motions performed without the somnambulist being sensible of volition, and third in reverie, the mind is so fully absorbed in its own particular train of thoughts, that the person takes no interest whatever in anything around him.

"I was called in," he says, "to see a Mr. ——, who at that time kept a dram-shop having at different times attended him. He told me that about a week or ten days previously, after drawing some liquor in his cellar for a girl, he desired her to take away the oysters which lay upon the floor and which he supposed she had dropped. The girl, thinking him drunk, laughed at him

and went out. He was going out of the cellar, when at the door he saw a soldier whose looks he did not like, attempting to enter the room. He desired to know what he wanted there, and upon receiving no answer but as he thought a menacing look, he sprang forward to seize the intruder but to his no small surprise found it a phantom. Cold sweat came on his brow and he trembled in every limb. It was the dusk of the evening as he passed along the passage and the phantom flitted before his eyes.

"He hastened to his family and during the night was terrified by a variety of spectres, some of whom had been long dead.

"In other ways he was perfectly rational and steady.

"While I was writing a prescription, I saw him suddenly get up and go with a hurried step to the door. He said he had seen the soldier enter.

"On going into the particulars of the case, I found that sometime previously, he had had a quarrel with a drunken soldier who attempted to enter his house and in the struggle to put him out, the soldier drew his bayonet and struck him across the temple, dividing the temporal artery. He lost a quantity of blood and a surgeon who was sent for succeeded in stopping it. He had scarcely recovered, when he undertook to accompany a friend on a walking match against time, in which he went 42 miles in 9 hours. He was much exhausted and became out of health. He told me he had suffered even bodily pain from the severe lashing of a waggoner with his whip, who came every night to a particular corner of his bed but who always disappeared when he jumped out after him.

"The whole of the trouble was effectually removed by bleeding and purgatives."

Another case was that of a Mrs. B——, a fine old lady, nearly eighty years of age, who suffered from gout.

"She was visited by several friends in her room whom she had not invited and could not hear them speak. She would ring her bell for a servant to bring the card-table and on the servant's entrance, the whole party would disappear.

"This occurred time after time, and she contented herself for a long time by merely ringing her bell, finding that the phantoms all left on the entrance of her maid.

"After treatment, the trouble disappeared in a regular attack of gout.

"Now both of these people would have gone through life with the full persuasion of having seen ghosts in the common acceptation of the term.

"A celebrated conjurer once told me that he could give me a recipe for a preparation of antimony, sulphur, etc., which when burnt in a confined room, would so affect a person shut up in it, that he would fancy he saw apparitions and spectres."

It was by means of such fumes that witches produced many of their phenomena.

Ferriar was the next investigator to record his experiences, and in an essay he published in 1813, says: "Now I freely offer to the manufacturers of ghosts, the privilege of raising them in as great numbers and in as horrible a guise as they may think fit.

"By my system, apparitions may be evoked in open

day, at noon if the case is urgent, in the midst of a field, on the surface of water, quite as ready as in the ' darkness of chaos or old night '. Nay, a person rightly prepared may see ghosts while seated comfortably by his library fire, in as much perfection as amidst broken tombs, awe-inspiring ruins and nodding ivy.

" I admit that the forms of the dead or absent persons have been seen and their voices have been heard by witnesses whose testimony is entitled to belief.

" It is a well-known law that the impression produced on some of the external senses, especially on the eye, are more durable than the application of the impressing cause. This has been investigated by the late Dr. Darwin in his ' Ocular spectra '. He observed, after having looked long at the meridian sun till the disk faded into a pale blue, he frequently saw a bright blue spectrum of the sun in other objects all the next and the succeeding day. When he closed and covered his eyes, this appeared of a dull yellow and at other times mixed with the colours of other objects on which it was thrown.

" This may truly be called a waking dream. It is on the same principle we are to account for the appearances of armies marching in inaccessible places, sometimes beheld by the inhabitants of the valleys in mountainous regions. The accidents of light or shade, the interposition of partial fogs or clouds, produce the same effect on the eye, and the rolling of the mist adds to the spectral images. In some cases the imagination is assisted by physical causes as in the ' Spectre of the Broken ' and the ' Fata Morgana '."

The classical case of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin,

is quoted by nearly all of these investigators. Ferriar characterises it as " one of the extreme cases of mental delusion, which a man of strong judgment has ventured to report himself ".

Nicolai's experiences, which began in January and continued in February, 1791, are given in detail in the " Journal of Practical Medicine " by Professor Hufeland of Jena, and the case was presented to the Royal Society of Berlin on February 28th, 1799.

He stated : " While in the full use of my senses, even in the greatest composure of mind, for almost two months constantly and involuntarily, I saw a number of human and other apparitions, nay I even heard voices, yet after all, this was nothing but the consequence of nervous debility or irritation or some unusual state of the system."

The colour of his spectres always seemed paler than in nature.

The people were all known to him, either living or dead, and he conversed with them as realising they were phantoms.

In 1838, Abercrombie recorded the case of an old gentleman who was liable to almost daily visitations from spectral figures.

Their countenances were human, but only the head and upper parts of the body were distinctly defined, while the lower parts seemed lost in a kind of cloud. He recognised the same faces from time to time, one being an elderly woman with an arch expression and brilliant eyes, who seemed always ready to speak to him.

The apparitions appeared in various dresses, from

ancient Roman costumes to Louis XIV. styles and even in more recent dress. The figures appeared at various times, day and night, and continued for some time in full daylight. He found he could banish them by drawing his hand across his eyes, but they would appear again. Though a temperate man, he found if he took a little more wine than usual, the spectres increased.

He relates another case of a person who had been told of the sudden death of an old and intimate friend. After supper he went out for a short walk in his garden. The sky was clear and as he walked slowly down stairs, not thinking of his friend, he saw half-way across the court leading to the garden, the figure of his friend. He was not in his usual dress but in a coat of a different colour, which he had for some months left off wearing. He could see he was wearing a figured vest which he had worn at the same time and had a coloured handkerchief round his neck.

He felt an indescribable feeling in his body, though he soon recovered and walked towards the figure, but as he approached the spot where it was standing, it gradually disappeared.

"Thus," says Abercrombie, "intense mental conceptions strongly impressed upon the mind, are for the moment believed to have a real existence."

The case of the old gentleman who saw only half of the bodies of the apparitions, is interesting in connection with the stories in which headless or portions of the figures of the spectres only, have been visible.

Another investigator observes, that ghosts commonly appear at times when the mind is least prepared for a

careful investigation of the phenomena. "Apparitions nearly always appear at night or in the hours of darkness when the human mind is most susceptible to phantastic impressions. The midnight hour is the favoured period, and they are rarely seen by more than one person at a time, for it is often loneliness and concentration of thought that give rise to phantasmagoria."

"Thou to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest, appalled the unreal scene,
While fancy lifts the veil between,
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear
I see, I see thee near."

Collins.

The sleep, which is more general in the small hours than any other time, is usually more profound and when one awakes, even after having slept an hour or two, one may be unconscious of having slept at all. Most people have experienced the unpleasant feeling, just as they are dropping off to sleep, of being suddenly awakened by an involuntary jump, as if they were falling down a precipice. This is said to be due to an involuntary movement of the body and often gives rise to momentary fright.

Another common experience is that in which a person may dream of a road over which he never travelled, and some time afterwards may come across a road which seems quite familiar to him although he never traversed it before. The explanation is that although he may not have seen that particular road before, he had seen many

roads some of which would so resemble it, that the impression had remained in his mind after he had dreamt of it.

Mayo was of the opinion that apparitions were due either to physical or psychical causes. The first, he believed, formed the immediate personnel of every ghost, while the second formed the basis of every church-yard ghost.

"It is a physiological fact," he says, "that when the nervous system is overstrained or the digestion out of sorts, the thereby or sympathetically disordered brain projects before us illusionary forms, coloured and moving like life and so far indistinguishable from reality. Sometimes a second sense is drawn in and the imaginary beings speak as you do, but the illusion stops there.

"The visual part is the commonest. The cause immediately producing it, is thought by some, to be an affection of that part of the brain in which the nerves of seeing take their origin. It is stored with memories of its past impressions, ready to be called up, either pure and true by conception, or anyway continued by fancy. In its morbid state, the beings it projects before us are for the most part strangers.

"The objects of visual illusions are commonly men and women, but animals, and even inanimate objects sometimes constitute them." Mayo records a case of a lady whose sight was failing her, who had long visions daily of rows of buildings, houses and parks. Another of his patients could summon the apparition of an acquaintance to join the rest, but once there he could not get rid of him.

Sir David Brewster's investigations, published in 1868, are still more conclusive.

"The eye," he states, "is the principal seat of the supernatural." He argues, that spectres which are conjured up, are nearly always white because no other colour can be seen, and they are either formed out of inanimate objects which reflect more light than others around them, or of animals or human beings whose colour or change of place renders them more visible in the dark.

"When the eye dimly descries an inanimate object whose different reflect gives different degrees of light, its brighter parts may enable the spectator to keep up a continued view of it; but the disappearance and re-appearance of its fainter parts and the change of shape which ensues, will necessarily give it the semblance of a living form, and if it occupies a position which is unapproachable, and where animate objects cannot find their way, the mind will soon transfer to it a supernatural existence.

"We never think of distrusting an organ which we have never found deceive us and to conceive that seeing is not always to be believed. There is a state of the eye in which one may lose sight of half of every object at which we look."

Wollaston, who experienced this defect himself, after undergoing violent exercise, says that he suddenly found that he could see but half a man whom he met, and that on attempting to read the name 'Johnson' over a door, he only saw the last half of the word, 'son'. In this instance, the part of the object which disappeared was

towards his left, but on a second occurrence, the part which disappeared was towards his right.

Thus this defect at certain distances from the eye, make one of two persons disappear, and by a slight change in position either in the observer or the person observed, the person that vanished could reappear, while the other would disappear in turn.

Among the peculiarities of spectral illusions, they seem to cover or conceal objects immediately beyond them which gives them the character of reality.

Brewster concluded that the "mind's eye" was actually the body's eye, and that the retina was the common tablet on which both classes of impressions were painted, and by means of which they received their visual existence according to the same optical laws. The spectres conjured up by the memory or the fancy, have always a "local habitation", and that they appear in front of the eye and partake in its movements, exactly like the impressions of luminous objects after the objects themselves are withdrawn.

This hypothesis has since been proved by recent experiments which will be described later.

Fullom relates the following experience which he attributed to a temporary derangement of sight as to external refraction.

"Awaking one night from a sound sleep, I was surprised on looking up to observe a woman standing by the bedside. The room was wrapped in darkness, so that I could not at first distinguish even the white blinds of the windows, yet the whole figure of my strange visitant stood forth, distinct and permanent. What

was more singular, as showing the inscrutable nature of refraction, I made out the colour of its drapery, which was a green and white plaid, falling in a long gown on the floor.

"Quickly perceiving that the figure, however feminine in outline, was above the stature of a woman, I became sensible that it was an illusion and sat up in the bed to regard it more steadily. I was struck by the grace and exquisite dignity of its attitude and the softness of its outline.

"The whole disposition of the figure was emblematic of the profoundest sorrow and as I continued to gaze, it became next to impossible with such appearances before me, to believe that I was contemplating a mere phantom. To place this beyond doubt, I touched the figure with my foot, when it instantly changed into mist and dispersed."

A somewhat similar apparition was experienced by Lord Castlereagh in his early life when he was commanding a militia regiment in Ireland. He was stationed one night in a large desolate country house, and his bed was at one end of a long dilapidated room, while at the other extremity, a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared within a huge, gaping old-fashioned chimney.

Waking in the middle of the night he lay watching from his pillow the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up and a naked child stepped from them upon the floor.

The figure advanced slowly towards Lord Castlereagh, rising in stature at every step, until when coming within two or three paces of his bed, it assumed the appearance

of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with a bleeding wound on the brow and eyes glaring with rage and despair.

Lord Castlereagh leaped from the bed and confronted the figure in an attitude of defiance. It retreated from him, diminishing as it withdrew in the same manner that it had previously shot up and expanded. He followed it pace by pace until the original child-like form disappeared among the embers. He then went back to his bed and was disturbed no more.

CHAPTER XXXII

VISIONS AND DREAMS—PROPHETIC VISIONS—THE CASE OF DR. WILLIAM HARVEY—DREAMS AND DIGESTION—TASSO AND HIS FRIENDLY SPIRIT

BIBLICAL records show that from a very early period, there was a general belief that revelations often of a prophetic character were made in visions and dreams.

"In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men; in slumberings upon the bed; then God openeth the ears of men and sealeth their instruction."

The ancients attached great importance to dreams and from the time of Joseph, throughout the Old Testament, there are constant references to prophetical visions. Many of the old Greek philosophers such as Aristotle, Pythagoras and Socrates shared this belief, and the records of antiquity are full of stories of dreams foretelling death and disaster. The death of Alexander is said to have been foretold in a dream of Eudemius, and Valerius Maximas states that the death of Caius Gracchus occurred immediately after it was revealed to his mother in a dream. The death of Socrates is said to have been foretold to him in a dream by a white lady, and according to Xenophen, Cyrus dreamed of the exact moment in which he should die.

Of prophetic visions nearer our own time there is the

well-known instance related by Clarendon and others, of the dreams foretelling the assassination of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.

He states that, on a certain night in Windsor Castle, Parker, an old protegé of the Duke's father, saw or dreamt of an apparition of Sir George Villiers his patron, who entreated him to warn his son not to follow the counsels of certain persons, and to avert in every way the enmity of the people if he valued his life. The apparition appeared a second and a third night, and on the last occasion, the phantom drew a dagger from his gown and said: "This will end my son, and do you, Parker, prepare for death."

The story of the apparition was imparted to Buckingham at Lambeth Bridge, while on his way to see his mother at Whitehall.

When the news of her son's murder was afterwards told her, she is said to have exclaimed: "Well, the Duke was murdered and Parker soon after died."

There is a story, perhaps not so well-known, told of Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, who when passing through Dover on his way to France was unexpectedly detained for a night at the port by order of the Governor.

On the following day, news was received that the boat in which Harvey was to have crossed the channel, was lost in a storm with all hands. It afterwards transpired that the Governor on the night before his arrival, had seen an apparition of the doctor passing before him, which besought him to detain his 'substance' in Dover for a day.

We know that dreams are but our sleeping thoughts

made up of suggestions derived from waking ideas, or desires that have preceded them, and that the reveries of sleeping persons are consequences of strong impressions, occasioned by the state of the body or association. Such impressions may be induced by both physical and physiological causes.

Many people have experienced that distressing sensation while asleep, that they are walking down a street in daylight in their night clothes or but half clad. This is said to be caused by the slipping of the bedclothes owing to an involuntary movement of the sleeper.

It has been proved by experiment, that when a little water is dropped into the mouth of a person while asleep, he will sometimes dream that he is swimming and will make the corresponding movements. It is also a well-known physiological fact, that when a person eats a particular food or drinks a particular liquid, his ideas flow quicker or slower, so we have in dreams a quick or slow succession of ideas at such periods as to show that they, like our ideas when we are awake, are regulated by the state of the body.

The process of digestion, if still proceeding at the time of sleep, often influences our dreams and will produce phantasmagoria of a terrifying character.

Dendy says, that although the ideas arising in slumber may truly be considered as a species of delirium, forming figures and situations of the most heterogeneous description, yet if the most absurd dream be analysed, its constituent parts will generally be proved to consist of ideas in themselves not irrational, or of sensations or incidents which have been individually felt or witnessed."

Indigestion, a slight febrile attack, or a condition of irritation in the stomach constitute a common source of dreams disturbing and otherwise, and a sound, a touch, a ray of light may influence the sense and the brain even in sleep.

It is a common experience that our most vivid conceptions are certainly objects of sight, and the fact that problems that have troubled us in our waking hours can sometimes be solved in sleep, proves the association of the brain with our ideas even when it is not under control.

The senses which most frequently delude us are sight and hearing, although cases of smell and touch are well-known.

Carpenter tells of a lady who having been frightened in her childhood by a black cat, which sprang up from beneath her pillow just as she was laying her head upon it, was accustomed for many years afterwards, whenever she was at all unwell, to see a black cat on the ground before her. Although perfectly aware of the spectral character of the appearance, yet she could never avoid lifting her foot, as if to step over the cat, when it appeared to be lying in her path.

Many cases are recorded in which persons have been under the impression that spirits sometimes visit them in human form and that they are able to converse with them.

Tasso is said to have had this belief. His friend Manso endeavoured to persuade him it was simply an illusion of a disturbed imagination, but Tasso was so convinced of the reality of his 'spirit' that he desired

Manso to be present at one of their mysterious conversations. Manso met him the next day and while they were conversing, he noticed that suddenly Tasso had his eyes fixed upon a window and remained immovable.

He spoke to him several times and called him by name but received no reply.

At last Tasso cried out: "There is the friendly spirit who is come to converse with me. Look and you will be convinced of the truth of all that I have said."

Manso heard him with surprise; he looked, but he saw nothing except the sunbeams darting through the windows. He cast his eyes all over the room but could not perceive anything and was just going to ask where the pretended spirit was, when he heard Tasso speak with great earnestness, sometimes putting questions to the spirit and sometimes giving answers.

At last the conversation ended with the departure of the spirit as appeared by Tasso's words, who turned towards Manso and asked him if his doubts were removed.

"Such apparitions," says Hibbert, "are nothing more than ideas or the recollected images of the mind which have been rendered as vivid as actual impressions."

From recalling images by an act of memory, the transition is direct to beholding spectral objects which have been floating in the imagination.

Dr. Ferriar says, "I have frequently in the course of my practice conversed with persons who imagined that they saw spirits or demons and heard them speak, which species of delusion admits of many gradations and distinctions exclusive of actual insanity."

CHAPTER XXXIII

GHOSTS OF THE EYE—HOW TO PRODUCE SPECTRES

HAVING considered the various causes that may give rise to spectral illusions such as refraction and reflection, it is important to observe the part that illusive perception or ocular spectra may play in the production of apparitions. These phenomena have well been called 'ghosts of the eye'.

In the majority of stories an apparition is described as being white, pale grey or bluish white in colour. It is usually indistinct and sometimes so transparent that objects can be seen through it. When moving, it glides in a peculiar way rather than walks.

These illusions chiefly arise from the impressions of outward objects on the retina, or they may be mental or those arising in the brain and only referred to the eye.

The predisposing causes may be due to solitude, darkness, timidity, imagination, especially in localities excited by memory or association. They may also be excited by deep grief, exalted joy, and protracted anxiety.

When a ray of light enters the eye it passes through the humours of lenses and is formed by them into an image on the choroid of the object looked at.

The extremities of the rods and cones or Jacob's membrane, have the power of appreciating the image there

formed, and convey it through the ultimate parts of the retina, thence along the optic nerve fibres to the brain.

Parkinje showed, that by passing a lighted candle slowly to and fro before the eyes at about two or three inches from the nose, the retinal vessels will exhibit themselves before the observer like branching trees. If we pass the large teeth of an ordinary comb slowly backwards and forwards before the eye, whilst looking on a smooth sheet of paper or at the sky, we may observe this in daylight.

Light, of course, plays an important part in the production of the apparition, especially in connexion with its colour. It is common knowledge that any two of the primary colours when combined form the complementary to the third, and the third is also complementary to it.

Thus blue and yellow make green, which is the complementary colour to red, red and blue make purple which is complementary to yellow, yellow and red make orange complementary to blue. When the three primary colours are mixed together, white is the result.

When a ray of white light falls upon a piece of paper, all the vibrations are equally reflected, the paper will appear white and if they are all absorbed it will appear black, but if the paper absorbs some and reflects others, it will appear coloured.

When we look steadily at a red object for a few seconds, that part of the retina on which the image impinges begins to get less sensitive to vibrations producing red, but more sensitive to those producing blue and yellow. On turning the eye away from the red object and permitting a little white light to enter it, that part of the

retina which received the red image will, in consequence of its diminished sensibility to that colour and its exalted sensibility to blue and yellow, be able to perceive the two latter colours best and by their mixture will give rise to a green image of the red object.

The duration and vividness of these impressions on the retina vary greatly in different individuals, and can be procured from almost any object.

Sometimes, after looking steadily and as often happens unconsciously for a short time, at a printed or painted figure, one may see on turning the head in some other direction, a life-size or colossal spectre of it. The spectre appears larger, the greater the distance of the surface against which it is seen.

Thus a black figure will give a white spectre, a green figure a red spectre, a red figure a green spectre, an orange figure a blue spectre, a blue gives an orange figure and a purple one produces a yellow figure.

The colours of the spectres so produced by these figures, will not only be subject to a slight variation in different eyes, but also by the degrees in which the figures are illuminated while being looked at. They will appear life-size if the observer is about sixteen feet from the surface against which they are, or if further, gigantic in size.

To make this old experiment, so that everyone may produce a spectre, the figure of a monk entirely in black is here reproduced. If we look steadily at the black dot between the chin and the arm for about thirty seconds or while counting thirty (the figure being well illuminated by daylight or artificial light) and then turn

the eyes to the blank page facing it, or the ceiling or wall, and look again steadily at any one point, the spectre will soon appear. It will increase in intensity and then gradually vanish, re-appear and again vanish. It will continue to do so several times in succession, each reappearance being fainter than the one preceding.

Winking the eyes or passing a finger rapidly to and fro before them, will often quicken the appearance of the spectre, especially if the figure be strongly illuminated. The size of the spectre will be determined by the distance of the observer from the picture and from the surface against which it is seen. It will be larger, the nearer the plate and smaller the nearer the surface.

Short-sighted persons will see it larger than those with long sight.

If the figure be reproduced in colour, the spectre will appear in the complementary colour; thus blue will appear orange, orange will be blue, red will be green and green will be red.

This experiment illustrates the well-known facts of the persistency of impressions and the production of complementary colours on the retina of the eye.

These optical illusions were demonstrated by Robert of Paris in 1798, and about seventy years later, by Pepper and Dircks at the Old Polytechnic in London, in an exhibition then known as Pepper's Ghost.

The apparitions they showed were based on the well-known optical law, that when a ray of light is reflected at a plane surface, the reflection takes place in a plane perpendicular to the reflecting surface, and the incident and reflected rays make equal angles with this surface.

CHAPTER XXXIV

ILLUSIONS — HALLUCINATIONS — SENSORY ILLUSIONS — EXPERIMENTS CONCERNING HALLUCINATIONS AND ILLUSIONS

HALLUCINATION has been defined as perception without an object. When an hallucinated person says that he sees or hears something others cannot see or hear, his words may be literally true. Hallucination is a sense-perception ; there is no object there, but the seer not only believes but sees the vision.

Esquirol defines two kinds of sensory deception, *viz.*, illusions or the false interpretation of external objects, and hallucinations or subjective sensory images which arise without the aid of external stimuli, but are projected outwards and thus assume apparent objective reality.

Thus, if a person sees something where there really is something to be seen, then he is subject to an illusion, but if on the other hand, the person perceives something where there is nothing, then he may be said to be hallucinated.

Both conditions may induce or may be the cause of apparitions. An amusing instance of the latter type occurred on one of the Boulevards in Paris recently. Answering a call from a fire-alarm box, an engine and

ladder-escape dashed up, to find a man standing by the box, who cried out to them in evident terror : " Save me, save me ! Don't you see it ? It is after me again."

After the firemen had quietened him, he declared he was being chased and pursued by an apparition. The fire brigade escorted him to the nearest hospital where it was found that he had been drinking heavily.

Greisinger assigns the following causes for hallucinations. (1) Local disease of organs of sense. (2) State of deep exhaustion either of mind or body. (3) Morbid emotional states. (4) Outward calm and stillness between sleeping and waking. (5) The action of certain poisons.

Visual hallucinations may be due to acute hysteria, the delirium produced by intoxication with alcohol or the effects of certain drugs. In acute hysteria, snakes, cats, spiders, rats and shining stars often play a part, while in alcoholic delirium, monstrous forms, monkeys, blackmen, wriggling serpents and devils or blue demons, are the shapes usually described.

Indian hemp, hashish, or *bhang*, the native name applied to the dried flowering tops of the plant from which the resin has not been removed, produces visions of varied colour, figures of half men and half plants, immense butterflies, gigantic flowers and strange lights.

Datura stramonium or thorn apple, will produce effects of crowds dancing round the individual under its influence, thieves and ruffians trying to kill him, hideous faces and enormous shapes. Nitrous oxide gas sometimes produces fleeting hallucinations and spectral visions, and with opium, after the pleasurable sensation passes, a frightful torment of mind begins.

Mescal buttons, the fruit of the *Anhelonium Lewinii* used by the Mexican Indians as an intoxicant, will produce brilliant colour visions and a sensation of dual existence, and the Fly agaric, a species of mushroom, is known to cause delusions of a depressing character.

Strong odours, perfumes, heavily scented handkerchiefs sometimes have an unpleasant effect on a dreamer. Parish relates the case of a man, who directed his servant to sprinkle his pillow sometimes, after he was asleep, with a perfume which he had only used during a certain stay in the country, but which had there taken his fancy. He left the choice of the particular night to the servant. On those nights, he visited again in his dreams the scenes associated in his mind with the perfume.

A young gentlewoman thus tells the story of an extraordinary illusion she experienced some time ago. She says : " My mother had not been very well, but there was nothing alarming in her condition. I was suffering from a bad cold and went to bed early one night, after leaving her in the drawing room.

"I slept unusually well and when I awoke, the moon was shining through the old casement brightly into the room. The white curtains of my bed were drawn to protect me from the draught and on one curtain, as if depicted there, I saw the figure of my mother, the face deadly pale with blood flowing on the bedclothes.

"For a moment I lay horror-stricken and unable to move or cry out ; till thinking it might be a dream or a delusion, I raised myself up in bed and touched the curtain.

" Still the apparition remained, although the curtain

on which it was depicted moved to and fro when I touched it. In great terror I got up and the apparition vanished."

Another curious hallucination is recorded of a man who was walking along a busy street in Sheffield. As he came to a corner where a boy selling newspapers was standing, he declared that he saw an old man wearing a peaked cap and an Inverness cape, strike the boy on the head and kill him. Nothing of the kind had happened, and the whole scene appears to have been a pure hallucination.

"Hallucinations and illusions," says Parish, "considered as psychological phenomena are just as much sensory perceptions as the so-called objective perceptions."

"The underlying cause which induces the physiological state, may be and frequently is, pathological. Hallucination and illusion refer to the psychological character of the phenomena."

He compiled the following list of waking hallucinations from cases which had come under his notice within the space of ten years:

Realistic human apparitions of living persons ...	157
Of dead persons	62
Unrecognised	126
Incompletely developed apparitions	60
Visions	8
Angels and religious apparitions	4
Grotesque and horrible apparitions	6
Animals	12

Definite inanimate objects	5
Lights	12
Indefinite objects	8

A case of illusion, which originated partly in a morbid condition of mind and partly in a morbid condition of the eyes, is thus related by Sir David Brewster :

" A lady complained of frequently being haunted by spectres in the day-time. On one occasion, when sitting in her drawing-room on one side of the fireplace, she saw the form of a deceased friend moving towards her from the window at the further end of the room.

" The apparition approached the fireplace and sat down in a chair, opposite to that occupied by her. Thoroughly convinced it was an illusion, after gazing at it for some time, she summoned up courage to advance towards it and seated herself in the same chair as the spectre. The apparition remained until she sat down as it were on its lap and then vanished."

Hallucinations which occur in dreams, arise from the association of ideas or are the recollection of things which have previously taken place.

In our dreams everything seems to take an objective form. We see people walking, hear them speaking and we join with them in conversation. In the same way in our thinking we give to our thoughts an objective form, though they stand out more distinct and more fully defined in our dreaming than in our waking states, on account of the absence of the disturbing elements of sensation.

Our day dreams to a great extent illustrate our visions

at night. It is a well-known fact in optics, that when a very strong impression is made upon the organs of sense it may continue to exist there after the object is withdrawn. This lingering impression may be again quickened into a sensation, either by presence of an object in some respects similar to the original one, or by the mind being directed towards it.

Hulme held that all thought is objective and pictorial. Ideas and sensations are so closely allied that the one frequently takes the place of the other ; that many causes may give to our ideas peculiar freshness and force ; that sensational influences do not perish in the organ the moment they disappear from consciousness, and that these may be excited so as to again dawn upon the mind.

The affinity which exists between sensation and ideas is closer than generally supposed. Van Swietan relates the case of a man who passed a spot where a dead animal was lying that emitted such a terrible odour as to cause him sickness. Happening to pass the same spot some years afterwards, the sickness was again induced by the mere recollection of his former experience.

Almost all cases of spectral illusions but those arising from a morbid condition of the organs of sense may thus be explained. If we are anxious to bring an object before us we close our eyes, when possibly it will present itself to us at first confusedly, but a greater concentration of the mind may enable us to see it even in daylight with our eyes open.

In a more profound state of meditation and a still more complete isolation from the external world, the

image, which has gone through different shades of development in the brain, passes from within to without and places itself substantially before the eyes.

A preoccupied state of mind or a powerful emotion may produce the same effect as long continued meditation.

Gazing at an old chair will sometimes set the fancy into a trance of contemplation as to a departed relative or friend, and the whole thought in connection with it will be pictured by the mind. The will in our mental life, to a certain extent, directs and controls the current of ideas under ordinary circumstances and with regard to real incidents, we are in contact with a series of causes, all the associations and results of which are regarded as a matter of course, calculated on and looked for.

The tension of the mind under certain conditions such as darkness, the silence of the night or complete solitude, will often create fantastic images and people vacancy with fearsome objects, especially in nervous persons who are superstitious and of a timid disposition. If the eye then becomes fixed on objects of indefinite form the phantoms of the imagination may easily be converted into actual apparitions. A strong impression, the recollection of any startling event by the association of ideas may produce an illusion. Fear, remorse, and darkness, are all favourable to its production.

To these causes are due those apparitions which depend on the presence of any particular object, such as the arrangement of a piece of drapery or the position of a piece of furniture seen by a pale or uncertain light.

Another case is mentioned by Dr. Abercrombie in

which the spectre of an old and grey-haired man would enter the bedroom of a friend, always by the same door on the left hand of the bed, and seat himself in a chair. He would then fix his eyes on his friend in bed with an expression of pity, but never spoke and after a few seconds would vanish. Such cases are frequently recorded, from which it would appear that at certain times, mental conditions may cause our mental conceptions to take a phantom shape.

The manner in which some of these apparitions are said to disappear is worthy of remark. Sometimes they withdraw suddenly and vanish, and in other cases they are said to fade away gradually and dissolve in the air. In another instance " they appeared one at a time very suddenly," says the narrator, " yet not so much so, but that a second of time might be employed in the emergence of each, as if through a cloud of mist to its perfect clearness. In this state each form continued five or six seconds and then vanished by becoming gradually fainter, during about two seconds, till nothing was left but a dark pale mist."

" When the sun sets, shadows that shew'd at noon
But small, appear long and terrible ;
So when we think fate hovers o'er our heads
Our apprehensions short beyond all bounds,
Owls, ravens, crickets, seem the watch of death ;
Nature's worst vermin scare her godlike sons ;
Echoes the very leavings of a voice,
Grow babbling ghosts and call us to our graves."

" *Œdipus*," Lee and Dryden.

We have already related several instances of illusions of sight and hearing which have occurred in the form of an epidemic. The most common of these have been when clouds, mist or smoke are converted into armies and groups of figures. Optical phenomena, physical laws, nervous tension and abnormal conditions of the brain, may each at times afford a natural explanation of these occurrences.

In 1895, Dr. Seashore made a series of very interesting experiments respecting illusions and hallucinations in normal life and showed, that all the phenomena in which they are constituent elements (except those due to physical pathology) may be experimentally produced in mild forms in fairly normal states.

"On one hand," he says, "we have the phenomena of hypnotism, mind-reading, crystal-vision, apparitions, telepathy, etc., considered as occult practices, while on the other hand there is an attempt to bring them into conformity with principles at work in normal every day life.

"Any attempt to discover the nature of sensory illusions and hallucinations deals with the core about which these contentions centre."

In his experiments in hallucination of warmth, which were conducted on the principle that a wire will be heated by passing an electric current through it, he found that a mental image of a definite liminal sensation of heat can be realised in a peripheral sensation, in the absence of any physical stimulus, if there is no incongruity in the phenomena which serve as suggestions.

In his experiments in producing hallucinations of an

object, he employed a blue bead, suspended by a fine black silk thread, in front of the centre of a black surface surrounded by a white border. By a concealed device the bead could be drawn away and replaced without the observer's notice.

The tests were made in broad daylight and care taken to avoid shadows. In the first ten trials, the physical conditions were the same, and the observers saw the bead at different distances with but small variations. At the eleventh time, he pulled a cord which slid the bead behind the frame unknown to the observer, who when he walked up to it *declared he still saw it.*

About two-thirds of the persons on which the experiment was tried were hallucinated. *They saw a bead which was not there.*

In the experiments on the hallucination of smell, twelve bottles of oil of cloves were arranged, intermixed with bottles of distilled water. About three-fourths of the persons experimented upon perceived the smell of the oil of cloves from the bottles of pure water.

Judging from the whole of his experiments, Seashore concludes that hallucinating sensations of liminal intensities of touch, taste, sight and smell, may be experimentally produced in normal life. That people *really see ghosts*, and experiences in all forms of illusion may be realistic.

" If a scientific observer in the blue bead experiment sees the bead as real, although there is no bead there, I do not think any limit can be set to what an excited and imaginative person may really see under circumstances favourable for illusion. The modern sleight-of-

hand performer does not pretend to do anything but delude his audience. How much of the spiritualistic seances and all the phenomena of that category would remain, if a psychological analysis of the illusions were pushed far enough ? Yet good men and women tell us that these wonderful experiences are real.

" All the devices which have been used to induce hypnotism, such as magnets, gongs, crystals, incantations, etc., all serve the same purpose and have the same virtue, *viz.*, they are the means by which the subject arrives at a certain degree of expectation and conviction.

" The psychological process involved in the experiments with the bead, etc., is expressed by one general principle—*suggestion.*"

CHAPTER XXXV

SOME NATURAL CAUSES OF APPARITIONS AND GHOSTS—THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GHOST STORY—A GHOST AS A WITNESS—CONCLUSION

HOWEVER we may regard the many stories of apparitions and ghosts, some are worth examination with a view to ascertaining their origin, as far as some glimpses of truth break through these mysteries that never fail to arouse human interest.

There has ever been a deep-rooted belief, which may be traced in one form or another throughout the world, that when the soul leaves a body which has not had proper burial, it will wander on the earth. Many of the stories that have come down to us had their origin in legendary romance and crime.

During the Middle Ages, the earlier classic ghost stories, in which the spirits of the dead haunted the living until laid by rites of burial, were transformed into new legends.

The traditions associated with many of the old castles and halls, generally arose from some dark deed or murder that was said to have been committed within their walls in former days, and so long as the crime remained unavenged or the bones of the victim unburied, the outraged spirit was said to haunt the building or locality.

When fear has impressed their forms deeply on the minds of the superstitious and when from morbific causes, ideas have become as vivid as sensations, apparitions have usually followed.

Conditions naturally play an important part in these manifestations, whether due to illusion, hallucination or other causes.

Even for the bravest, the night and environment are not without their terrors.

Mature, experienced and courageous though we may be, there still lingers in most of us in varying degrees, some dread of the darkness, inherited perhaps from centuries of ancestors who peopled the night with horrible shapes and forms more terrible for being unseen. Yet many mysterious apparitions of sight and sound have been found to have been due to natural and simple causes.

The wind, water-pipes, and rats, especially in old houses, have frequently been the cause of such phenomena.

A ghostly female figure often seen through the window in an empty house, holding a candle-stick in her hand, proved on investigation to be due to the peculiar formation of the leaves of the trees in the garden on which the moonlight played on certain evenings.

A sick woman who left her bed in a delirious condition and wandered into a garden in a white nightgown, was the cause of another apparition which terrified a number of people who saw her.

The sound of clanking chains heard near a lonely farmhouse at midnight, was discovered to be caused by an old donkey who wandered about trailing behind him a chain-tether which had become loose.

Mysterious and weird noises compared to "howling, moaning and screeching like a woman's screams", which were followed by gentle taps, had for years been heard in an old house which had consequently acquired the reputation of being haunted. Subsequent investigation led to the discovery under the rafters of an old sign-board, which swung on a rusty hinge when the wind blew, and the 'tapping' came from a piece of chain which hung down beside it.

A ghost that had haunted an old hall in the Midlands for forty years and was said to have made "awful noises", proved to be the shadow from a branch of a tree which caused the noises by rubbing against the flue board.

The rustling noises so frequently mentioned in ghost stories and generally attributed to a silk gown worn by the apparition, have been found to be due to old pieces of paper hidden under the flooring or in the chimney, moved by rats or mice.

Another mysterious case of a peculiar "whirring noise" like the beating of wings that was only heard on certain nights, puzzled the inmates of a country house for years. It was believed to be of supernatural origin, until it proved on investigation to be caused by a rusty old cowl, which had remained hidden in the top of a chimney-stack, which when the wind blew in a certain direction, revolved with a whirring sound.

Barn owls which sometimes have luminous plumage that make their white feathers shine out at night, have been the origin of many apparitions in country districts, and the phosphorescence seen on dead fish in the dark, has proved to be the cause of "ghostly eyes".

Dean Inge relates the story of a friend of his, who wished to investigate an unusually circumstantial story of a haunted house.

"The ghost was said to appear at the end of a long passage and slowly walk along it.

"He took with him two detectives and posted himself and them in concealment at the opposite end of the passage to that by which the spectre entered.

"After a while, the ghost duly appeared at the other end and advanced towards the watchers. The two detectives fled howling.

"The psychical researcher overcame a strong disposition to do the same and charged the ghost, head down. He charged right through it. The moon, a new and shining linoleum floor-covering and the faculty of imagination, were the three begetters of the apparition."

He concludes the story with the remark: "Imagination can do almost anything, except cause unreal facts to happen in the external world.

"It is open to doubt, that any experiments in psychical research yet made, have established the truth of phenomena which cannot be accounted for by scientific laws."

Although materialised spirits are credited with the power of making considerable sounds and noises, they are apparently not sufficiently material to break threads or cords.

Such causes of ghostly apparitions might be multiplied indefinitely, excluding the practical joker with white sheet and a pole, who has been so frequently the cause of alarms and excursions in country places.

It is rarely one meets with the person who has actually seen an apparition and the stories spread abroad and published more likely gain than lose in transmission.

There is an old story told many years ago of a learned judge, who once stopped a witness who was about to give an account of a murder upon trial as it was narrated to him by the ghost of the victim.

"Hold, sir," said his Lordship. "The ghost is an excellent witness and his evidence is the best possible, but he cannot be heard by proxy in this Court. Summon him hither and I'll hear him in person, but your communication is merely hearsay which my office compels me to reject."

Recently we have had one of the periodic revivals of interest in apparitions and ghosts, ghost clubs, ghost hunts and personal ghostly experiences have been published in our newspapers, but the repetition of such stories brings us no nearer to the true and actual causes of the alleged phenomena.

These can only be ascertained by prolonged and patient investigation of the verified experiences of the living, which can be both tested and proved from all points of view, to be devoid of trickery and fraud.

That apparitions can and have been seen cannot be denied, but where ?

Hamlet's reply to Horatio when he put that question to him is true to-day :

"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

THE END

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